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THE RESULT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN South Carolina there are five very noticeable results of the president's policy: first, the decreased expense of the state government, and its increased purity and efficiency; secondly, a great decrease of crime and disorder, a marked increase of material prosperity, and a striking renewal of public, social, and military spirit among the whites; thirdly, the utter extinction of the republican party, and a revival of the old political intolerance; fourthly, a renewal of interest in federal affairs on the part of the whites; and lastly, the banishment of the negro from politics, and his enhanced material prosperity.

But in order to understand what may be said on these points, it is requisite to take a glance at the condition of the State when the policy in question was adopted.

During the canvass of 1876 the democrats openly announced that they purposed to carry the election, peaceably if possible but forcibly if necessary. They threatened that if Chamberlain should win, they would refuse to pay taxes to his government. When it was ascertained that the votes actually cast gave Hampton about eleven hundred majority, their indignation at the idea of going behind the returns was exceeded only by their indignation that the electoral returns at Washington were not subjected to the process; they unanimously declared that they would have Hampton or a military government. Their deliberate design all along was to achieve a party victory if they could, and a revolution if they could not. Their arming, their martial organization, their violent proceedings during the campaign, and the responsive excesses of the negroes when aroused have become matters of history. When President Hayes was inaugurated, the State was in anarchy. Within a month after the election the garrisons which had been stationed by Grant and Chamberlain in nearly every populated place in the State had been withdrawn from all points except Columbia, Charleston, and Greenville, where garrisons ordinarily are posted. After their withdrawal the hostile races confronted each other. The violent passions of the campaign not only did not cool, but became inflamed by the establishment of rival state governments. These governments, headed respectively by Chamberlain and Hampton, had each its set of officials in every county and in every town. Nothing but the fear of resistance in each particular case kept the blacks from lawlessness towards the whites. Nothing but dread of the torch, solicitude for their families, and party policy, the wish to do themselves and Tilden no harm in the North, restrained

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the whites from ruthlessly putting down the blacks. Wherever immunity seemed possible the negroes were burning the buildings of whites,[1] stealing their property, and assembling as militia or in mobs to assail whites and terrorize communities by riot and tumult; while murders of whites during arsons, burglaries, highway robberies, and riots became frequent. Every white family in the country kept watch at night, or slept in dread, with dogs turned loose in the yard and the gun at the bedside. Every village and town was patrolled by relays of white citizens from dark till daylight. The moment a crime was reported, the mounted rifle clubs assembled from all parts and scoured the country, to the terror of the blacks, arresting suspected criminals, conveying them to jail, or inflicting summary vengeance. They were sometimes resisted by the colored militia, and regular battles occurred. Individual members of the races were constantly quarreling and fighting. The courts, though recognized by both parties, vainly tried to execute justice. Blacks on the juries would consent to no conviction of one of their race prosecuted by a white man. White jurymen acted similarly in the cases of whites indicted for violence towards blacks. The rival officials in each county were endeavoring *vi et armis* to oust their opponents from the court-houses, or to assert their authority over the people. They were backed up, respectively, by the whites and blacks, and collisions were happening every day. A reign of terror existed. Trade was paralyzed. The merchants' stocks grew small and were not replenished. Men with money were afraid to lend or invest. The farmers delayed their operations. Such was the ordeal to which the whites subjected themselves rather than submit. They swore they could be overcome only when twenty thousand federal troops should be sent to the State, and kept there; when they should be relentlessly crushed by the bayonet, disarmed, their prominent men punished, and every deputy of a Chamberlain sheriff supported by a posse of blue coats whenever he went to arrest a white man, or sell property for taxes.

This state of things continued till April. But the negroes were gradually yielding. The long-hoped for recognition from Washington did not come. The depression of the times began to affect them. They had spent the earnings of the previous year, and they had stolen all the property they dared. Hundreds were being thrown into jail to await trial at the courts, which meet but once in four months. Starvation was at their doors. The spring was coming on, and they could secure no advances from the merchants to plant their crops; while the white farmers feared to enter into arrangements with laborers till they could see ahead. The Hampton government, also, with admirable management, gradually pushed the opposition to the wall. The courts and the tax payers were on its side: the former recognized its legitimacy, and the latter voluntarily contributed funds for its expenses; while the Chamberlain government was adjudged illegal, and could raise no supplies. At length the whole machinery of the government was in the possession of the democracy. Its authority was, indeed, denied by more than half the citizens, but its processes were everywhere enforced; while the authority of the other faction obtained nowhere but within the granite walls of the state-house, which inclosed a garrison of twenty-two soldiers of the United States.

Towards the end of March Chamberlain and Hampton, by invitation of the president, visited Washington to confer with him as to the condition of South Carolina. The result is known. Orders were issued for the withdrawal of the troops from the state-house. Chamberlain at once returned to South Carolina, and knowing that further resistance was useless soon surrendered the executive office, first publishing an address, bitterly commenting on the action of the

[1] A thousand buildings, including a dozen towns or portions of towns, worth a million dollars, were burnt by incendiaries within the year preceding last April.

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president. Hampton immediately took possession, and has since been undisputed governor of the State.

The whites hardly knew what to say at first. Their strongest passions had been aroused during the contest. They had staked everything upon the issue. During the dual months they had hung on to the hope that Tilden would be seated, and that then would come relief, victory, and revenge. But the inauguration of Hayes crushed every expectation. Nothing was to be looked forward to then, they thought, but a continuation of their distractions. Chamberlain's government would be recognized by the president. They were determined to repudiate it. The lower house of Congress might refuse the means to prop it up with the army; but they dared not crush it out and assert their supremacy over the blacks, for fear that a revulsion of popular feeling in the North would force Congress to take action against them; and while it lasted, lawlessness and material depression were inevitable. During March the despondency of the whites was inexpressible. They became willing to agree to almost any terms which would rid them of Chamberlain and negro rule, and give them "Hampton and home government." It gradually dawned on them that relief was coming from the president whom they had expected to prolong their troubles. When the final announcement came, their joy was bewildering. Grand demonstrations, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, greeted Hampton on his return along the roads, at Columbia, and at Charleston. A sense of relief at once pervaded the community. Trade forthwith revived. The lean shelves of the merchants were soon filled with goods. Securities rose in price. Credit was reestablished. The farmers, white and colored, secured advances for the year, and went heartily to work. Thousands of colored men, long idle, obtained employment. Race conflicts ceased, and the decrease of crime was tremendous. The negroes had been losing hope, were starving and exhausted, and, glad to have the suspense terminated in whatever way, submitted quietly. Hampton's tact contributed to the result. He gave a public reception in the city hall to the colored citizens of Charleston, shook several thousand by the hand, made them a stirring speech, promising that their rights as citizens should be maintained, and called on them and the whites alike to drop enmity, resume amicable relations, and go to work to build up private and public welfare. The colored militia officers waited on him, were recognized as officers, and promised that their organization should be respected and continued.

We are now prepared to consider the outgrowths of the president's action. As stated at the outset, the first is general improvement in the workings of our government; and that even when compared with the administration of Governor Chamberlain, who was hampered by the party which had elected him, and from whose members, though they were mostly corrupt or willing to be corrupted, he was expected generally to select his subordinates. The new government was set in operation by the ejection of the republican comptroller-general, treasurer, and other state officers from their offices in the state-house. They had been elected on the *prima-facie* vote, like Hampton himself; but the democratic candidates made contest on technicalities before the supreme court. Pending the decision, Hampton arbitrarily and very unexpectedly closed the offices on the incumbents. Records were probably thereby preserved from destruction which have since given weighty evidence against the reconstruction corruptionists. The ever ready supreme court soon installed the Hampton claimants. The governor next convened the legislature, which met on April 24th. This was because we had had no tax levy or other legislation during the winter, on account of the dispute over the organization of the legislature. The senate, which had been recognized as legal by both parties, was republican by three or four votes. The returns had made the house democratic. But a sufficient number of democrats had been rejected

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(without seating their opponents, the election being pronounced null and void from fraud) by the returning board, or, as it is called here, the board of state canvassers, to give the republicans a majority. The democrats thus counted out, however, were declared by the supreme court to be entitled to their seats, and accordingly had claimed them when the general assembly met in December. They had then been excluded from the state-house by the aid of federal soldiers. Thereupon, they and the other democratic members adjourned to a public hall in the city, and organizing declared themselves the legal house. The republican members remained in the state-house. They did not have a majority of that number of members of which the house should consist, but they claimed a quorum because they had a majority of all declared elected by the canvassing board, and they also asserted themselves to be the true house. They were called to order by the clerk of the last house, and recognized, on a strict party vote, by the senate, which afterwards united with them and Governor Chamberlain in enacting laws which could never be executed. The democratic senators protested, but did not secede.[1] The democratic house was adjudicated legal, as usual, by the supreme court, but did not try to legislate, merely joining with the democratic senators to inaugurate Hampton and elect Butler, as described below. Both houses and the senate had adjourned before the new year. Under Hampton's call the senate and the democratic house assembled as the legislature. The original members of the republican house, which had been swollen by admitting some republicans contesting the seats of democrats, now recognized the legality of this democratic house and applied for their seats. Only about half were admitted, and then only on condition of purging themselves at the bar of their contempt in joining the rival body, or, as most of them called it, "axing" pardon. The others were excluded upon the ground of fraud or of insufferable deportment. The new lieutenant-governor, on taking the chair of the senate, ordered several democrats claiming seats, but whose election was not conceded by the senate, to be sworn in; and by refusing to submit the matter to the senate, when the republican members appealed against his action, succeeded in so increasing the democratic minority that that party soon had practical control of the chamber.

Expenditures were greatly reduced by the new legislature. The salaries in 1876, under Chamberlain, amounted to $264,418; legislative expenses, $142,135; printing, $78,187. The appropriations under Hampton for 1877, for the same purposes, are: for salaries, $143,000; legislative expenses, $105,000; printing, $10,000. The total tax levy for 1876 was about thirteen mills on the dollar. This year (1877) it is ten mills, and would be smaller but for deficiencies for the preceding fiscal year. The cutting off of three mills means the reduction of the annual taxes by about $350,000. Local township taxation for schools is also abolished. This leads me to say that the appropriation this year for educational purposes ($100,000) is only about a third of what it used to be under republican rule, when, however, the most of it was stolen or wasted. The poll-tax is devoted to education by the constitution. Legislative corruption has ceased; and in every branch of the government, from the state and county administrations down to the courts of the peace justices, there is greatly increased efficiency. The appointees are men of intelligence and high standing, and are above temptation. So, also, are those elected. Four or five democrats in the senate, by voting with the republican senators in the spring, prevented for a while a reduction in legislative compensation. But the public raised such a storm that they had to recede and consent.

[1] The senate resolved to meet the republican house to elect a United States senator by joint ballot, and the republican senators, and consequently the majority, actually did so Mr. Corbin was thus elected. But the democratic senators, though a minority, met in joint session with the democratic house, and elected General Butler.

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As a second result, not only have the unusual violence and infamous crimes of the fall and winter ceased, but the State is quieter, with less violation of law, than at any other time since the war. Further on, some circumstances will be noted which will contribute to explain these facts. The crops, by reason of hearty work and unwonted security, have been unusually good this year. The fall trade is brisker than since 1860. Every wholesale house in Charleston, and I suspect in the North, will attest this, and in the villages I have visited not only have merchants laid in larger stocks than is their custom, but many new stores have arisen. The railroads are doing well, and every branch of industry seems to be thriving. The taxes have ceased to be so great a burden, and it is probable that the unblushing repudiation, or, as it was called, scaling, of the legislature in 1873 so cut down the iniquitous bonded debt that it amounts to but four or five millions. A commission is investigating the condition of this debt, which has long been in confusion. But the revival of spirit amongst the whites, long cast down by vicissitude, poverty, and the *post-bellum* troubles, has been remarkable. Long excluded from office, they have devoted themselves to work, and while looking on the government with sullen or malignant hostility have manifested little curiosity about its workings. Now everybody is a candidate for position, and everybody is discussing everything about our rulers and politics. The ladies, after an intermission of ten years, grace the sessions of the legislature by their presence. Newspapers have increased their circulation, and new ones been established. Charleston, which could long support but one daily, now boasts of two. County towns, where one weekly with a "patent outside" found it hard to keep from starving, now sustain two and even three weeklies, printed on both sides at home.

The gayeties of the summer have rivaled those of *ante-bellum* times. There has been no end of visiting and hospitality, traveling and attendance on watering-places, parties, balls, public entertainments, etc. Associations have been well attended. The agricultural and horticultural fairs for the year have been, and promise to continue, unexampled successes. The governor, through the adjutant-general, was authorized by law to organize the whites into a militia, to be distinct from the negro national guard; and the adjutant-general's office has had more business than any other at the capital. Innumerable companies have been formed and organized into the higher divisions; and the enthusiasm over titles, uniforms, drilling, parades, military hops, and so on, has been tremendous. In all these things the old aristocracy, as usual, takes the lead.

Republicanism is dead, and the old intolerance has revived. No overt violence has been offered to any one on account of his republican sentiments since Hampton's triumph, though there has been plenty of hooting and gibing. But it is because the republicans have kept very quiet. There is no federal support now, and they know from the experience of the autumn what would follow if a vigorous party course were adopted, calculated to consolidate the negro vote and win: that is, violence and starvation. Furthermore, the democrats have shown themselves willing to use the election machinery, now in their hands, to achieve victory, and did so as flagrantly in the first elections under Hampton as the republicans in their prime. The latter see that it would be of no use to gain votes. Negroes, too, dependent on whites, and consequently the majority, are now made to understand that to cast a republican ticket means discharge, proscription, and starvation. Therefore, perceiving in what corner the wind sits, perhaps a third of the colored men now profess democracy, and vote in accordance, to the great joy and satisfaction of their employers or patrons. You can see advertisements before the shops of negroes, like this: "Patronize So and So, the only colored democratic barber [or shoemaker] in town." These converts would have been summarily bulldozed by their sable brethren up to this year, but the whites now delight in protecting

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and petting them. Since Chamberlain's retirement there have been fifteen or twenty elections in single counties at different times, to fill vacancies in the legislature, etc. On such occasions great numbers of young white men, largely from adjacent counties, ride to and remain about the polls, "to see fair play," they explain. These have not attempted openly to molest, but they have certainly frightened the republican negroes. Accordingly, *every election* has gone democratic. The republicans put up tickets only two or three times at first, but never think of it now. Even Charleston, Darlington, and Orangeburg, the old strongholds of radicalism, have gone democratic with no opposition, except in the last. The republicans meet in few places now; their organization has fallen to pieces. But the democrats preserve strict party discipline. Some candidates, defeated before their conventions, have threatened to bolt, and the republicans have offered to vote for such; but thereupon such a cry was raised, not only in the county but all over the State, that no such bolt has happened yet, or is likely to.

The republicans have furthermore lost their leaders. The whites regard the negro as an inferior animal, admirably adapted to work and to wait, and look on him, "in his proper place," with a curious mixture of amusement, contempt, and affection. It is when he aspires to participate in politics or otherwise claim privileges that their hatred becomes intense. They knew that the main body of blacks were ignorant and by themselves harmless; that they had been following politicians, and would readily resume work and give no more trouble. Consequently, there was little desire to persecute them after the settlement. Not so with the leaders, however. There has been a relentless determination to purge the offices of republicans, to get rid of every vestige of the hateful carpet-bag *régime*, and to bring its upholders to a heavy reckoning. Nor have there been wanting reasons or plausible pretexts. The republican representatives elect from Charleston County, seventeen in number, were refused seats in the lower house, the election being annulled on the ground of fraud, and a new one ordered. This would have been proper enough had not the delegates from Edgefield been seated and lionized. The colored justice of the supreme court has been impeached for drunkenness. A circuit judge, still too republican, was unseated by a technical objection to the way in which he had qualified the year before; and the legislature took some steps, and will probably complete them this winter, to declare vacant the seats of all the circuit judges, most of whom, despite their eminent services last fall, were once, in some way, mixed with republicanism, on account of a slight informality in the method of their election by the legislature in 1875. It was with difficulty, and only after bitter quarreling in caucus, that Hampton could induce the legislature to elect the facile white associate justice of the supreme court to the place of Chief-Justice Moses, on the latter's decease, in reward for indispensable services during the dual imbroglio. I have referred to the treatment of the state treasurer, etc. A republican state attorney has been ousted, —for being a congressman at the same time. Half the republicans elected to county offices last November [1876] were unable to get bondsmen, so strong was the feeling; and many who did get them have since had them to withdraw. So, new elections have been held and democrats put in.

But the most potent instrument for both purging and revenge has been prosecution for official misconduct. A legislative investigating committee has been sitting in Columbia since June, taking testimony and overhauling the state archives. In most of the counties, too, the grand juries have been examining witnesses and searching the records in the court-houses. Indictments and presentments without number have followed; and starting with two congressmen (a senator and a representative), passing by two ex-governors, several lieutenant-governors and speakers of the house, two ex-treasurers, two ex-comptroller-

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generals, and over half the republican members and ex-members of the legislature, with the ex-clerks, and coming down to numberless state attorneys and ex-state attorneys, county officers and ex-county officers, — treasurers, auditors, county commissioners, school commissioners, sheriffs, clerks of court, trial justices, school trustees and teachers, — we find that nearly all the republicans in the State who have ever held office are under indictment, are already convicted and punished, or have fled from justice. So palpable is their guilt, generally, that even the most radical negroes on the juries are compelled to find true bills or verdicts of guilty. I should state that rumors are afloat that all the prominent parties under indictment in Columbia will not be prosecuted further should public opinion in the North condemn the proceeding. It is also proper to say that many rogues have had the cases against them "nol. pros'd," upon condition of making restitution of their plunder to the State or of immediately resigning important offices which their prosecutors were desirous of getting. There have been no trials of cases worked up by the committee yet. It is notorious both in Columbia and the counties that not a few white democrats being implicated in some of the corruptions, their investigation has been promptly dropped to shield these democrats. The legislative committee has been compared to the Star-Chamber, sitting with closed doors and enjoining silence on all called before it. But there has been no lack of purely republican rascality to punish. Members of former legislatures, some still sitting, are indicted for taking bribes. A United States senator, individuals and members of rings and corporations, are indicted for bribing them. It has been discovered that a clerk of the senate issued thousands upon thousands of dollars in pay certificates to merchants, which although recorded as paid for stationery were really given for fine wines, liquors, cigars, furniture, novels, etc., for the private use of himself and certain senators. The managers of a colored state orphan asylum in Columbia, where were kept fifty poorly cherished children, are found to have been ordering for their wards, if the books may be trusted, hundreds of dollars' worth of assorted candies, whisky, water-melons, and carpets. A voucher was found in the comptroller-general's office for $4320 in figures. Being traced back it is seen that the original bill was for $320, and that the prefixing of the figure four has netted the forger as many thousand dollars. Another bill for $1100 in figures is metamorphosed by two neat additions to the ones into $4400. There are charges of frauds in issuing state bonds and funding coupons; for diverting the taxes to objects for which they had not been appropriated, etc. In the counties there are indictments for issuing and paying innumerable fraudulent claims on the county treasury, for defalcations and other crimes too numerous to mention. In one county the auditor and treasurer, who respectively assess and collect taxes, as a check upon each other, are found to have been in collusion, and to have doctored the books in their respective offices so as to leave unentered the taxes due and paid on large amounts of property, and to have pocketed the taxes thus unrecorded. Most, though by no means all, of the offenses in both state and county governments seem to have occurred prior to Governor Chamberlain's administration: that he strove to stem the corruption while chief executive everything goes to prove.

But prosecution is not confined to official malfeasance. In one county twenty or thirty prominent republicans are charged with perjury. The county went republican, but the officers elect could get no democrats to go on their bonds. No republicans were worth enough to stand, as the state laws require sureties to swear before a notary (false swearing being made perjury by statute) that they are worth the amount they stand for over and above their homestead ($1500) and debts; and yet the culprits in question took the required oaths and went on their friends' bonds, to be discovered and presented by a grand jury this spring. A colored legislator is among them. An-

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other colored legislator has been sent to the penitentiary for bigamy. Others are in straits about fraudulent breaches of private trusts. When the legislature comes together again in December, it is possible that not a dozen republicans will be left in it.

But not only has there been a crusade against the politicians; there has been a relentless effort to bring to retribution and get out of the way all those negroes who, without holding office, made themselves obnoxious or dangerous, through vindictiveness or crime, to the whites. And this movement has been more formidable, or at least it has aroused far more excitement in the State, than the former. No whites have been prosecuted in the state courts for the violent crimes of the campaign; and when the Ellenton rioters were tried before the United States circuit court at Charleston, in June, the chief-justice presiding, the whites on the jury obstinately declined to find a verdict against them, and a mistrial was ordered. But hundreds upon hundreds of negroes, accused of participation in the arsons, the burglaries, the larcenies, the riots, and the murders of the republican rule, and especially of the last canvass and the dual months, have been and are now being prosecuted in the state courts, by the instigation of either grand juries or individuals. Civil business is rarely reached, so crowded is the criminal side of the courts; and even on the criminal side the docket is rarely cleared or a jail delivery made. The jails have been overcrowded all the year: a small one in the country, I have had occasion to notice, used to contain on an average about fifteen prisoners; there are now fifty-one in it, and it has the odor of a wild beast's cage in a managerie. The number of convicts in the penitentiary has increased from three hundred and fifty during the last year to nearly six hundred. Imprisonment is for longer terms, and as many as two and three negroes are frequently hung at a time, once (in May, I think) even five. The state constabulary, an oppressive instrument of republican invention, designed for use against the Ku-Klux Klan especially but the whites generally, has been turned against its inventors. These constables are appointed by a chief constable, who is named by the governor and senate. They exercise all the common law powers of constables and sheriffs, but are besides invested with detective duties, and have power to arrest without a warrant. In some counties, Darlington especially, where there was considerable lawlessness, the colored people have lived in terror of these officers. They have searched the houses of negroes freely, arrested right and left, often on suspicion, and acted with stringency in binding, knocking down, and even shooting stubborn prisoners. When they "go scouting," as they call it, they usually summon a posse of fifteen or twenty mounted white riflemen, and with them go scouring through the country, which has at times, from the frequency of such scenes, presented quite a military appearance. These posses are generally requisite, as the criminals have been numerous and desperate, resisting arrest, and sometimes inducing the negro population to aid them.

The guilt of most of the negroes prosecuted as described is so apparent on trial that it is impossible for a juror mindful of his oath to say otherwise than guilty. Yet there is a political aspect to the prosecutions, the crimes having been mostly the outgrowths of political disturbance, of which both whites and blacks are conscious. I should add, too, that there was much distress during the dual months, owing to the discharge and proscription of colored republican voters, many of whom were compelled by want to resort to crime, or to change their localities in order to get work. The odium, too, against a "loud-mouthed" or villainous negro is so great that white juries are in the habit of convicting him even when his innocence is clearly established, excusing themselves by saying that if not guilty in that instance, he has done other and worse things, is a bad egg, anyhow, and ought to be got rid of while the chance offers. This spirit has tempted many base whites to carry very worthy and blameless colored

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men into court on flimsy charges, and convictions are generally certain. But a good negro, quiet and hard-working, usually has white friends who, if he be maliciously indicted, will take up his quarrel, lending him money and influence, and testifying to his good character. Such negroes obtain very fair trials; and if convicted on some old, raked-up charge, and there be any ground, a petition is drawn up, influential signatures are secured, and a light sentence or pardon is often obtained.

Whatever names parties may hereafter bear in South Carolina, whatever local issues may divide them, or whatever may be their assumed general principles, one thing may safely be predicted: the whites, in the future as in the past, will not tolerate, unless forced, any party which aggressively and in real earnest advocates negro rights, or in the same manner denounces the past course of the South.

The whites were long so engrossed with home troubles as to care little for national affairs. In the ascendant again at home, they are now looking with no little interest at federal politics. They have returned to power like the Bourbons in having forgotten nothing, but unlike them in having learned something. They have not forgotten the old issues and the struggle with the North. Nor have they ceased to think that this is a white man's government, and that the negro should keep his place. But they *have* learned, what once they did not seem to know, that they cannot always have their way. They have learned that separation from the Union is a thing attended with difficulty and danger of such magnitude that nothing hereafter, except the absolute certainty of success at small cost and unattended by risk of invasion, could induce a secession. Consequently, separation is rarely spoken of, and when spoken of is dismissed with a sigh or a laugh as something which, however desirable once, is now out of the question.

Nevertheless, Southerners look upon their connection with the Union as somewhat resembling the connection of Ireland with England;[1] as a thing forced and inevitable, and possibly not unbearable if they are allowed to rule at home; but at the bottom a distasteful subjection of one nation that has a right to be independent to another nation that has proved itself stronger in war. The expression of Mr. Key, "erring brethren," was promptly taken up and indignantly repudiated by every paper in the South. The South will never admit that she was wrong in the issues that led to the war, or that her conquest was right.

The remarks of President Hayes during his recent tour South, that he recognized the Southerners as men who had fought for what they conscientiously believed right, and who had succumbed only before superior numbers, were enthusiastically received and quoted all over the South. Zeal for the Confederacy and rank in the Confederate army are every day flaunted in the papers or before the conventions as the highest possible recommendations of candidates for office. There is a very significant reluctance amongst the white military to march or parade under the United States flag; it is rarely done, and causes much aspersion from the spectators, state banners being used. This is not surprising when three fourths of Southern tradition relate to the war, and when every family has a Life of Lee or Jackson on the centre-table, and their portraits on the wall. But secession being impossible, everybody is full of suggestions as to how we should make the most of our situation in the Union. Some hope we can in the future elect a Southern president, gain the control of both houses of Congress, and then get everything possible out of the Union in the shape of offices, internal improvements, war losses, it may be, or more Southern States from Mexico and Spain, or by dividing Texas into four or five States, so as to acquire more votes in the senate. Many of these things are expected during the present administration. Others,

[1] I have seen this comparison used by Southern papers so often that I am almost ashamed to repeat it.

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however, are not so sanguine. The consciousness of the infrangible solidity of the South, joined to the hope of some democratic votes in the North, or of divisions in the republican party, encourage all to hope that the South will be able to make a more or less good showing for herself in the future. All are aware of the jealousy with which the action of a solid South will be watched at the North, and of the improbability of securing enough votes there to carry out a rabid sectional course. Consequently, they are likely to act with moderation, undertaking nothing until they have carefully ascertained its practicability. They will probably claim the management of the national democratic party; though there is another possibility: the antipathy to the Union, joined to the constrained acceptance of the last constitutional amendments (which makes but little difference now between democratic and republican platforms), may cause the South hereafter to look on Northern democrats and Northern republicans with very much the same kind of feeling, — a feeling compounded half of aversion and half of eagerness to get all out of them that is possible. It is not impossible that the South may essay a professedly conservative and independent, but really experimental and speculating course, joining sometimes with the Northern democrats and sometimes with the republicans, as it advantages most.

To sum up, the South is awake to the situation, but has settled on no policy for the future, and will be rabid or moderate as prudence dictates; there is no course too strange for her to adopt. If her solidity be broken, it will be on issues not relating to the war and the negro; or if on those issues, it will be because there is disagreement as to what lengths principles common to all should be carried. I should add that at present Southerners are very enthusiastic about the president, and grateful for his action. He might have protracted their sufferings. Their idea is that of late years the North has been swayed by fanatics, demagogues, and speculators; and there is immense relief to think that practical, conservative, and cultured men from a better element have come to the front. Many Southern leaders, emulous of Key, are becoming very ambitious of playing a part in national affairs, some even aspiring to the presidency. These affect a very conciliatory tone to attract Northern support.

But enough for the whites. Let us turn to the other color. Only three negroes have been killed by whites since March, and there has been a marked decrease of beatings and affrays. One reason is that the negroes, to use a popular phrase, are "lying low." Another is that violence towards negroes who do aggrieve whites is at present discouraged as impolitic, and redress is sought through the courts. When Chamberlain fell, the negroes were generally submissive; but many were moody and apprehensive for their liberty. They soon perceived that things went on with them just about the same under democratic as under republican rule. Their politicians lost office; but the change did not affect the main body, whose only connection with politics had been to vote once a year or so, and attend the occasional meetings of the party. The party was now broken up, and though still at liberty to vote they must be cautious in so doing not to offend their employers or patrons. They had long ago found that party and suffrage did them no appreciable good, — they had to work for a living all the same, — and only valued them because they were thought essential to keep down the democrats, who would of course restore slavery should they triumph. But the democrats were in at last; the persons of freedmen were unmolested, their property secure. The brisker times soon began to increase their individual prosperity; and it is positively a fact that if a plebiscitum could be held in South Carolina to-morrow, it is questionable whether negro votes would not defeat the republicans. The prosecutions for political and personal crimes before mentioned have caused a renewal of apprehension at times and places. But it is discerned that the hard-working, respect-

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able, quiet class of negroes are safe, and that only the leaders in the past iniquity and the evil spirits are in danger. Accordingly, they turn to work with renewed ardor, and strive to avoid offense and to placate the whites by settling up their liens and other debts, by frowning down pilfering, by courteous demeanor, or by a change in politics. It is amusing to hear how many of them voted for Hampton. This has led to a renewal of many kindly relations long severed. Whites are seen attending the funerals of their servants, aiding black children in their yards to learn by heart their "speeches" for the Sunday-school celebrations, or the girls to dress, and even taking peeps at colored festivities; while the negroes are again surrounding every white gathering.

In some localities, however, the arrest and carrying to prison of the negro leaders, known and perhaps loved by all, has caused great alarm and sorrow. Crowds bid them farewell at the railway stations, wring their pinioned hands, ask what is the difference between this and the old slave-traders' doings, and as the train moves off utter loud lamentations and raise wild hymns; even rescues have been attempted. The prevalence of larceny, bigamy, and the like, now and in the past, causes thousands of negroes to fear that their turn will come. Many have become either very moody and desperate or very obsequious. There has been an immense crop of offers to turn State's evidence. Negro jurors are often quite as ready now to convict those of their color prosecuted by whites as white jurors themselves. These things have resulted in the tremendous falling off of crime, before recounted, as crime in previous years has been comparatively safe, from the determination of the negroes not to tell on or convict each other. Many negroes were so uneasy during the spring and summer that a proposition to emigrate to Liberia created great interest. Organization was attempted, but want of money has been in the way, as well as want of unanimity. So nothing, or little at least, is likely to come of it.

The position of the whites towards the negro is just this: reënslavement is not desired by one in fifty, and is looked on as utterly impracticable, visionary, and dangerous, many even admitting that slavery in the past was an economical blunder. But they would not be unwilling to restrict the freedom of the negro in many such things as wandering about at night, holding public meetings, attending day schools, — or any at all, — and living in idleness; and to make the law stringent on him as regards contracts made with whites, or crimes committed against them. Nor is the idea of negro citizenship yet palatable. But some decency is to be expected in view of the platforms and pledges of the past few years, guaranteeing colored rights;[1] nor has the fear of Northern interference yet subsided. Consequently, while we are in the Union, encroachments on negro liberty will be made cautiously, slowly, and under disguises. But even already, in this State, there are indications of what the feeling is. The new legislature made it a criminal offense to sell or buy seed cotton at night, there having been much stealing of the staple from the field at night by negroes in the past; and decreed that convicts in the penitentiary should hereafter be farmed out to contractors for labor on railroads, etc. The whites everywhere applauded both measures, particularly the last, on account of their race significance, while the negroes everywhere deplored them for the same reason. Few or, in many cases, no negro jurymen were summoned in over half the counties in the State for the fall courts, the panels being for the most part white; while many papers, and in several counties (Abbeville, for instance) the grand juries, have recommended the whipping-post, to which harsh memories will cling, as a punishment for larceny; and many grand juries and all the papers are ad-

[1] Indeed, so many promises were made to the colored democrats during the canvass that a few dozens of them have unavoidably been made justices, constables, etc.; a half dozen have been appointed to really high positions; while in Charleston County, *mirabile dictu*, three subservient colored men were elected, on the democratic ticket, to the legislature.

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vocating constitutional enactments disfranchising voters who fail to pay their capitation or other tax, or who are convicted of larceny, and prescribing an educational qualification for voting and jury duty. This reminds me that the colored university was relentlessly broken up, an appropriation being refused to pay even the arrears of the professors. It was very odious to the whites from its perversion, having once been to the old, gentlemanly, chivalric Palmetto element as Oxford to the tories and churchmen. The legislature has resolved to turn it into a white college again, and give the negroes a college for themselves, with an equal pecuniary support. There is great prejudice in this State against free schools for any color; nor have the airs put on by colored school children contributed to remove it. Policy, however, and past promises will probably impel the maintenance of a free-school system for some time at least, but on a less extensive scale. It is proper to add that some cultured Southerners are in favor of educating and elevating the negro as the best way to solve our race difficulties. But it is doubtful if their views will prevail against inherited prejudice.

Reconstruction has certainly failed to make the negro a full-fledged citizen, with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the white race. But no longer a slave, owning perhaps a tenth of the property in the State, free to earn money and to go where and hire to whom he pleases, with his rights of property and (while he votes with his master, or refrains from voting) his person secure, he certainly has made an immense stride forward from the time of the overseer and the patrol, the quarter and the plantation; nay, even from the time when he was set free, penniless and helpless, despised and ridden over by his former masters, and the prey of greedy adventurers from the North. As to the future, he is side by side with a branch of that race which has yet found no superior on the earth; and the evolutionists should watch with interest that which will prove to be a most instructive phase in the progress of the great struggle for existence.

Readers of this paper may find themselves left in some doubt as to the sentiments of the author on the policy whose results are recounted. Nor should they be charged with a lack of discernment. Over the first and second results stated, the author is inclined on the whole to rejoice. In the third, fourth, and fifth results described, while he finds some things to approve, he perceives much to deplore. Consequently, he knows not what to say at present. His mind is not made up.

A South Carolinian.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

IV.

The early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place. There are many venerable pianos in Hamilton, and they all play at twilight. Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments, — notably those of the violin, — but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge. Most of the music in vogue there is the same that those pianos prattled in their innocent infancy; and there is something very

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pathetic about it when they go over it now, in their asthmatic second childhood, dropping a note here and there, where a tooth is gone.

We attended evening service at the stately Episcopal church on the hill, where were five or six hundred people, half of them white and the other half black, according to the usual Bermudian proportions; and all well dressed, — a thing which is also usual in Bermuda and to be confidently expected. There was good music, which we heard, and doubtless a good sermon, but there was a wonderful deal of coughing, and so only the high parts of the argument carried over it. As we came out, after service, I overheard one young girl say to another, —

"Why, you don't mean to say you pay duty on gloves and laces! I only pay postage; have them done up and sent in the Boston Advertiser."

There are those who believe that the most difficult thing to create is a woman who can comprehend that it is wrong to smuggle; and that an impossible thing to create is a woman who will not smuggle, whether or no, when she gets a chance. But these may be errors.

We went wandering off toward the country, and were soon far down in the lonely black depths of a road that was roofed over with the dense foliage of a double rank of great cedars. There was no sound of any kind, there; it was perfectly still. And it was so dark that one could detect nothing but sombre outlines. We strode farther and farther down this tunnel, cheering the way with chat.

Presently the chat took this shape: "How insensibly the character of a people and of a government makes its impress upon a stranger, and gives him a sense of security or of insecurity without his taking deliberate thought upon the matter or asking anybody a question! We have been in this land half a day; we have seen none but honest faces; we have noted the British flag flying, which means efficient government and good order; so without inquiry we plunge unarmed and with perfect confidence into this dismal place, which in almost any other country would swarm with thugs and garroters" —

'Sh! What was that? Stealthy footsteps! Low voices! We gasp, we close up together, and wait. A vague shape glides out of the dusk and confronts us. A voice speaks — demands money!

"A shilling, gentlemen, if you please, to help build the new Methodist church."

Blessed sound! Holy sound! We contribute with thankful avidity to the new Methodist church, and are happy to think how lucky it was that those little colored Sunday-school scholars did not seize upon everything we had with violence, before we recovered from our momentary helpless condition. By the light of cigars we write down the names of weightier philanthropists than ourselves on the contribution-cards, and then pass on into the farther darkness, saying, What sort of a government do they call this, where they allow little black pious children, with contribution-cards, to plunge out upon peaceable strangers in the dark and scare them to death?

We prowled on several hours, sometimes by the sea-side, sometimes inland, and finally managed to get lost, which is a feat that requires talent in Bermuda. I had on new shoes. They were No. 7's when I started, but were not more than 5's now, and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that, before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the asking. Many people have never had the headache or the toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn tight shoes for two or three hours, and known the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the firmament. Few of us will ever forget the exquisite hour we were married. Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget so with your feet?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still.

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At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!' and 'Ha, ha, oh, certainly! very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion, — especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

The Reverend had been an army chaplain during the war, and while we were hunting for a road that would lead to Hamilton he told a story about two dying soldiers which interested me in spite of my feet. He said that in the Potomac hospitals rough pine coffins were furnished by government, but that it was not always possible to keep up with the demand; so, when a man died, if there was no coffin at hand he was buried without one. One night late, two soldiers lay dying in a ward. A man came in with a coffin on his shoulder, and stood trying to make up his mind which of these two poor fellows would be likely to need it first. Both of them begged for it with their fading eyes, — they were past talking. Then one of them protruded a wasted hand from his blankets and made a feeble beckoning sign with the fingers, to signify, "Be a good fellow; put it under my bed, please." The man did it, and left. The lucky soldier painfully turned himself in his bed until he faced the other warrior, raised himself partly on his elbow, and began to work up a mysterious expression of some kind in his face. Gradually, irksomely, but surely and steadily, it developed, and at last it took definite form as a pretty successful wink. The sufferer fell back exhausted with his labor, but bathed in glory. Now entered a personal friend of No. 2, the despoiled soldier. No. 2 pleaded with him with eloquent eyes, till presently he understood, and removed the coffin from under No. 1's bed and put it under No. 2's. No. 2 indicated his joy, and made some more signs; the friend understood again, and put his arm under No. 2's shoulders and lifted him partly up. Then the dying hero turned the dim exultation of his eye upon No. 1, and began a slow and labored work with his hands; gradually he lifted one hand up toward his face; it grew weak and dropped back again; once more he made the effort, but failed again. He took a rest; he gathered all the remnant of his strength, and this time he slowly but surely carried his thumb to the side of his nose, spread the gaunt fingers wide in triumph, and dropped back dead. That picture sticks by me yet. The "situation" is unique.

The next morning, at what seemed a very early hour, the little white table-waiter appeared suddenly in my room and shot a single word out of himself: "Breakfast!"

This was a remarkable boy in many ways. He was about eleven years old; he had alert, intent black eyes; he was quick of movement; there was no hesitation, no uncertainty about him anywhere; there was a military decision in his lip, his manner, his speech, that was an astonishing thing to see in a little chap like him; he wasted no words; his answers always came so quick and brief that they seemed to be part of the question that had been asked instead of a

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reply to it. When he stood at table with his fly-brush, rigid, erect, his face set in a cast-iron gravity, he was a statue till he detected a dawning want in somebody's eye; then he pounced down, supplied it, and was instantly a statue again. When he was sent to the kitchen for anything, he marched upright till he got to the door; he turned hand-springs the rest of the way.

"Breakfast!"

I thought I would make one more effort to get some conversation out of this being.

"Have you called the Reverend, or are" —

"Yes s'r!"

"Is it early, or is" —

"Eight-five!"

"Do you have to do all the 'chores,' or is there somebody to give you a l—"

"Colored girl!"

"Is there only one parish in this island, or are there" —

"Eight!"

"Is the big church on the hill a parish church, or is it" —

"Chapel-of-ease!"

"Is taxation here classified into poll, parish, town, and" —

"Don't know!"

Before I could cudgel another question out of my head, he was below, hand-springing across the back yard. He had slid down the balusters, head-first. I gave up trying to provoke a discussion with him. The essential element of discussion had been left out of him; his answers were so final and exact that they did not leave a doubt to hang conversation on. I suspect that there is the making of a mighty man or a mighty rascal in this boy, — according to circumstances, — but they are going to apprentice him to a carpenter. It is the way the world uses its opportunities.

During this day and the next we took carriage drives about the island and over to the town of St. George's, fifteen or twenty miles away. Such hard, excellent roads to drive over are not to be found elsewhere out of Europe. An intelligent young colored man drove us, and acted as guide-book. In the edge of town we saw five or six mountain-cabbage palms (atrocious name!) standing in a straight row, and equidistant from each other. These were not the largest or the tallest trees I have ever seen, but they were the stateliest, the most majestic. That row of them must be the nearest that nature has ever come to counterfeiting a colonnade. These trees are all the same height, say sixty feet; the trunks as gray as granite, with a very gradual and perfect taper; without sign of branch or knot or flaw; the surface not looking like bark, but like granite that has been dressed and not polished. Thus all the way up the diminishing shaft for fifty feet; then it begins to take the appearance of being closely wrapped, spool-fashion, with gray cord, or of having been turned in a lathe. Above this point there is an outward swell, and thence upwards, for six feet or more, the cylinder is a bright, fresh green, and is formed of wrappings like those of an ear of green Indian corn. Then comes the great, spraying palm plume, also green. Other palm-trees always lean out of the perpendicular, or have a curve in them. But the plumb-line could not detect a deflection in any individual of this stately row; they stand as straight as the colonnade of Baalbec; they have its great height, they have its gracefulness, they have its dignity; in moonlight or twilight, and shorn of their plumes, they would duplicate it.

The birds we came across in the country were singularly tame; even that wild creature, the quail, would pick around in the grass at ease while we inspected it and talked about it at leisure. A small bird of the canary species had to be stirred up with the butt end of the whip before it would move, and then it moved only a couple of feet. It is said that even the suspicious flea is tame and sociable in Bermuda, and will allow himself to be caught and caressed without misgivings. This should be taken with allowance, for doubtless there is more or less brag about it. In San Francisco they used to claim that their native flea could kick a child over, as if it were a merit in a flea to be able to do that; as

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if the knowledge of it trumpeted abroad ought to entice immigration. Such a thing in nine cases out of ten would be almost sure to deter a thinking man from coming.

We saw no bugs or reptiles to speak of, and so I was thinking of saying in print, in a general way, that there were none at all; but one night after I had gone to bed, the Reverend came into my room carrying something, and asked, "Is this your boot?" I said it was, and he said he had met a spider going off with it. Next morning he stated that just at dawn the same spider raised his window and was coming in to get a shirt, but saw him and fled.

I inquired, "Did he get the shirt?"

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

We inquired around, but could hear of no Bermudian spider capable of doing these things. Citizens said that their largest spiders could not more than spread their legs over an ordinary saucer, and that they had always been considered honest. Here was testimony of a clergyman against the testimony of mere worldlings, — interested ones, too. On the whole, I judged it best to lock up my things.

Here and there on the country roads we found lemon, papaia, orange, lime, and fig trees; also several sorts of palms, among them the cocoa, the date, and the palmetto. We saw some bamboos forty feet high, with stems as thick as a man's arm. Jungles of the mangrove-tree stood up out of swamps, propped on their interlacing roots as upon a tangle of stilts. In dryer places the noble tamarind sent down its grateful cloud of shade. Here and there the blossomy tamarisk adorned the roadside. There was a curious gnarled and twisted black tree, without a single leaf on it. It might have passed itself off for a dead apple-tree but for the fact that it had a star-like, red-hot flower sprinkled sparsely over its person. It had the scattery red glow that a constellation might have when glimpsed through smoked glass. It is possible that our constellations have been so constructed as to be invisible through smoked glass; if this is so it is a great mistake.

We saw a tree that bears grapes, and just as calmly and unostentatiously as a vine would do it. We saw an India-rubber tree, but out of season, possibly, so there were no shoes on it, nor suspenders, nor anything that a person would properly expect to find there. This gave it an impressively frandulent look. There was exactly one mahogany-tree on the island. I know this to be reliable, because I saw a man who said he had counted it many a time and could not be mistaken. He was a man with a hare lip and a pure heart, and everybody said he was as true as steel. Such men are all too few.

One's eye caught near and far the pink cloud of the oleander and the red blaze of the pomegranate blossom. In one piece of wild wood the morning-glory vines had wrapped the trees to their very tops, and decorated them all over with couples and clusters of great blue bells, — a fine and striking spectacle, at a little distance. But the dull cedar is everywhere, and its is the prevailing foliage. One does not appreciate how dull it is until the varnished, bright green attire of the infrequent lemon-tree pleasantly intrudes its contrast. In one thing Bermuda is eminently tropical, — was in May, at least, — the unbrilliant, slightly faded, unrejoicing look of the landscape. For forests arrayed in a blemishless magnificence of glowing green foliage that seems to exult in its own existence and can move the beholder to an enthusiasm that will make him either shout or cry, one must go to countries that have malignant winters.

We saw scores of colored farmers digging their crops of potatoes and onions, their wives and children helping, — entirely contented and comfortable, if looks go for anything. We never met a man, or woman, or child anywhere in this sunny island who seemed to be unprosperous, or discontented, or sorry about anything. This sort of monotony became very tiresome presently, and even some-

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thing worse. The spectacle of an entire nation groveling in contentment is an infuriating thing. We felt the lack of something in this community, — a vague, an undefinable, an elusive something, and yet a lack. But after considerable thought we made out what it was, — tramps. Let them go there, right now, in a body. It is utterly virgin soil. Passage is cheap. Every true patriot in America will help buy tickets. Whole armies of these excellent beings can be spared from our midst and our polls; they will find a delicious climate and a green, kind-hearted people. There are potatoes and onions for all, and a generous welcome for the first batch that arrives, and elegant graves for the second.

It was the Early Rose potato the people were digging. Later in the year they have another crop, which they call the Garnet. We buy their potatoes (retail) at fifteen dollars a barrel; and those colored farmers buy ours for a song, and live on them. Havana might exchange cigars with Connecticut in the same advantageous way, if she thought of it.

We passed a roadside grocery with a sign up, "Potatoes Wanted." An ignorant stranger, doubtless. He could not have gone thirty steps from his place without finding plenty of them.

In several fields the arrowroot crop was already sprouting. Bermuda used to make a vast annual profit out of this staple before fire-arms came into such general use.

The island is not large. Somewhere in the interior a man ahead of us had a very slow horse. I suggested that we had better go by him; but the driver said the man had but a little way to go. I waited to see, wondering how he could know. Presently the man did turn down another road. I asked, "How did you know he would?"

"Because I knew the man, and where he lived."

I asked him, satirically, if he knew everybody in the island; he answered, very simply, that he did. This gives a body's mind a good substantial grip on the dimensions of the place.

At the principal hotel in St. George's, a young girl, with a sweet, serious face, said we could not be furnished with dinner, because we had not been expected, and no preparation had been made. Yet it was still an hour before dinner time. We argued, she yielded not; we supplicated, she was serene. The hotel had not been expecting an inundation of two people, and so it seemed that we should have to go home dinnerless. I said we were not very hungry; a fish would do. My little maid answered, it was not the market-day for fish. Things began to look serious; but presently the boarder who sustained the hotel came in, and when the case was laid before him he was cheerfully willing to divide. So we had much pleasant chat at table about St. George's chief industry, the repairing of damaged ships; and in between we had a soup that had something in it that seemed to taste like the hereafter, but it proved to be only pepper of a particularly vivacious kind. And we had an iron-clad chicken that was deliciously cooked, but not in the right way. Baking was not the thing to convince his sort. He ought to have been put through a quartz mill until the "tuck" was taken out of him, and then boiled till we came again. We got a good deal of sport out of him, but not enough sustenance to leave the victory on our side. No matter; we had potatoes and a pie and a sociable good time. Then a ramble through the town, which is a quaint one, with interesting, crooked streets, and narrow, crooked lanes, with here and there a grain of dust. Here, as in Hamilton, the dwellings had Venetian blinds of a very sensible pattern. They were not double shutters, hinged at the sides, but a single broad shutter, hinged at the top; you push it outward, from the bottom, and fasten it at any angle required by the sun or desired by yourself.

All about the island one sees great white scars on the hill-slopes. These are dished spaces where the soil has been scraped off and the coral exposed and glazed with hard whitewash. Some of these are a quarter-acre in size. They

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catch and carry the rain-fall to reservoirs; for the wells are few and poor, and there are no natural springs and no brooks.

They say that the Bermuda climate is mild and equable, with never any snow or ice, and that one may be very comfortable in spring clothing the year round, there. We had delightful and decided summer weather in May, with a flaming sun that permitted the thinnest of raiment, and yet there was a constant breeze; consequently we were never discomforted by heat. At four or five in the afternoon the mercury began to go down, and then it became necessary to change to thick garments. I went to St. George's in the morning clothed in the thinnest of linen, and reached home at five in the afternoon with two overcoats on. The nights are said to be always cool and bracing. We had mosquito nets, and the Reverend said the mosquitoes persecuted him a good deal. I often heard him slapping and banging at these imaginary creatures with as much zeal as if they had been real. There are no mosquitoes in the Bermudas in May.

The poet Thomas Moore spent several months in Bermuda more than seventy years ago. He was sent out to be registrar of the admiralty. I am not quite clear as to the function of a registrar of the admiralty of Bermuda, but I think it is his duty to keep a record of all the admirals born there. I will inquire into this. There was not much doing in admirals, and Moore got tired and went away. A reverently preserved souvenir of him is still one of the treasures of the islands. I gathered the idea, vaguely, that it was a jug, but was persistently thwarted in the twenty-two efforts I made to visit it. However, it was no matter, for I found afterwards that it was only a chair.

There are several "sights" in the Bermudas, of course, but they are easily avoided. This is a great advantage, — one cannot have it in Europe. Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to "loaf" in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair. A good many Americans go there about the first of March and remain until the early spring weeks have finished their villainies at home.

The Bermudians are hoping soon to have telegraphic communication with the world. But even after they shall have acquired this curse it will still be a good country to go to for a vacation, for there are charming little islets scattered about the inclosed sea where one could live secure from interruption. The telegraph boy would have to come in a boat, and one could easily kill him while he was making his landing.

We had spent four days in Bermuda, — three bright ones out of doors and one rainy one in the house, we being disappointed about getting a yacht for a sail; and now our furlough was ended.

We made the run home to New York quarantine in three days and five hours, and could have gone right along up to the city if we had had a health permit. But health permits are not granted after seven in the evening, partly because a ship cannot be inspected and overhauled with exhaustive thoroughness except in daylight, and partly because health officers are liable to catch cold if they expose themselves to the night air. Still, you can *buy* a permit after hours for five dollars extra, and the officer will do the inspecting next week. Our ship and passengers lay under expense and in humiliating captivity all night, under the very nose of the little official reptile who is supposed to protect New York from pestilence by his vigilant "inspections." This imposing rigor gave everybody a solemn and awful idea of the beneficent watchfulness of our government, and there were some who wondered if anything finer could be found in other countries.

In the morning we were all a-tiptoe to witness the intricate ceremony of inspecting the ship. But it was a disappointing thing. The health officer's tug ranged alongside for a moment, our

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purser handed the lawful three-dollar permit fee to the health officer's boot-black, who passed us a folded paper in a forked stick, and away we went. The entire "inspection" did not occupy thirteen seconds.

The health officer's place is worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to him. His system of inspection is perfect, and therefore cannot be improved on; but it seems to me that his system of collecting his fees might be amended. For a great ship to lie idle all night is a most costly loss of time; for her passengers to have to do the same thing works to them the same damage, with the addition of an amount of exasperation and bitterness of soul that the spectacle of that health-offi . . . . . [1] could hardly sweeten. Now why would it not be better and simpler to let the ships pass in unmolested, and the fees and permits be exchanged once a year by post?

Mark Twain.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IX.

IV. COTTON, SILK, AND SPINNING.

COTTON is the principal textile fibre of the world. Wherever in tropical and semi-tropical countries the people go clothed, it is in cotton, and in temperate climes it forms a part of the usual dress. If the wider use, and therefore greater importance, of cotton than wool, flax, or silk be the measure of dominion, then "cotton is king." We know it by a name derived from the Arabic *goton*, which reminds us of the great people, the Saracens, who introduced it to European notice when they became possessed of Spain. Previous to this the knowledge and reputation of the fabric depended upon the notices by travelers and writers, and upon limited importations from the East.

On our side of the Atlantic cotton has been known from time immemorial, but the kind now cultivated in the United States is from seed which originally came from the Levant to England, thence to the Bahamas, and from those islands to Georgia late in the last century. Columbus found cotton to be the principal material for clothing among the Mexicans; Magellan describes it as common in Brazil in 1519.

There is no knowledge of the time when in the south of Asia cotton was otherwise than what it is now, the principal dependence for clothing; while its common use in Europe north of the Mediterranean countries, and in our own country, is a matter about one hundred years old. Machinery has given it its importance with us, but the Hindoo methods are probably just what they were when Herodotus spoke of the tree wool, and mentioned that the Indian contingent of the army of Xerxes wore cotton drawers.

Figure 227 is a view of the roller cotton-gin of Hindostan as exhibited in the British colonies collection in the Main

[1] When the proofs of this article came to me I saw that The Atlantic had condemned the words which occupied the place where is now a vacancy. I can invent no figure worthy to stand in the shoes of the lurid colossus which a too decent respect for the opinions of mankind has thus ruthlessly banished from his due and rightful pedestal in the world's literature. Let the blank remain a blank; and let it suggest to the reader that he has sustained a precious loss which can never be made good to him. M. T.

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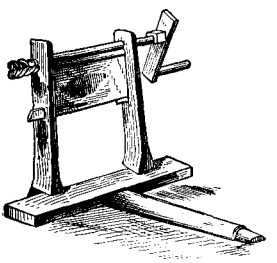
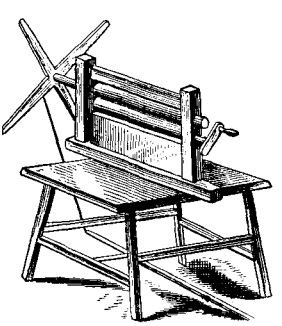
Building at the Centennial. It has rollers about six inches long, having oblique gears on the ends of each, mashing together so as to rotate in unison when



(Fig. 227.) Roller Cotton-Gin of Bengal. British Colonies Exhibit.

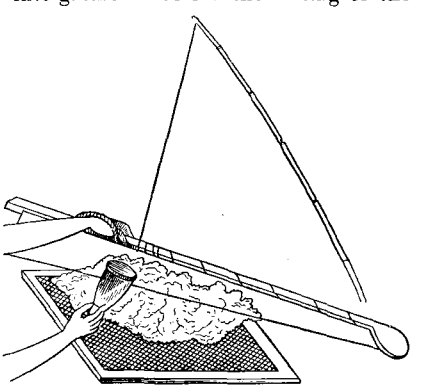
the crank on the end of the upper roller is turned. It was this roller-gin which was used to a slight extent in the Carolinas and Georgia before Whitney's invention of the saw-gin. The Chinese cotton-gin (Figure 228) is similar in all substantial respects. This, however, has an upper roller of iron, on one end of which are four heavy arms at right angles, to act as a fly-wheel. The roller frame is bound to the table with cords. The lower roller has a crank on the end, and a treadle can be connected to the fly-wheel by a cord so as to enable it to be worked by foot power. The rollers are set at such proximity as to pinch the fibre and draw it through while opposing an obstacle to the passage of the seed. The same contrivance is used in Japan, Java, and elsewhere, being the



(Fig. 228.) Roller Cotton-Gin. Chinese Exhibit.

usual implement all over Southern and Southeastern Asia. It does not seem to have been noticed in savage Africa, notwithstanding cotton is grown commonly enough there. Egypt is not included in this statement; her position is exceptional. There are more steam plows in Africa than in America, but the poor *fellahs* are none the better off. We learn from Sir Stamford Raffles that in Java one pound and a quarter of cotton is cleaned in two days' work of one person by the roller-gin.

The written records of India are fuller of religious and dynastic information than of domestic matters, but one item from the Singhalese books of a date answering to our A. D. 1153 notices a festival practice that has been in vogue in Ceylon for many centuries: cotton is plucked from the plant at daybreak, cleaned, spun, woven, dyed, and made into garments before the setting of the



(Fig. 229.) Bowing Cotton. Japanese Exhibit.

sun. The method in Java is perhaps a fair specimen of the process: the cotton is ginned with the roller, beaten with a rattan to loosen it, picked to remove motes and trash, bowed to bring it to a downy condition, pulled out in loose slivers, and wrapped on a distaff from which it is drawn in spinning. The thread is boiled, dressed, combed with rice water, and then reeled.

Figure 229 shows the Japanese mode of bowing cotton, the same that was adopted in England and elsewhere before the invention of the carding-machine, a little over a century ago. It is the same as now used by hatters in spreading a thin layer of fine felting fur. The Japanese bow was shown in the Main Building, and is about the same

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as the American hatter's implement, being a bow and string supported by a cord from a pliable pole, which prevents the wearying of the left hand by the weight of the bow. In the hatter's practice the string is twanged by the thumb of the left hand, but in the Japanese the string is beaten by a mallet in the right hand. All dirt and pieces of leaves or of the capsule fall through the meshes of the sieve upon which the fleece of cotton lies.

The simplest form of spinning is by laying together a few fibres and rolling them by the hand upon the thigh. This is what the Australian *lubra* does with the bulrush root, which she chews for the nutriment contained in it, and then picks the fibre out of her mouth, straightens, rolls, and twists it into a very serviceable thread for making nets for fishing, etc. The Australian does not weave, though he makes mats by a process of wattling, and uses this thread for interlacing the reeds, of which the mat is principally composed. Many of us have seen a sailor make a lashing from a bunch of oakum much in the same way, and a hay or straw band is made upon occasion about as quickly.

Thread is made in Madagascar by pulling out the fibres by hand, no cards being used, and twisting them together in a peculiar manner. Instead of a weighted whorl and suspended roving, the natives take the spindle in the right hand and pay out the roving from the left, by which hand also they twist the roving as the hands separate. When the length of the expanded hand is twisted, it is wound on the spindle, and the work is resumed.

The customary method of hand-spinning, however, the world over, is by spindle and whorl. The Egyptian paintings show this with perfect clearness, and there is no difference between the practice of thirty-five centuries since and that common in Asia and Africa at the present day. The notices in the Bible and in Homer indicate that Syria and Æolia had the same method at about the same time. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann in the hill of Hissarlik have unearthed from great depths numerous whorls, mostly of terra cotta, with Aryan symbols. Some are of lead and others of marble. Leaden whorls, elaborately ornamented, are found in British barrows. An English tree, the *euonymus* or spindle-tree, has obtained its name from its use for this purpose.

The Peruvian distaffs, found in great quantities in the rifled graves of that country, have usually two canes about twenty-four inches long and wrapped with party-colored thread. At the top of some of them is a bunch of combed fibre from which the thread is drawn. Such may be seen in the Peabody Museum, and at the Musée de St. Germain, Paris.

The distaffs of Egypt were principally employed upon flax; cotton was unknown there except as a curiosity, and the hemp which Herodotus describes as a Scythian plant, wild and cultivated, does not seem to have reached the Nile land. The historian considered it in some respects superior to flax, and states that the Thracians excelled in its manufacture into clothing. The wrappings of the mummies are of linen; wool, as an animal product, being considered unclean for priests or religious uses. Linen thread of remarkable fineness was spun in Egypt, as we shall have occasion to remark apropos of looms.

(Fig. 230.) Makah Spindle and Whorl. National Museum Exhibit.

Figure 230 represents the spindle and whorl used by the Makah Indians of Puget Sound in making cordage of cedar-bark fibre, which is obtained by chopping or breaking the bark until the coarser material is separated from the long fine fibre. The spindle is of wood, with a bone whorl. It manifests a considerable advance in ingenuity: as we have seen, the Malagasy have no whorl and twist by hand; the Australians have no spindle and twist on the thigh. The Makah Indians, it may be remarked, do not use the spindle in twisting spruce-root fibres,

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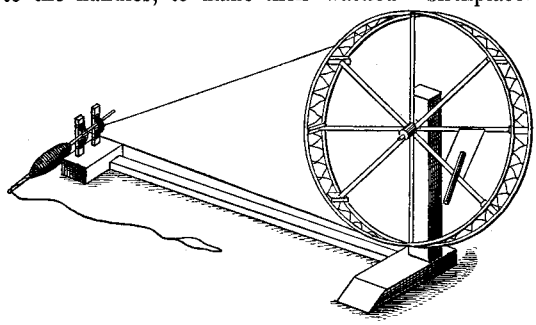
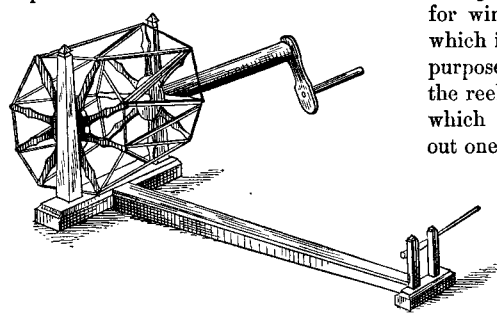
which are roasted and pounded and then twisted by hand. The tough strings of spruce root are used to lash their tools to the handles, to make their wattled



(Fig. 231.) Cotton Spinning-Wheel. Japanese Exhibit.

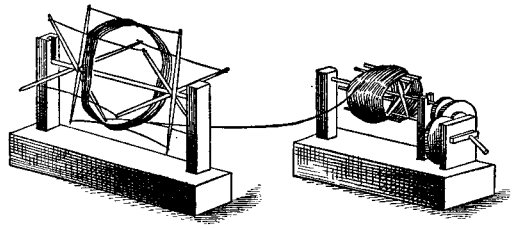
baskets, and to sew together the pieces which form their canoes. The Pimo Indians, far to the south, use a slender spindle, two feet long, passed through a wooden block, which keeps up the rotation imparted to it. One end of the spindle rests in a wooden cup held between the toes, while the other is twirled by the fingers of the right hand. The left hand is busied in drawing out the roving from the supply of cotton which is coiled upon the left arm in loose rolls. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the different lands where the spindle is used. Loanda-land, La Plata, Java, and other distant countries showed the primitive implement or its results.



(Fig. 232.) Siamese Reel. Siamese Exhibit.

Not alone is the device of a distaff and spindle widespread in point of geographical distribution, but, as we have stated, it prevailed in the earliest historic times.

It was a great advance when the spinning-wheel was invented. The earliest known use of it points to India as its birthplace. Figure 231 shows the Japanese spinning-wheel for cotton. It does not differ in material respects from the English wheel of the fourteenth century, as shown in an illuminated manuscript in the British Museum; in fact, except in mere shape and proportions, it is like all others of its class. The large wheel has a light skeleton frame and a band to the spindle of the bobbin. To say it is extremely cheap is not to say it is actually rude. It is adapted to the use of a person sitting upon the ground, a posture which the lithe Oriental assumes with grace and comfort. The Javanese spinning wheel (*jantra*) is similar. So also is that used by the Arabs.



(Fig. 233.) Winding Reel and Swift. Japanese Exhibit.

Figure 232 exhibits the Siamese reel for winding the thread off the bobbin, which is placed on the skewer for that purpose. The thread is received upon the reel in the form of a skein or hank, which is afterwards removed by taking out one of the bars.

The Japanese winding-machine (Figure 233), like the other allied devices, is marked by simplicity and cheapness of structure. The loose skein is placed on a swift, one arm or string of which is removable to enable it to be placed in position, and is wound on the smaller reel with rapidity by means of the crank and multiplying gearing.

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Sericulture is one of the most important interests of Japan and China. The Japanese collection in the Main and Agricultural buildings exhibited all the processes, from the gathering of the mulberry leaves and the feeding of the worms to the reeling and skeining of the silk thread. No silk looms were exhibited. Figure 234 shows the cutting of the leaves for feeding the worms; a boy is seen bearing in leaves which have been picked in the plantation; a man in kneeling posture cuts the leaves into small shreds upon a board; behind him are the trays for the worms. Figure 235 shows the feeding of the worms upon the trays, the shreds being strewed by hand or by the dexterous flirting of the handy wicker trays of which the Japanese make so much use. The succeeding operations of changing feed and the care of the moulting worms involve nothing particularly curious. When the caterpillars have attained their full growth and

(Fig. 234.) Cutting the Mulberry Leaves for the Silkworms. Japanese Exhibit.

(Fig. 235.) Strewing Cut Mulberry Leaves to Silkworms. Japanese Exhibit.

are about to undergo their transformation to the chrysalis form, they seek a place on which to attach their silken envelope that screens and protects them from birds and other enemies; this may, in a certain sense, be supposed to be the object. The cocooneries are trays with rows of sticks arranged in ridge-like form (Figure 236), to afford the crotches in which the worms prefer to place the cocoons; they in fact resemble a multitude of divergent limbs, where the worm standing upon one may reach the other with his mouth to attach the silken filament, and so on, back and forth and around and around, in a gradually narrowing space, until he spins a ball around himself, working on the inside. In Figure 237 is seen the stripping of the cocooneries.

The reeling of the silk from the cocoons was shown in several exhibits at the Centennial. The one which attract-

(Fig. 236.) Distributing Worms on to the Cocooneries. Japanese Exhibit.

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ed most attention was an apparatus from Brazil, but as we are after the crude and curious, and not the most perfect, we will show a few of those from Japan. Figure 238 exhibits a trio of maidens, each with a small portable furnace to heat the water in which the cocoons are floating, the warm water dissolving the gum of the silk so that the filaments part from the cocoon. The length of a filament is about three hundred yards; two hundred and fifty average cocoons weigh one pound; twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of silk; therefore three thousand cocoons produce one pound of silk, which is about nine hundred thousand yards or over five hundred miles of the single filament. The silk that we see passing from the cocoons in the pan of water to the reel is made up of from five to ten distinct filaments from as many cocoons. It seems as if nothing could supersede hand care at this point. It is hard to believe that the time can arrive when we can compete with the rice-eating population of the world in sericulture. In silk manufacture we may. Each of the three almond-eyed girls in Figure 238 turns the little hand reel and allows the silk to run over her finger; if a filament should break it will be readily noticed, for the cocoon belonging to it will cease to jump about in the water, and the end must then be found and brought into the cluster. Figure 239 shows an apparatus on a better

(Fig. 237.) Stripping the Cocooneries. Japanese Exhibit.

(Fig. 238.) Silk Winding Reels. Japanese Exhibit.

(Fig. 239.) Silk Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

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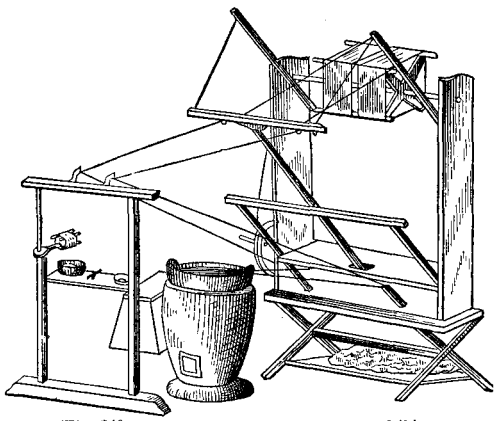
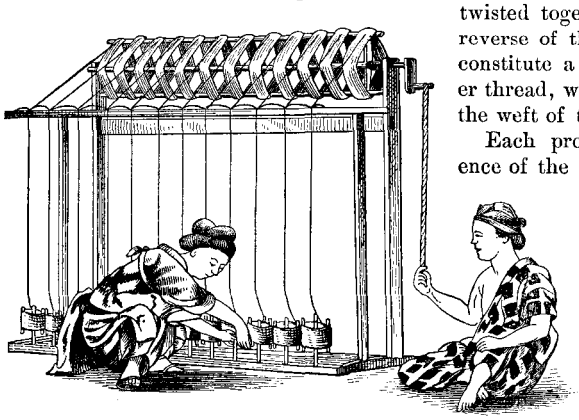
scale, two reels being employed and the silk running through little eyes on the ends of pliable rods. We do not call this "crude" but insist upon the "curious."

The arrangement in Figure 240 gives the most graphic idea of the apparatus, the parts being shown in skeleton, so that the course of the silk may be readily traced.



(Fig. 240.) Cocoon Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

Silk is unlike any other fibre which is spun or made up into a textile fabric. While cotton, flax, wool, hemp, and jute have a comparatively short staple, silk is perfect throughout the whole length of the filament. The treatment, therefore, has to be essentially different. With cotton and the other materials named with it, the fibres are laid alongside of each other in a thick and soft roving, which is by turns, or simultaneously, pulled and twisted so as to make it longer and harder by means of the drawing and spinning action. It was the mode of combining these two so that they proceeded together and continuously that constituted the invention of Sir Richard Arkwright, which had such a wonderful sequence of results. Cotton could be cheaply worked in factories; flax and wool were partially superseded; the cotton of the United States became its principal export; and divers political complications ensued which we will not particularize.



(Fig. 241.) Silk Reeling Machine. Japanese Exhibit.

The various operations with silk consist in twisting and *doubling*, the latter term being employed in describing the laying up of several threads into one, though as many as seven may be thus run together at one time. The sequence is about as follows: the silk reeled from the cocoon is twisted and wound on a bobbin; several of such twisted *singles* are laid together and twisted in the opposite direction, known as doubling; these being by successive operations separately twisted, laid together, and then twisted together in a direction the reverse of the twist of the doubles, constitute a still larger and stronger thread, which may be suitable for the weft of the silk loom.

Each process causes a transference of the silk from a reel or swift to a bobbin, or conversely, the twisting being performed *in transitu* and at such a strain that the filaments shall not kink. The silk reel of Bhagulpoor in Eastern India is about as primitive as one can well imagine. It is a conical frame on a vertical axis, and is twirled by one hand, while the thread from four or five cocoons is twisted on the thigh, the cocoons are adjusted, and broken threads joined by the other hand. Figure 241 shows a machine in which

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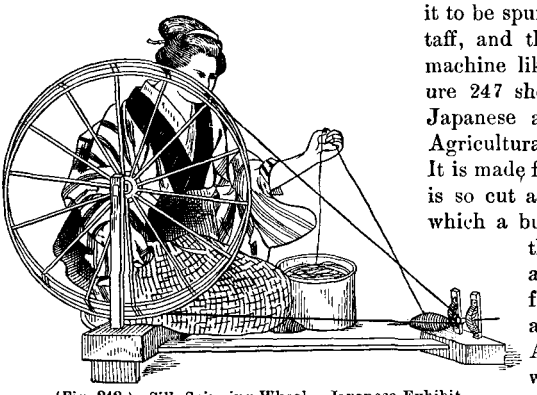
the small skeins, such as those made by the young ladies on the veranda (Figure 238), are wound on to a swift or larger reel. Figure 242 shows a silk spinning-wheel; the skein is laid orderly in a box, and a length is first twisted by the spindle, and then wound on to the bobbin;



(Fig. 242.) Silk Spinning-Wheel. Japanese Exhibit.

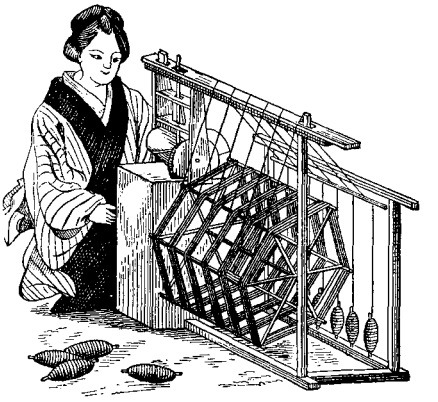
then another length is twisted, and so on. Figure 243 shows the winding of the spun silk from the bobbins, making it into an open, soft skein, ready for dyeing. Figure 244 exhibits the process of stretching and glossing the silk in skeins, the bight of the skein being placed over the hook and the force of the man exerted to stretch it, which increases the lustre of its surface.

It is not alone the *bombyx mori* that yields the silk of Japan; neither is it all silk that can be treated in the normal manner which has just been described.

A large quantity of silk on the outside of the cocoon is loose, and the extreme exterior filaments having been attached to the branches in the cocoonery are broken in stripping. This irregular silk, known as *floss* silk, is picked off before the cocoon is thrown into the water bath to be reeled off, and is treated in an essentially different manner, more resembling the process with cotton or wool.

The floss-silk winder (*kuzu-waitatori-dogu*) of Japan (Figure 245), shown in the Agricultural Building, is used for taking the floss silk off the cocoons. When it is an object to save the chrysalis uninjured, the work is done very carefully, so that it shall not be crushed. The cocoons are placed below the grating and the silk ends brought up between the bars and wrapped around the roller, which is rotated to strip off the floss silk (*mesenito*). This having been cut to a short staple is bowed, as seen in Figure 246, to loosen it up and permit it to be spun. This is done from a distaff, and the silk roving is spun on a machine like that in Figure 242. Figure 247 shows the distaff used by the Japanese as it was exhibited in the Agricultural Building at the Centennial. It is made from a stick of bamboo, which is so cut as to leave a sharp point on which a bunch of silk is impaled; from this the fibres are pulled out in a roving, just as in the old-fashioned method by distaff and spindle, yet practiced in Asia, in those parts of Africa where spinning is known, and among the peasantry of the south of Europe.

In this country we are compelled to call in the aid of machinery or to reject the floss silk as a material for textile goods. With us, the floss silk is sorted, pulled over gills to set the fibres straight, combed in a filling engine and then in a drawing-frame, cut to a staple of tolerably even length in a cutting-machine, the fibres converted by a scutcher into a sort of down, which is washed in soap



(Fig. 243.) Silk Winding Machine. Japanese Exhibit.

and water, boiled in pure soft water, pressed, dried, again scutched to loosen it up, then carded, made into slivers,

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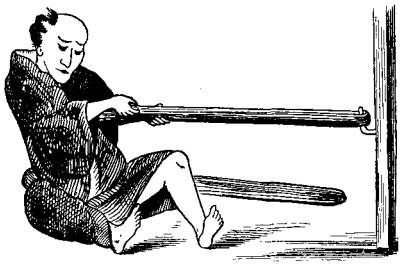
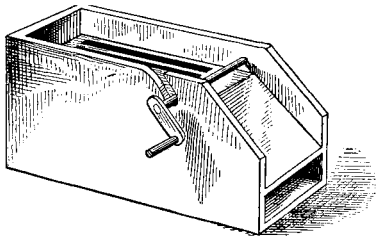
drawn, doubled, drawn, rove, and spun like cotton.

Braiding is a form of plaiting for narrow articles, in which the strands, flat



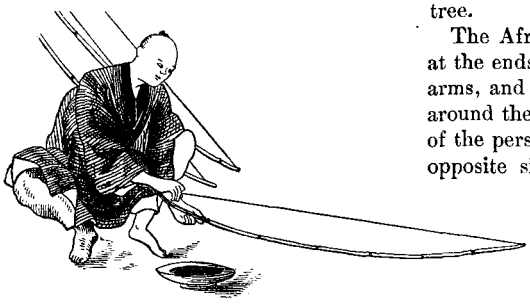
(Fig. 244.) Silk Stretching and Polishing. Japanese Exhibit.

or round, assume an oblique direction across the web, returning on themselves and following a zigzag course. The braided coir of the Fiji and Marquesas



(Fig. 245.) Floss Silk Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

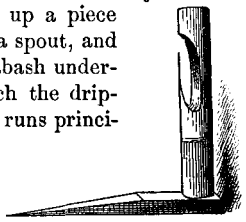
islanders is the neatest of the Polynesian, and forms the rope of the country; it is what the sailors term *sennit*, a flat rope suitable for a gasket, and much more pliable than a round rope. Very fine



(Fig. 246.) Bowing Floss Silk. Japanese Exhibit.

specimens may be seen in the National Museum, at Washington, amongst the Wilkes Expedition curiosities.

A peculiar specimen was exhibited in the Gold Coast section of the English colonies collection, consisting of a rope and bands used by the natives in climbing palm-trees to draw *toddy*. The palm-tree wine of Western Africa is obtained by boring a hole below the crown of the tree and catching the sap in a calabash. The native, taking with him several empty calabashes and a boring tool, climbs the tree by means of a pliant creeper or by a belt. If he use the mere hoop of creeper he ties the ends firmly together, but loosely around the tree, and gets into it, so that his back rests against the hoop while his feet are pressed against the tree. He ascends the tree by a succession of hitches, lifting the hoop at each hitch while his feet are planted against the tree. When he reaches the top of the tree he bores a hole just below the crown, rolls up a piece of leaf to form a spout, and suspends a calabash underneath it to catch the dripping sap. This runs principally at night, and the calabash is emptied each morning. In twenty-four hours the juice ferments, but this process is expedited by the remains of a previous brewing left in the vessel. The tree yields a flow of sap for about three weeks, and the hole is then plugged with clay to prevent the ravages of insects, which would enter and kill the tree.



(Fig. 247.) Floss Silk Distaff. Japanese Exhibit.

The African climbing rope has loops at the ends; the bands are placed on the arms, and the rope is long enough to go around the tree and, crossing at the back of the person, go to the shoulders on the opposite sides. The rope is of a grass which is stronger than hempen string of the same size. It may be a bine, for it has a pith and a brown bark, and appears to be the same that is used on that coast for the strings of the native harp, illustrated in article four of this series. It is made into a regular rope, twenty-five to a strand, three of which are laid up to-

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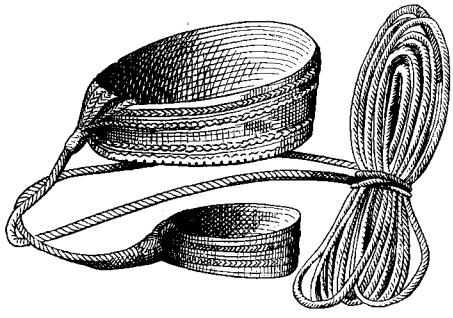
gether. The bands, one of which is double the size of the other, are made of bamboo splits plaited together with rattan and lashed to the rope.

The same plan is adopted in the northern part of Africa in climbing the palms



(Fig. 248.) African Climbing Rope. Gold Coast Exhibit.

to pick dates, and by the Singhalese in climbing the cocoa-nut palm to gather the fruit. It is said that every cocoa-nut tree in Ceylon has an owner; the possession of a certain number is equivalent to a living. In India, trees are rented: a mango-tree for one rupee per annum; a cocoa-nut-tree for eight annas; a lime-tree, four annas. See also Pliny, l. xiii.

While the larger portion of mankind uses and is satisfied with cotton, flax, wool, and silk, there is a great variety of other fibres more or less widely used. A few have been adopted in civilized countries, and have had special machinery contrived for their working, such as *jute* (from the *cochorus capsularius* and *C. olitorius*) and alpaca; others show so excellent a staple that the machinery for their manufacture is yet a desideratum. Such are *ramie* (China grass, *bœhmeria nivea*), New Zealand flax (*phormium tenax*), and *agave*.

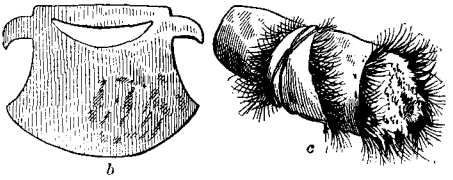
The variety of new fibres shown at the Centennial was something remarkable, — from Brazil, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Australia especially, — and doubtless will, as it deserves, be the subject of a full report. Our business is with the more rude and primitive, of which we will cite a few from North and South America, Africa, Madagascar, Ceylon, Malaysia, Polynesia, and Australia.

Figure 249 represents a bone bark-breaker and a wallet of the cedar-bark fibre which is used as a thread by the Haidah Indians of British Columbia. The use of the cedar bark and spruce root by the Pacific coast Indians has been before adverted to; indeed, there are but few purposes of cord and thread for which they are not adapted. Hemp was formerly treated in the same manner, the Roman mallet (*malleus*) answering the purpose of the modern brake. The Makah Indians of Cape Flattery and the Ahts of Vancouver's Island also make mats of cedar-bark fibre.

The hammock twine of the Uaupé Indians of Brazil is from the fibres of the leaves of the *mauritia flexuosa* twisted on the thigh.

The aloe (*caraguatay quazu*) supplies the fibre from which the people of La Plata make ropes, fishing-lines, and thread. It has been spun and woven into cloth.

The bark of *acacia capensis* (*karroo-dorn*) of South Africa yields the string used by the Kafirs in tying together the grass stems which form their mats. It is also used in tying together the flexi-



(Fig. 249.) Bark-Breaker and Wallet of Cedar Bark. National Museum Exhibit.

ble sticks which form the frame-work of their huts. The bark is stripped from the tree, steeped in water, pounded between two stones; it is sometimes chewed, as with the Australian women in preparing fibre of bulrush root for nets. The fibre of the karroo-dorn is made up into yarns by rolling the bunch on the thigh; two being brought together are then rolled in the contrary direction, making a two-strand cord with considerable

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rapidity. The Hottentots use cords of acacia-bark fibre in stringing the reeds which form their mats.

On the Zambesi the bark of the *milola*, an umbrageous hibiscus, is made into cordage to be attached to harpoons for killing the hippopotamus. The *ife* fibre (*sanseviera*), a species of aloe, yields when bruised a strong fibre which is made into ropes, nets, and wigs. The *pandanus* or screw palm also furnishes a fibre in this region. The attendants of Dr. Livingstone slept in *fumbas* or double mats made of palm leaf.

The ropes of Uganda are braided or plaited of various materials, like the sennit of Fiji, which is, however, of coir.

The rope of Madagascar is made from the bark of the hibiscus and other native plants, and a species of long, tough grass. No wheel or spindle is used, but the material is twisted by hand and the cordage and rope are laid up in the same way.

In the Mauritius sugar bags are made of fibre from the pandanus or screw palm.

A long grass called *mâdoor katee* is used for making mats in India.

Palm-leaf strings are formed into ropes in Ceylon.

Our *gunny* bags are made from jute (several species of *cochorus*); the word is Hindoo. *Burlaps* is of jute, flax, manilla, or hemp. *Manilla* is the fibre of a species of banana.

Rope in Sooloo and Celebes is made, besides coir, of *gumatty* fibres, like black hair, from the reticulum at the base of the leaves of the *gomuti* palm.

In Java several species of pandanus, a grass called *mandong*, and various palms are used in making mats.

The Dyaks of Borneo use strips from the dried leaves of the *nipa* palm.

The rope of the Fijians is made of coir, the fibrous covering of the cocoa-nut. This is carefully removed from the nut, baked, and combed. The fibre is then made into a plait (*sennit*), and into ropes by twisting several plaits of sennit together. The rolls of sennit among the ingenious islanders have created much astonishment, bales twelve feet long and seven in diameter having been seen in store. Belts with fringes — not ample — are made by the women of Fiji by braiding fibre obtained from several sources, — bark of the *van*, a kind of hibiscus, wild roots, grass. The material is dyed, braided in patterns, and has a fringe of from six to ten inches. Thongs are also plaited by the Fijians from the bark of van. Fijian floor mats, sleeping mats, and sails are made of the fibres of the cocoa-palm leaf.

The mats of the Kingsmill islanders are plaited of strips of pandanus.

The thread of the Australian natives for the best uses is from the tendons of the tail or legs of the kangaroo. When they kill one of these animals the tendons are dissected out, dried in the sun, and kept till required. They are steeped to soften them, beaten on stones to separate them, and two of the fibres are rolled up together on the thigh. These are used for lashings, for making hair nets, and for many other purposes. Fishing nets and ordinary twine are made by the lubras of the fibre of bulrush root, obtained by chewing. The Australian mat is made from the *zostera* or sea-grass.

Mat making, however, is a kind of weaving, and that will form the subject of the next article.

Edward H. Knight.

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THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chesnut steed with four white feet,
  Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
  Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's matchless speed
Never yet could any steed
  Reach the dust-cloud in his course;
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life,
  Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erizoom and Trebizond
  Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
  Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore,
  Did his bidding night and day;
Now through regions all unknown
He was wandering, lost, alone,
  Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
  Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
  He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
  Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La il Allah! Allah-la!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way

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As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this danger through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine!
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright. O life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the surge o'er silt and sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss,
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath!
Thus the phantom horseman passed;
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath,
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allah-hu!"
Cried he; "in all Koordistan
Breathes there not so brave a man
As this robber Kurroglou!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

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AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

"Which of the two powers can raise man to the most sublime heights, love or music? . . . It is a great problem. Yet, methinks, we should say this: Love can give no idea of music, music can give an idea of love. . . . Why separate the one from the other? They are the two wings of the soul." — HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THIS is the title of one of the most important works of Hector Berlioz (his Opus 14), — a work which, apart from its intrinsic musical and literary worth, gains interest from the fact that its hero, as in Dickens's David Copperfield or Thackeray's Pendennis, is none other than the author himself. It is also especially noteworthy as being the best exponent of the great French symphonist's peculiar attitude toward his art of any of his earlier compositions. The work is divided into two parts, the former of which is the well-known (or rather, much heard-of) Fantastic Symphony, and the latter the lyric monodrama of Lélio, or the Return to Life.

The plot is simple and eminently characteristic of Berlioz. A young musician, as desperately as hopelessly in love, tries to poison himself with opium; but the dose proves too slight to kill; he is merely thrown into a profound lethargy, in which the strangest dreams come to him, — dreams which partake more and more of the nature of nightmare, until, in an access of terror, he awakes to find himself alone in his artist's garret. He hears the voice of one of his fellow musicians singing Goethe's ballad of The Fisherman in the next room. Thinking over his own unhappy plight, which had so nearly brought him to the same pass as the luckless angler in the song, he forms the resolution to banish, if possible, all thoughts of love from his diseased brain, and to seek consolation in his art alone. He soliloquizes upon the art of music, the joys, sorrows, temptations, and duties of artists, his new-born purpose gaining strength the while, until the hour strikes at which he is expected at the theatre to superintend the last rehearsal of one of his own compositions for chorus and orchestra. The scene changes, and we next see him at the head of a large body of singers and players, conducting the performance of his Dramatic Fantasia on Shakespeare's Tempest. His artist's enthusiasm rises to the most joyous pitch in this triumphant exercise of his power; but at the end a sad recollection of the old forlorn love comes over him, not to be banished nor forgotten, and he sadly wends his way homeward. This is a bare sketch of the story.

This strange work was begun in 1829, Berlioz being then in his twenty-sixth year and a pupil at the Conservatoire in Paris; it was virtually completed in Rome in 1831, and was brought out entire at the Conservatoire on the 9th of December of the following year.

The celebrated Fantastic Symphony, which forms the first part of the work, is assuredly one of the most remarkable compositions that has ever been put upon paper, and was, in fact, the keystone to Berlioz's fame. Considered from a purely musical point of view, it departs far less from the common symphonic form than is generally supposed. Very unusual orchestral means are employed in it, to be sure, but, excepting that it comprises five movements instead of the orthodox four, it differs but slightly in musical form from other symphonies. It has the standard *allegro* with a slow introduction, a *scherzo* in triple time, an *adagio*, a *march*, and a *finale* in which there is a good deal of fugued writing. Its special musical peculiarity is a single theme, which continually makes its appearance in one shape or another throughout the whole symphony; this is the principal motive of the first allegro, but it is treated episodically in all the other movements. The frequent reappearance of this theme during the course of the symphony finds its justification in the poetic plan of the work,

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and leads us directly to the point in which the Fantastic Symphony differs from its great predecessors in the symphonic form. Berlioz's symphony is the first of a long line of modern orchestral compositions which the world has agreed to class together under the name of programme-music. In writing it, the composer tried to depict a certain train of events, a description of which was to be printed on the programme when the work came to be performed, that the audience might therefrom arrive at a better understanding of the music. It may be well here to make as clear as possible the distinction between programme-music and pure symphonic writing. This distinction is by no means an entirely sharp one, and it is often not easy to determine to which order of composition a work belongs. In the case of Beethoven's A-major symphony (No. 7) or Mozart's symphony in C (so-called the Jupiter) there is no difficulty; both works evidently belong to the latter class. On the other hand we have Liszt's Les Préludes, in which the music follows out the quotation from Lamartine, which the composer has taken for his text, sentence by sentence. Unless the listener is acquainted with this text, he will of necessity overlook the whole *dramatic* significance of the music. Les Préludes is evidently programme-music. But when we come to Beethoven's F-major symphony (No. 6) or Liszt's Tasso we are somewhat at a loss precisely how to classify them. The movements of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony have, beside the usual indications (such as *allegro*, *andante*, *vivace*, etc.), the following headings, which were plainly intended to be, and in practice are, printed on the programme for the benefit of the listener: —

(1.) Happy feelings on arriving in the country.

(2.) By the brookside.

(3.) Merry-making of villagers, thunderstorm, and

(4.) Thanksgiving after the storm.

This certainly looks like programme-music. The listener's thoughts are no longer under the influence of the music alone, but are to some extent guided by a previous knowledge, not obtained from the work itself, of what the music strives to express. But is not this equally the case with every composition that has any title whatever? If I see a funeral march on a programme, I feel well assured beforehand that I am to hear music which seeks to express grief in some form; nay, more definitely, grief for the departure from this life of a fellow-mortal. But I should not call the march programme-music, for all that. In listening to the first movement of the Pastoral Symphony, the audience know that the music seeks to express not only happiness in general, but happiness at arriving in the country in particular; yet if this fact is to be considered as a proof that the movement in question is programme-music, then must we place the funeral march also in the same category. The cases are exactly parallel. Again, Liszt's Tasso, which from its very title of Symphonic Poem would seem most naturally to belong to the category of programme-music, cannot strictly be so classed; the mere words Lamento e Trionfo, which are appended to the title, are nothing more nor less than an indication of the character of the composition. The distinction between these works and the symphonies which are universally recognized as belonging to the domain of pure music is that in the one case the general character of the music is announced in the title, and in the other case it is not. The mode of development of the musical germ or theme is not affected by this title. But in programme-music properly so called, not only the general character but the whole organic development of the music is to a great extent conditioned by the poetic text (whether in verse or prose matters not) which the composer has taken upon himself to illustrate in tones. The music seeks to paint not merely a certain quality of feeling, but a definite succession of events set down in the text.

Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony is the musical picture of the unhappy young musician's dream while he is under the effect of opium. The ever-recurring theme, which is one of the musical pe-

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culiarities of the work, is the representation in tones of the beloved woman herself. As her image pervades the artist's dream, so does this melody pervade the whole symphony.

The heading of the first movement is Reveries — Passions. The opening *largo* in C-minor expresses that vague *Sehnsucht nach der Liebe* with which young hearts are not unacquainted. The leading motive of this largo, first given out by the muted strings, and afterwards taken up by the rest of the orchestra, has a little history of its own. When only thirteen years old, Berlioz fell desperately in love with a beautiful young girl of eighteen, who lived near his father's house at La Côte-Saint-André (a small country town near Grenoble). The name of the cruel fair one was Estelle. The course of this strange, passionate adoration, forgotten at twenty-one and revived with hundred-fold intensity at sixty, may be followed in Berlioz's autobiography. This love is almost the only genial ray that illumines the dark pages of that "tragedy written in tears of blood;" Berlioz's adoring worship of the *Stella montis* (as he called her) and his love for his art were the two utterly pure and beautiful elements in a life which sad experiences and balked ambition rendered almost wholly tragic, and in which much was awry and ugly. The young Hector did not avow his passion, perceiving well that Estelle appreciated the difference between their ages far more keenly than he was disposed to do, and that she in her quality of young woman looked upon him as a mere boy with whom it was good sport to flirt in lack of more worthy game. But he read and reread Florian's pastoral of Estelle et Némorin, and set many of its verses, whose rather flaccid sentimentality harmonized well enough with his own forlorn plight, to music in his beloved's honor. The melody of one of these songs, to the words,

> "Je vais donc quitter pour jamais
> Mon doux pays, ma douce amie,
> Loin d'eux je vais trainer ma vie
> Dans les pleurs et dans les regrets!" etc.,

is the leading motive of the largo in the Fantastic Symphony. The song itself had been burnt up long before, but when he began the symphony in 1829, he used the melody again, note for note. It was a rather ironical stroke of fortune, for An Episode in the Life of an Artist was written in honor of a far other flame; but he could not foresee at that time what an enduring influence upon his life his first love was destined to have.

This largo is full of vague, dreamy beauty and potential passion. Two glorious bursts of the full orchestra usher in the allegro in C-major, which begins almost immediately with the Fixed Idea; in other words, with the musical incarnation of the beloved woman, whose image suddenly appears to the young dreamer in the full splendor of youth and maidenly beauty. It is beside my present purpose to give a musical analysis of this movement, or, indeed, of any part of the work, which would be impracticable without the aid of musical notation and an array of technical terms that would be out of place here; for this I would refer the reader curious in such matters to the admirable critique on the Fantastic Symphony in Robert Schumann's Collected Writings. All that I aim at is to give, as well as may be, a description of this great work of Berlioz's, together with the incidents in the composer's life with which it is intimately connected.

In the second movement (headed A Ball) the youthful dreamer sees a vision of his love in the midst of a gay crowd in a ball-room. This movement, being in triple (waltz) time, may be called the scherzo by those who are anxious to preserve the symphonic nomenclature. It begins with a soft rustling of the violins in A-minor, the basses murmuring an accompanying figure, while the harps throw out scintillating *arpeggios* that affect the ear much as the many-colored sparkle of rich jewels affects the eye. Soon the dance begins, — the daintiest, gracefullest waltz melody in A-major, sung by the violins, and gradually adorned with all that exquisite orchestral coloring of which Berlioz stands the acknowledged master. Suddenly the Fixed Idea

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appears in F-major, forming the trio of the scherzo. The beloved object has come to be queen and reigning beauty of the festival; the other dancers stand still as her graceful form glides through the undulations of the waltz, the cynosure of all eyes. But presently scraps of the first waltz theme are woven into the accompaniment as couple after couple join again in the dance, until at length the whole orchestra jubilantly takes up the theme, and the Fixed Idea is lost sight of amid the brilliant throng. The glad noise of the fête is at its height when the first few bars of the Fixed Idea are given out softly by the clarinets, as if the dreamer had just caught a far-off glimpse of his beloved leaving the hall; the dance goes on, faster and faster; the laughter and merriment grow more and more bewildering; a whirling *coda* brings the movement to a close.

The third movement (adagio, Scene in the Fields, in F-major) is a delicious pastoral. The unhappy lover seeks repose for his sore heart in the quiet of the country. The movement begins with a pastoral dialogue between the English-horn (in the orchestra) and the oboe (behind the scenes), as of two shepherds calling to and answering each other on their pipes. After a few measures of this duet, a beautiful *cantabile* melody is sung by the violins and flute in unison, wholly without accompaniment at first, but after a while the various instruments of the orchestra add their voices in rich, tender harmonies. This adagio, which may be accounted as one of Berlioz's finest inspirations, is full of those imitations — suggestions would perhaps be a better word — of country sounds which the experienced concert-goer has learned to expect in every piece of pastoral music. The scene being this time laid in the fields and not in the woods, there is little of that tremulous background of rustling leaves which most composers seem to regard as a *sine qua non* in this class of writing; only once or twice do we hear the sough of the breeze through the distant pines, but the traditional singing birds, thunder-storm, and other familiar rural items are palpably there. Yet all the bird-like notes have a thematic significance; they are an organic part of the whole picture; and we find no trace of puerile trickery in the manner in which they are employed. Of course, in this class of composition great demands are consciously made upon the listener's imaginative faculty. Whether this fact should be accounted as redounding to the credit or discredit of a musical work from a purely æsthetic point of view is not my present purpose to discuss; but accepting the composer's intention as laudable, and listening to this adagio in sympathy with the spirit in which it was written, we are struck by one point with singular force. I know of no piece of orchestral writing that so strongly suggests *summer heat* as the first half of this movement. The air is actually oppressive; the manner in which this sultry effect of the music is made to disappear after the thunder-storm will be called ingenious by some, and a happy poetic inspiration by others; the atmosphere of the second part of the movement is as cool and refreshing as that of the first part is hot and close. But the change is purely physical; the character of the music is ineffably sad throughout; the physical oppressiveness of the first part is cleared up only to give way to the moral dejection — the poignant grief of a mind overcharged with bitter memories — that pervades the second. The Fixed Idea appears once more, and weaves its persistent melody into the harmonious web, until it seems to gain sole possession of the dreamer's mind; he becomes unconscious of all surrounding objects, and gives himself up unresisting to the intensity of his sorrow. In the last few measures we come to the first striking innovation that Berlioz introduced into the orchestra of his day. The English horn repeats detached fragments of its pastoral melody, this time unanswered by the oboe, the only accompaniment being long, dull rolls on four kettle-drums, so tuned as to admit of the more or less complete formation of actual chords. The effect is striking and singularly poetic. Of the impression produced by this movement upon

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the performers and a small *coterie* of music-lovers who were present at a rehearsal of the symphony in Weimar,[1] Berlioz writes:—

"I remember the effect of the first movement (Reveries — Passions) and of the third (Scene in the Fields). The latter, especially, seemed in its peroration to have oppressed every breast, and after the last roll of thunder, at the end of the solo of the forsaken shepherd, when the orchestra coming in seems to breathe one deep sigh and then expire, I heard those near me sigh in sympathy, and exclaim," etc.

In these first three movements we have had passionate love depicted in all its phases: vague, dreamy desire; joyful hope; adoration; melancholy; despair. But now the picture changes: we come to the sinister, the terrible, at last even to the grotesque and horrible. The dream becomes a nightmare. The young lover has killed his mistress in an access of uncontrolled rage, and sees himself led to execution.

The fourth movement (March to the Scaffold, in G-minor and B-flat major) is perhaps the most famous and generally admired in the symphony. The orchestra is formidably increased: trombones, ophicleides, and tubas add their brazen voices to the rest. This superb march is built up of two themes: the one sombre, sinister, a sort of choral melody treated contrapuntally with great skill and power; the other full of chivalric splendor, with something terrible and appalling in its very brilliancy. The use of the orchestra is masterly. Just before the fatal axe falls upon the neck of its victim, the Fixed Idea appears again; a clarinet and flute give out the first phrase of the lovely melody; then comes a crash, a moment of impressive silence, and the whole orchestra answers with a roar on the full chord of G-major that recalls to one's mind Carlyle's description of the howling of the populace on the Place Nationale when Louis Capet's head fell.

In the fifth movement (A Walpurgis-Night's Dream, in C-minor, finally in C-major) we have Berlioz at his devilmost. Although he had an innate abhorrence of the forms that French art commonly assumed in his day, and the idols of his art worship — Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil, Beethoven, Gluck, Von Weber, Spontini, Meyerbeer — were not of his country, he was thoroughly French in spirit and instinct, perhaps the most radically French of all Frenchmen, and when he dealt in the horrible he always gave generous measure.

In the last movement of the Fantastic Symphony the troubled dreamer sees his own damned soul in the midst of a demoniac crowd of witches and lost spirits, taking part in all the wild revelry of their Sabbath. The Fixed Idea is there too, but how changed. The haughty fair one comes, now shorn of her maiden purity, to join in the devilish sport; the spotless virgin has become a common courtesan; the lovely, passionate melody is degraded to an ignoble dance tune, played by a squeaking E-flat clarinet and octave flute to the accompaniment of grunting arpeggios on the bassoons; shrieks of delight greet her coming. From this point the movement is a perfect musical pandemonium. There is a fugued dance of demons, a *Dies iræ* given out in severe unison by the ophicleides and bassoons, and horribly burlesqued, verse by verse, by the other instruments, great bells in C and G tolling a solemn funeral knell the while. The dance grows wilder and wilder; the fugued *rondo* of the demons and the solemn Dies iræ are brought into conjunction; shrieks, groans, ribald laughter, fill the air; at last the whole mad rabble join in a furious chorus, which now and then recalls in a frightfully parodied form the once pure and beautiful Fixed Idea, when with a loud clash of cymbals the dreamer awakes. The Fantastic Symphony is ended.

This symphony was written out and even performed (at the Conservatoire in 1830) before the second part, Lélio, was begun. But Berlioz altered much of it afterwards, and it was not wholly in its present shape even when given in 1832. The March to the Scaffold was written in

[1] In 1842.

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a single night. On the other hand the Scene in the Fields gave the composer much trouble; he worked at it for three weeks without being able satisfactorily to fix his idea; and of all the movements in the symphony this was the one that underwent the most serious changes in the process of retouching, — a process which Berlioz continued during several years. After the first performance, he rewrote the instrumentation of the ball scene from beginning to end, and also added a new coda.

The text of Lélio is, upon the whole, the most questionable of Berlioz's productions; the greater part of the work is spoken prose monologue; the young artist soliloquizes, now upon the passion of love, now upon the art of music. There is an abundance of striking thought both in the love rhapsodies and the purely æsthetic reflection; indeed there never was lack of high intellectual quality in anything that Berlioz ever did, either in a literary or a musical way; but he was young when he wrote it; he had had little practical literary drilling, and, from his ignorance of the English and German languages, his studies in Shakespeare and Goethe had to be carried on through the medium of French translations, the quality of which has become proverbial. With naturally keen poetic instincts, he had not yet learned how to distinguish sublimity from bombast in the matter of poetic expression. His innate tendency toward the intense often carried him away. On the other hand, one is sometimes astonished at the utterly business-like tone his writing assumes so soon as he discusses any question that pertains specially to music. Lélio passes with the most astounding rapidity from impassioned rhapsodizing to the most undramatic, dry technicalities; he often stands over the art of music, scalpel in hand, as it were, with all the coolness of an anatomical demonstrator. Berlioz had, as all true artists must have, a thorough appreciation of the value of the technique, the mechanical part, of his art. The technical means were immediately poetized in his mind by the poetic end they were intended to compass; the symbol was to him almost synonymous with the thing symbolized; and often when he seems to the superficial reader to be talking merely of oboes, clarinets, harmonics, suspensions, and other tools and terms of his trade, his own mind is dwelling the while on the most sublime and sacred mysteries of his art. Yet the introduction of such a style of æsthetic writing into a dramatic monologue cannot but be looked upon as out of place. Berlioz has been much more artistically successful in symbolizing some of Lélio's thoughts and mental conditions by means of music than he has been in expressing them in spoken words. The monologue is interrupted at times by music from behind the scenes, — bits of harmony and melody which are the incarnation in tones of the silent thoughts that flit through the young artist's brain. These musical numbers of Lélio are: Goethe's Fisherman, a charming ballad for a high tenor voice with piano-forte accompaniment, supposed to be sung by Lélio's friend Horatio in the adjoining room; a Brigands' Song, for baritone solo, male chorus, and orchestra; the Æolian Harp, a most delicious bit of soft, dreamy harmony for muted strings, harps, horn, and clarinet, which is pervaded by fragmentary reminiscences of the Fixed Idea; a Chorus of Spectres, with orchestra; and the Fantasia on the Tempest, which is supposed to be Lélio's own composition, and the performance of which he conducts in person.

The Chorus of Spectres has two stories connected with it. The first is as characteristic of Berlioz as it is of the state of musical feeling and academic habits of the Paris Conservatoire in 1829. I give it in his own words: —

"The month of June coming round again reopened the lists of the Institute to me.[1] I had good hope of ending the business this time; the most favorable predictions came to me from all quarters. The very members of the musical section themselves hinted that I would

[1] Berlioz had tried for the prize in composition in the two previous years: the first time he failed utterly; the second time he gained the second prize.

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surely get the first prize. Besides, I was now competing, I the laureate of the second prize, with students who had not yet obtained any mark of distinction, with simple commoners; and my position as a crowned head would give me a great advantage over them. By dint of hearing myself told that I was sure of my affair, I reasoned in the following unlucky way, — how illogically, experience soon taught me: 'Since these gentlemen have made up their minds beforehand to give me the first prize, I do not see why I should compel myself, as I did last year, to write in their style and according to their ideas, instead of writing in the style that is natural to my own personal feeling. Let me be an artist in earnest, and write a cantata that shall be really worth something.'

"The subject that was given out to us to treat was Cleopatra after the battle of Actium. The queen of Egypt let the asp bite her, and died in convulsions. Before her suicide she addressed an invocation, full of religious terror, to the shades of the Pharaohs, asking them whether she, the dissolute and guilty queen, could be admitted into one of those giant tombs erected to the memory of a line of sovereigns illustrious by their glory and their virtue.

"The idea to be expressed was grandiose. I had often musically paraphrased in thought the immortal monologue of Shakespeare's Juliet, —

'But if when I am laid into the tomb,' . . .

the sentiment of which approaches, on the side of terror at least, to that of the apostrophe put into the mouth of Cleopatra by our French rhymester. I had even the want of tact to place the English verse I have just quoted at the head of my score, in the form of a motto; and, in the eyes of Voltairian academicians like my judges, that was at the outset an unpardonable crime.

"I composed without difficulty the theme of a piece which seems to me of a grand character, in a rhythm that is striking from its very strangeness, of which the enharmonic progressions strike me as having a solemn and funereal sound, and of which the melody is dramatically developed in a slow, continuous *crescendo*. I have since used it, without changing a note, for the chorus (in unison and octaves) entitled Chorus of Spectres, in my lyric monodrama of Lélio.

"I have heard it in Germany at my concerts; I know its effect well. The rest of the cantata has been wiped out from my memory, but this piece alone, I think, deserved the first prize. It consequently did not get it. No cantata did.

"The jury preferred giving no first prize to encouraging by its vote a young composer who *evinced such tendencies*. The day after this decision I met Boïeldieu[1] on the Boulevards. I will report our conversation word for word; it was too singular for me to have forgotten it.

"As soon as he caught sight of me he said: 'Good heavens, my boy, what have you done! You had the first prize in your very hands, and you have thrown it away.'

"'Yet I did my best, sir, I assure you.'

"'That is just what we find fault with. You ought not to have done your best; you should have let well enough alone. How could I approve such things, — I who love above all things music that rocks me to sleep?' . . .

"'It is rather hard, sir, to make music that shall rock you to sleep, when one happens to be a queen of Egypt, dying in moral and physical anguish, a prey to remorse and poisoned by the bite of a snake.'

"'Oh, I don't doubt that you can justify yourself well enough; but that does not prove anything. You might have been graceful, at all events.'

"'Yes; the antique gladiators knew how to die gracefully, but Cleopatra had not had their training. Besides, she did not die in public.'

"'You exaggerate; we did not ask you to make her sing a contra-dance. What was the need of using such extraordinary harmonies in your invocation to the Pharaohs! . . . I am no har-

[1] Boïeldieu was on the jury of the Institute of Fine Arts for that year.

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monist myself, and I admit that I could make neither head nor tail out of your chords from the other world.'

"I bowed my head, not daring to answer, as sheer common sense prompted me to do, Is it my fault that you are not a harmonist?

"'And then,' he went on, 'why did you put that rhythm that no one ever heard of before into your accompaniment?'

"'I did not think, sir, that we were bound to avoid new forms in composition, when we had the good luck to discover them, and they were appropriate.'

"'But, my dear fellow, Madame Dabadie, who sang your cantata, is an excellent musician, and yet it was plain that she needed all her talent and the strictest attention not to get out.'

"'Faith, I did not know, I admit, that music was meant to be sung without talent and without attention.'

"'Well, well, you will never let me have the last word, I know. Good-by; take this lesson to heart for next year. Meanwhile, come and see me; we will have a chat together; I will cross swords with you, but as a *chevalier français*.'

"And he went away, happy as a king at having ended with a *stroke*, as the vaudevillists say. To appreciate the merit of this stroke, which was worthy of Elleviou, one must know that, in delivering it at me, Boïeldieu made a sort of quotation from one of his own works (Jean de Paris), in which he has set the two italicized words to music."

Berlioz got the first prize next year for his cantata of Sardanapalus (since destroyed), a distinction which carried with it an annual pension of a thousand crowns for five years, and the necessity of passing two years at the Académie de France in Rome, and three years in Germany.

The second incident connected with the Chorus of Spectres is this: —

Berlioz, having completed his Lélio in Rome, desired to have the chorus parts of the work copied out. The Chorus of Spectres was the occasion of some trouble with the papal authorities. The text of this chorus was written in the *unknown*[1] tongue, the language of the dead, incomprehensible to the quick. When he applied for permission to have it printed, these words sung by the spectres greatly disturbed the government philologians. What was this language, and what could these strange words mean? The authorities were in a pretty fix. They fetched a German, who could make nothing of the text; and then an Englishman, who was no luckier; the Danish, Swedish, Russian, Spanish, Irish, and Bohemian interpreters were equally at a loss to discover the sense. At last one of the censors, after profound reflection, hit upon an argument, the justice of which struck his colleagues at once. Since neither the English, Russian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Irish, nor Bohemian interpreters could understand this mysterious language, it was highly probable that the Roman people would not understand it either; so that it would be safe to authorize the publication, without fear of endangering the public morals or religious faith. It was accordingly printed.

The Brigands' Song is a vigorous, fiery bit of writing, as far as the music is concerned. The text shows how nearly a Frenchman can lash himself up to the pitch of *delirium furens*, when he once throws the reins upon the neck of his imagination, and rides in the direction of the horrible. Two stanzas will give an adequate notion of this bloodthirsty effusion: —

"J'aurais cent ans à vivre encore,
Cent ans et plus, riche et content;
J'aimerais mieux être brigand
Que pape ou roi que l'on adore.
Franchissons rochers et torrents,
Ce jour est un jour de largesses;
Nous allons boire à nos maîtresses
Dans les crânes de leurs amants.
. . . . . .
"Zora ne voulut pas survivre
A son brave et beau défenseur.
'Le prince est mort, voyez mes pleurs,
Au tombeau laissez-moi le suivre!
Nous l'emportons au roc ardent;
Le lendemain, folle d'ivresse,
Elle avait noyé sa tristesse
Dans le crâne de son amant!"

Whew!

[1] He afterwards put French words to it, reserving the unknown tongue for the pandemonium in his Damnation de Faust.

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The Dramatic Fantasia on the Tempest was written immediately after the Fantastic Symphony and before the rest of Lélio. It is an alternately graceful and grotesque composition, according as the chorus sings of Miranda or of Caliban. It is full of brilliant and original orchestral effects, such as Berlioz alone knew how to produce. The introduction of two piano-fortes for four hands into the orchestra is one of the more striking peculiarities of the score. The text is in Italian. Just as the Fantasia ends, the violins give out the Fixed Idea for the last time; the beloved image is not to be effaced from the young artist's memory; for good or for evil it is destined to haunt him sleeping and waking through life.

If Lélio, the unhappy lover, is Berlioz himself, who then is the beloved object, the Fixed Idea? None other than Henrietta Constance Smithson, the English (or Irish, for she was born in Ennis, Ireland) actress, the Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, who in 1828 first brought Shakespeare face to face with the Paris public.

Berlioz's love for Miss Smithson was as intense as it was sudden: he saw her in Ophelia at the Odéon, and from that moment he loved her to distraction. It has been reported that, on leaving the theatre after seeing her in Juliet, he said, "I will make that woman my wife, and write my greatest symphony on that drama." Of which report Berlioz himself writes, "I *did* both things, but I never *said* anything of the sort." He married his Fixed Idea in 1833, and wrote the symphony here referred to[1] in 1838.

Miss Smithson first saw him at a rehearsal of an entertainment, got up at the Opéra-Comique for the benefit of an actor named Huet; she was to appear in two acts from Romeo and Juliet, and an overture of Berlioz's was to be played by the orchestra as a mere musical make-weight. The two did not really meet face to face, but she must have been impressed with something uncanny in Berlioz's admiring gaze as he followed her performance with eager eyes from one of the boxes, for, on finishing her part of the rehearsal, she asked one of the actors to "look after that young man, whose eyes boded no good."

Berlioz wrote her a number of letters, probably in a sufficiently frantic vein, for all but the first were returned to him unopened. All this happened before the Fantastic Symphony was begun. He was first formally introduced to her after the performance of the whole of An Episode in the Life of an Artist in 1832. She was present at the concert. It happened in this wise.

When Berlioz came back from his two years' stay in Rome, with his completed score in his portfolio, Miss Smithson was making her second professional visit to Paris. Her former visit had been an almost unprecedented success; the whole romantic school of French poets, whose war-cry at that time was Shakespeare, and the entire Paris press were literally at her feet; the frenzies of admiration that Shakespeare's plays and her acting excited were almost without parallel in the annals of the Paris stage up to that time. But on her return to the French capital, four years afterward, she found the aspect of affairs miserably changed. Shakespeare was no longer a novelty, and had consequently lost all interest in the eyes of the general Parisian public. The romanticists, who had been at first overjoyed at being able to bring the people face to face with so convincing an argument against the pedantry and polite artificiality of the classic French drama of Racine and Corneille, were by no means so well pleased at the prospect of having such gigantic creations as Hamlet and Othello brought too often into immediate juxtaposition with their own productions; they now feared Shakespeare as much as they had previously admired him. Miss Smithson's second venture was consequently a complete *fiasco*. Instead of being the sovereign idol of enthusiastic crowds, she now saw herself surrounded by an utterly unappeasable army of hungry creditors, with fell bankruptcy staring her in the face.

[1] The Roméo et Juliette.

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Even Berlioz himself, occupied with the preparations for his concert, and fearing the influence of Shakespeare and Miss Smithson's acting upon his too excitable and morbidly sensitive organization, did not go to the theatre. But one morning, being by chance in Schlesinger's music shop, he happened to ask Schlesinger, from simple curiosity, the name of a certain gentleman who had just stepped out. It was Schutter, one of the editors of Galignani's Messenger. Schlesinger, having some inkling of Berlioz's feelings toward Miss Smithson, suddenly exclaimed, "Give me a box. Schutter knows Miss Smithson, and I will ask him to take her your tickets, and persuade her to come to your concert." Berlioz was not slow to jump at such a proposal. The ruse succeeded to perfection, and the parties engaged in the plot carried out their tactics so well that the unsuspecting actress was comfortably seated in her stage-box (having been inveigled thither on the plea of the music's possibly distracting her mind from her devouring business troubles) before she knew that Berlioz had anything to do with the concert. She even then remembered his name only as that of the young madman who had beset her with frantic letters several years before. But the strange programme of the symphony attracted her attention, and as the performance went on she began to suspect that the young composer "whose eyes boded no good" might not have got over his wild love for her so soon as she had thought probable.

At last, when in Lélio the actor Bocage (who recited the prose monologue) came to the passage, "Oh, why can I not find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to?" etc., she could no longer doubt that the Fixed Idea of the monodrama and herself were one and the same person. Admiration, especially such manifestly sincere homage as Berlioz's, was more welcome to her then, plunged in debt and abandoned by the public as she was, than four years before, when she could afford to slight the ardent young musician's passion, having the bravas and dithyrambics of all Paris at her beck. The seeds of her love for her future husband were sown on that evening.

But while this little love drama was silently going on in one part of the old Conservatoire concert room, another of a far different sort took place in one of the opposite boxes. Berlioz's Episode in the Life of an Artist not only helped win him his wife, but made him one of the most pertinacious and powerful enemies that his not too happy career was cursed with.

While yet a student at the Conservatoire, Berlioz used to eke out his meagre income by correcting proofs for the music publisher, Troupenas. Among the very few persons authoritatively connected with the art of music who at that time gave him much public encouragement, the redoubted critic Fétis stood conspicuous. Fétis announced publicly that Berlioz's appearance in the field as a composer was to be hailed as an event of no mean importance. He was, unfortunately, engaged in editing a French edition of Beethoven's symphonies, in the text of which he allowed himself to make the most impertinent corrections. As luck would have it, some of the proofs were sent to Berlioz to revise. He, the prime maxim of whose faith was, "Art before everything," and to whom the text of Beethoven's symphonies was sacred, expressed himself in very strong terms about the liberties Fétis had taken with it. He even said to Troupenas, apropos of the well-known suspended E-flat with its ascending resolution in the andante of the C-minor symphony, which Fétis had changed to F just before its rise to E-natural: —

"Monsieur Fétis insults Beethoven and common sense. His corrections are criminal. The E-flat he wishes to strike out from the andante of the C-minor symphony is magical in its effect; it is famous in every orchestra in Europe. M. Fétis's F is a platitude. I warn you that I will denounce the unfaithfulness of your edition and M. Fétis's doings before all the musicians of the Société des Concerts and of the Opéra, and that

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your professor will very soon get the treatment he deserves of all who respect genius and despise pretentious mediocrity."

He not only said it, but did it, and Fétis found a perfect nest of hornets buzzing around his ears before he was forty-eight hours older. Not the least exasperated man was Habeneck, the leader of the Conservatoire orchestra; the indignation was so general among musicians that Troupenas was forced to expunge the corrections from his edition. It may be well imagined what a state of mind Fétis was in at all this hubbub, and how he cursed the "ingratitude" of the young musician whose compositions he had so kindly praised. But if he was furious before, his rage was blown to a white heat on the eventful evening of Berlioz's concert (December 9, 1832) when he heard Bocage deliver the following passage of monologue point-blank at the box in which he was seated: —

"But the most cruel enemies of genius are the sad dwellers in the Temple of Routine, fanatical priests who would sacrifice at the altar of their stupid goddess the most sublime new ideas, if it were only given them ever to have any; those young theorists of fourscore who live in the midst of an ocean of prejudice, and imagine that the world ends with the shores of their island; those old libertines of every age who command music to caress them, to divert them, fancying that the chaste muse can have no nobler mission; and, above all, those profaners who dare to lay sacrilegious hands upon original works, drag them through the ordeal of horrid mutilations which they call corrections and improvements, saying the while that to do such things needs much taste. Anathema upon them! They perpetrate a ridiculous outrage upon art! They are to be likened to the vulgar birds that populate our public gardens, perch proudly upon the fairest statues, and, when they have befouled the brow of Jove, the arm of Hercules, or the breast of Venus, arrogantly strut about in their flaunting plumage, self-satisfied as if they had laid a golden egg."

This tirade was received with a whirlwind of applause and laughter by the members of the orchestra, who understood the allusion, especially as Bocage had very neatly mimicked Fétis's voice at the words "needs much taste."

Fétis was seated in one of the most prominent seats in the hall. He and Berlioz were at swords' points ever afterwards.

Such were the events connected with the composition and first performance of An Episode in the Life of an Artist, which Berlioz wrote to commemorate his love for her who afterwards became his wife, — a love which misfortune, incompatibility of character, perhaps unkind fate, — who shall say? — were destined too soon to turn to bitterest gall. Even the opening theme of the symphony was stolen, as it were, from an earlier love, which in the end proved the stronger and purer of the two, though it was never returned in this world. Henrietta Berlioz-Smithson was laid in her grave before it blossomed out again in its full radiance in Berlioz's heart.

William F. Apthorp.

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THE GENTLE FIRE-EATER.

SUB-HISTORIC.

Tragical-comical-historical-pastoral.
HAMLET, Act II., Scene ii.

THE *dramatis personæ* of the Southern stage before the war have disappeared. The drama goes on in new acts, but, prolonged into the growing day, romance and illusion fade before the trying light. The rich colors and sensuous atmosphere, the fiery, graceful movement of that stage, the superbly virile type of players, — all have vanished. Even the scenery, as a frame robbed of its picture, has lost something. For the purposes of the artist certainly much is lost.

One of our own Union soldiers, who has well served both in arms and letters, says, though not in print: "When I think that the Southern gentleman is no more, that he may vanish out of memory before he is painted, I sometimes half feel that he was worth keeping at the expense of slavery." Another, in an Atlantic essay, writes: "Here and there in the Southern society before the war were to be found ease, affluence, leisure, polished manners, European culture, — all worthless; it produced not a book, not a painting, not a statue; it concentrated itself on politics, and failed; then on war, and failed; it is dead and vanished, leaving only memories of wrong behind."

Worthless? Was it not itself a book — a romance, in which the spirit of Cervantes and Scott combined? Was it not a brilliant picture, mediæval figures and action painted in the nineteenth century and in the New World? Was it not with all its imperfections a heroic group? Only a sketch, perhaps, in nature's clay, but grandly modeled by the genius of climate, inheritance, and destiny.

The old stage of Southern character — that demolished society — was splendid, picturesque, the last stand of the cavalier, gay, reckless, knightly. There strode Sir Anthony Absolute, and there rode Don Quixote; and — strange incongruity — where a lie for gain or from fear could not breathe, and cowardice found no hiding-place, charity, that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked," played a very small part; Don Honor, though, beruffled, sword on hip, and the "code" in his bosom, proudly trod the boards, winning smiles from dames and bravos from men. Upon the same stage one beheld stately self-respect and irascible vanity, generous actions and cruel principles. The grand manner of the theatre encouraged the sentiments and courtliness of Sir Charles Grandison, and licensed, too, Munchausens as, we may suppose, the old court permitted its fool. To repeat the text from Polonius: "Tragical-comical-historical-pastoral."

Once upon a time, — the old time in the theatre I am writing of, — my heart disappointed of a fancy and some young tastes fatigued in society, I started for a two months' hunt in Florida. The name Indian River and its freely drawn lines on the map invited one to happy hunting grounds where the only civilized intruders were Cape Canaveral lighthouse and two or three Indian forts; a section of country better known by the faith than by the works of map makers in 1859, and yet only a few hundreds of miles from home. I could not find a companion for the trip. Those who had nothing to do were not willing to do this something, and those who had business could not leave it. One friend, Roelff Damrell, our Gentle Fire-Eater, whose tastes were for the problematical, and whose aim, if any, was the impracticable, was absent from town, — had gone on to Harper's Ferry to see John Brown executed. So it seemed that I had no chance of a comrade. A lonely meal is

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better than a fast to the hungry man, and I sought my refreshment alone. I went down to the Florida boat to engage passage for Friday's trip. A Northern steamer came up to the next wharf as I was about to board the St. John, and I turned aside to watch her passengers land. The last to saunter down the gang plank was Roelff Damrell. I rushed upon him.

"Why, Roelff, my dear fellow, how are you?"

His firm, tender eyes sought mine with a ripple of enjoyment. Roelff's mouth never laughed, nor did it ever relax its firmness to accompany any of the humorous or gentle expressions so continually illuminating from those eyes the otherwise plain, set face.

"I am right glad to see you, Clare," he answered in the sweet, indolent tone peculiar to him.

"Roelff," I continued in the full zeal of my Florida project, "will you go to Indian River with me?"

He made one step away and turned his head to eject the merest trickle of tobacco juice, before he replied.

"*Yes*, Clare. *Where is* Indian River?"

I was too well acquainted with Damrell to be surprised at his instant decision or his slow way of announcing it, and his indifference to the object. I eagerly sketched the project while he took my arm and with tardy pace accompanied me to the St. John to engage our stateroom. He had nothing more to say on the way to my rooms. The least talkative of men, he yet so expressed assent, understanding, and sympathy by gesture and many quiet movements of the eyes that one could converse freely with him without his troubling himself to say a word.

Arrived at my quarters, I showed him an easy chair, and when he had fully renewed his acquaintance with the engravings and furniture, he gave a sigh of satisfaction and spoke: —

"My clients are very few, and I have asthma or heart disease; the doctor does not know which. Outdoors may set me right. As I have seen John Brown die, I can enjoy a vacation. Do we start on Friday?"

His slow speech was not a drawl, nor was it in any sense an affectation. You heard his words as you might see a panther put his feet down in walking; something fascinating in the quiet measure of a predatory purpose. A strong voice, too, used in softest tone and with fine modulations, increased the pleasure with which one heard him speak.

My friend came of a long line of wealthy planters and prominent politicians; among them a secretary of war, a governor, a minister to Vienna, and two United States senators. He was a young lawyer of fair education and ability, and of some culture, though he had never been beyond his own State until he made the journey to John Brown's execution. That was performed much in the spirit of a religious pilgrimage, to behold, as he expressed it, the vindication of the law on the arch-personification of abolitionism. I wonder that a man of Roelff Damrell's physical poverty — for, beyond his very fine eyes his person was of plain figure, small stature, short neck, irregular features, and in every way ordinary — should have had an individual magnetism so powerful, as his certainly was, in the best men's society of our city.

I made all the preparations for our camping tour, purchasing stores and implements for cooking and tenting, and engaging a smart black Blot, Major Cuthbert's property, as our *chef de cuisine* and general servant. During those few days before our departure, Damrell exerted himself to word some original aphorisms on the art of travel, and to sign a check which he begged me to fill out to the amount of his half of the expenses. Otherwise he lounged from his lodgings to the club, consumed a good deal of tobacco, and divided his reading between De Bow's Southern Review and Lever's novels. That Damrell joined me on Friday was owing only to the obliging disposition of the captain of the St. John, who backed her to the wharf after the lines were cast off. Damrell came on board with a small rosewood

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case under his arm, our servant, Prince, having brought his valise in advance.

"Why are you so late?" I asked; "and what is in the box?"

"That is what delayed me; my pistol case."

"Dueling pistols in the woods? My dear Roelff, what a fancy!"

"Yes, *sir*," he replied, facing me in ramrod pose, his heels together, his head thrown back, and his words spoken more softly and slowly than usual. "A fancy? A fancy every gentleman should cling to. Without a tooth-brush your bodily purity suffers; without his pistols a gentleman's honor may be stained."

"I take. Ah, Roelff, I owe you one. *Brush* and powder keep your teeth clean; a brush and powder clean your honor. Good."

His eyes, while a smile and thaw came into them, read mine steadily. Then I laughed carelessly, and Roelff turned away to deposit his pistol case in the state-room.

While we are steaming southward, with the rich cotton islands on the right and the great spread of dark blue ocean on the left, I may narrate something of my friend Damrell previous to this time when we together meet him. From his plantation home and more lately the reading of law in an up-country town, he had come some years before to practice his profession in the sea-board city where I resided. With his pistol case and Blackstone he brought also the suspicion — one common to Southern country gentlemen on moving to a centre of gay and wealthy society — that the gentlemen of ——, with a more formal polish and the conceit (it may be) of Northern education, assumed an insulting patronage to up-country youths, which the same up-country men should be prompt and sensitive to resent, they themselves being truly the aristocrats, by faithfulness to state rights and home support, in the integrity of true Southerners, instead of mixing with Yankees and weakening native teachings. So Damrell, his family name introducing him immediately into the best society, zealously sought a chance to immolate before his pistol's muzzle some presuming ——ian. Prey should be very easy to a hunter of such innocent appearance and gentle, courteous manner. The unsuspicious would not fear a hand of iron under such a small, plain glove of velvet, nor could one feel a vicious intent even when it lay on his, — until the grip came. So it was with me. At a dancing party where a particularly fascinating partner received my engrossed attentions, I stood over her in a rest from the whirl, when Mr. Damrell approached.

"Miss Osée, may I have the pleasure of a turn with you? — though I dance poorly," said Mr. Damrell, with an unbecoming blush.

"Yes — if" — she assented hesitatingly, and then, hastening to introduce us: "Mr. Clare, Mr. Damrell."

Mr. Damrell stiffened himself, and then bent his head in the slightest degree, while his stern gaze met my look of frank welcome as the *en garde rapier* of a *maître d'arme* might cross and hold the careless weapon of a pupil. At the time I was unconscious of anything more than his diffidence, and having bowed, I hastened to say to Miss Osée: —

"But I cannot relinquish this splendid galop just yet, unless" — And as she smiled with some pleasant apology to Mr. Damrell, I put my hand to her waist. Damrell, while acknowledging our introduction, held with one hand the back of a chair that he moved just then, so that one of its sharp feet came with some emphasis on a toe of mine. I supposed the blow to result from an accident, — the sudden move and awkwardness of the other gentleman, — and went off with my partner in the dance, forgetting the whole thing in the present excitement. Notwithstanding a peculiarly restrained and hostile salute when I next met Mr. Damrell, a series of circumstances of both business and social character claimed our mutual interest soon, and for a protracted space of time. That brought about our intimacy and hearty affection for one other. About the time those were established, I met with a severe injury from a horse, and was dangerously ill for weeks. Damrell

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happened to be present when the accident occurred. He conveyed me home in my unconscious condition, and devotedly nursed me through all my sufferings. Somehow, the dear, dangerous fellow, with his tender feelings and cruel principles, had conceived a strange affection for me. No woman could have cared more gently and untiringly for a sick child than did Roelff Damrell for me. Calm, patient, and constant, with soothing ministrations to one restless and irritable under pain and fever, it was impossible to reconcile this kind nurse and tender friend with one "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel." On my recovery he said to me one day, as if there were one blot in his knowledge of me he would have cleared away:

"I wish you would explain, Clare, how it was that you did not resent the affront I put upon you at our first meeting."

"What affront, Roelff?" I replied in astonishment.

"When you interfered between Miss Osée and me, and I put the chair on your foot with a manner that meant the insult which only the presence of ladies forbade me to put in words."

"Good heavens, Damrell, I had not the remotest idea of your intention. I thought it the merest accident."

"I am glad to know that," he said, fervently. "I supposed — But how strange!"

After those events, Damrell and I knew each other closely and fondly. To me and others who enjoyed an intimacy of acquaintance with him, — which however, never came except through long years of propinquity of place and class, or by a combination of welding circumstances, — he was a cherished companion, though so undemonstrative, reticent, and self-poised; bitter in prejudice, sensitive in feeling, of quixotic honor, and with extremest political opinions.

From Enterprise, on the St. John's River, to New Smyrna, opposite Halifax Inlet, we journeyed in a wagon drawn by a mule and a cow through two days and one night of solemn, monotonous pine forest. At New Smyrna, we hired a whale-boat — than which there could be no craft more unsuitable for the innumerable shallows of Indian River — and a boy, the son of the owner, without whom the boat could not be let, for our hunting voyage.

Many times Prince and I carried Damrell from our boat to the night's camp ground, when severe spasms of disease rendered him helpless, but never agitated, never complaining, always with a knightly kind of dignity and courtly apologies to me for the trouble he occasioned. Some nights we lay in the boat, the sombre outlines of thicket or pine to the right and to the left, the spring of mullet, the beats of the drumfish in the water, and the hosts of sparkling stars overhead seeming very near in a sky that kept its blue even by night. Generally we made late camps, with all their discomforts, on damp, thickly foliaged banks, or on scrub-oak bars. Once we slept in a tree. We were pushing on, and without any guide who knew the country, to find the hunter Phelps, a man who had some bear dogs and was the Crockett of Florida. Our only direction to him was that he lived in a hummock back of Cape Canaveral. After eight days' boating without pitching tent, and killing only a single deer and some ducks, thinking the distance must be nearly made, I climbed a giant tree on the east side of Indian River and saw the white gleam of Cape Canaveral light-house. The next day, after various jungle experiences, Prince came upon Phelps's camp, — a bark cabin in a large hummock, — but no Phelps, no dogs; some old clothes on a tree branch, a pipe on a stump, a bear skin and a panther pelt fastened to bough frames, half a barrel of flour, an almanac of 1856, and a broken deer-horn in the rather ruinous cabin. What was to be done now? We chose a good camp on the island opposite, put up our tent carefully, and arranged the stores for a halt.

We hear now, in 187–, that game is scarce in East Florida; that along the whole extent of Indian River there are settlers and civilization, and in winter

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camps innumerable of Northern sportsmen, as in our fashionable Adirondacks in summer; and — though the leaky romance of such speculation seems incredible — that the jut of Cape Canaveral is parceled out in ten-acre lots, each with an orange orchard, and held by a New York land company. Next we may read of the "Centennial Everglades Company for the profitable breeding of Alligators, and with ten thousand manilla Hammocks suspended in magnificent mossy Oaks for winter Idlers. Cigars run in from Havana, by Caximbas Bay, free of Duty. Millions in it. Shares $100 each."

Sixteen years ago there was no settlement on Indian River in its whole extent of one hundred and fifty miles, except at the little fishing village — one house and a few cabins — of New Smyrna, just above Musquito Inlet, and at Fort Capron, opposite Jupiter Inlet, where were four or five families, drawn there in its garrison days during the Indian wars. Indian River, by which name both the inner bays of Musquito or New Smyrna and Indian River are generally known, is not a *river*, but a narrow sound or estuary, in most places shallow, and separated from the ocean by a spit of sand sometimes only a few yards wide, and widest at Cape Canaveral, where it is perhaps four miles. The whole country is level and but a few feet above the sea. On the main-land, near the river, are a series of hummocks, like a string of islands, raised a little above the level of interminable surrounding pine forests, rich in soil, dark and dense in foliage, — oaks, principally, dwarfing wild orange-trees, and suspending mosses to the network below of vines and climbing flower plants. Wild yams, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, and many succulent roots, perhaps of old Indian planting, grow in the luxuriant soil where the sun can reach it, and here bears, deer, panthers, and other wild animals, with snakes, make their shelter. Between these hummocks, and between them and the river, are the ever-spreading pines. Near the water-line the sand-loving pines give way to little clumps of gnarled oaks, palmettoes, and canes, where a rank grass climbs a few steps from the muddy shallows of the river shores. Here the blue cranes stand in Egyptian dignity, the alligators bask and shovel, the mud-hens flurry in and out, and the pink curlews sweep by. On the long tongue or bar east of the river are occasional hummocks, not on higher bits of land, as on the west side of the river, but in swampy depressions. Here the elephant-footed cypresses crowd together in lofty coverts, and anaconda-like vines encircle them. All else on that ocean key is salt grass, bayonet weeds, stunted, straggling pines, brush oaks, cacti, and long, lifeless wave swells of sand parallel to the ranks of the Atlantic breakers. From Musquito Inlet to Cape Florida, the coast of Florida, for a breadth of ten miles, is as I describe it: a New World India with Italian skies and climate, and a character in which the inherited romance of Spanish history and its tropical sentiment of fruits, flowers, and atmosphere have united to weave an enchantment. It is in the air, in the colors and outlines, in the forests, whose solitudes breathe misty glimmerings of intangible occupancy. You gaze into them as into haunted woods and fairy-lands, and indefinable visions shape themselves: steel-mailed horse and soldiery, banners and the cross, and throngs of desperate fighting savages, while vague rifts of light seem to reflect the glitter of gold or the splash of the Fountain of Youth, and the shadows take shapes of the Jesuits' zeal. The ghostly influence is the more subtle because there exist in those realms no material remains of the long-vanished life whose spirit is so potent; no ruins of stockade or fort or dwelling are to be found; no rusted weapons, no bleached bones. The stories of those hundreds of years are unreliable and uncollected; their history is vague and lifeless.

In permanent camp, after the long and uncomfortable journey, we rested for days. The air was warm, gentle, and salt, breathing the resinous fragrance of the pines, or, on sea puffs, bringing wholesome wafts of the Atlantic, but lazily, as in a solitude of drowsy quiet where

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the mind might remember but not create. The tree harps overhead, with continuous, mournful treble, and the unseen surf, with solemn, rhythmical bass, made a symphony that sometimes sounded in great power, and at others died away in dreamy whisper, but never ceased. By day the ripple of fins now and then wakened the sunny lethargy of the water, or the log head of an alligator, drawn to the surface by some sound in camp, drifted slowly by on the lagoon tide. Buzzards, those grotesque harpies, flapped in relieving companies to the dead branches of a great shore pine, — transmigrating souls of cannibals, — blinkingly and flatulently considering their mortgagee chances in us. No wonder we drowsed for days, narcotized by the lotus spell of scene and sound and atmosphere. The nights were less dreamy than the days of sleeping and smoking; we were too lazy even to try our rifles on the buzzard targets; but when the firelight warmed socially and the darkness beyond shut out the solitary vastness; when the play of fish studded the water, in which the stars were bathing, with sparkling gleams of phosphorescence; when the pines in the night-breeze gave less funereal time and a stronger and livelier tone came from the sea, then Roelff and I revived to talk over our cups of coffee or whisky. The boy — "New Smyrna," as we called him — snoring in fiddle tune beside us, and Prince thrumming out a ponderous old measure of slow complaint from his outside covert, seemed assurances that neither Sycorax nor Caliban infested our heavily charmed island. The catlike opossums came, too, with cunning confidence, to pick up by the fire-logs the remnants of the day's cooking; and a buck, perhaps, in the opposite hummocks, over the water, sounded his locomotive-like whistle of alarm. For the first days of our camp we would have intentionally lounged and rested, even had not the surroundings imposed on us lethargy and submission to the mesmeric spirit of the place, for we were to wait for the return of Phelps to his home over the river; our chance to kill bears was small without his pilotage and his dogs. The languid charm of that "magical isle" up the Indian River, those Florida days when the stream of life seemed to have left us stranded until another tide on some out-of-the-world shore, warmed my comrade and me to mutual confidences, and in those social nights of camp we held close converse. Politics and poetry oddly combined in Roelff Damrell; politics were his strength and inclosure; poetry his adornment, hiding sharp prejudices and obstinate opinions. He was shut in, as it were, by a dangerous iron picket, over which, however, tender, graceful vines and bright flowers grew very prettily.

I have already suggested how courteously and quietly Roelff Damrell practiced his habit of chewing. So it was always in the course of ordinary talk; when he discussed or quoted poetry, though, — and Keats, Shelley, and Byron were the companions of all his gentle moods and tenderest moments, — tobacco was quietly and firmly dismissed; but warmed to state rights, slavery, and politics, the one evidence of excitement was his frank betrayal of the sustaining cud work. His expression of face kept its continual calm, the indolence of attitude was unchanged, his words were uttered as slowly and quietly as ever; only the fire of his eyes and the vehement ejections of his lips showed the turmoil of his feelings.

After nearly a week of idleness, and no appearance of the bear hunter's return to his head-quarters opposite our camp, we decided to have some sport on our own responsibility and without the aid of dogs, beating up the country in our vicinity on both sides of Indian River, while we sent the New Smyrna youth in his boat further to the south to hunt for Phelps. He might be gone for three or four days and continue the search as far as Oyster Creek, if he did not discover him sooner. The night before this disturbance of our Rip Van Winkle life, Roelff recited to me of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, Queen Guinevere, and Godiva; thence I tempted him to talk of women, of whom, when he spoke, it was with a heart innocent and worshipful, —

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seeing them as a child sees the angels. At such times I learned the fervor and romance of his old knightly creed and aspirations, so out of time, so homely set, so full of vanishing or dead principles of right. Strange, strange inconsistency of possibilities and realities, strange twinship in character, I knew that this lovable and cruel Roelff Damrell was not one of the very few chaste men; and that he who should be one of the Round Table had found delight in seeing John Brown die. We have all learned much since 1860, but even then, in the new light from that old man's death, some slight illumination had come to me, and I feebly expressed it, alluding to Roelff's recent Northern pilgrimage. As I had listened to Roelff and seen what I still believe was his nature, his true man, I had remaining in my mind these lines of all he had quoted: —

> — "stricken by an angel's hand,
> This mortal armor that "you" wear,
> This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
> Are touched, are turned to finest air."

But now the angel's hand withdrew. In a second Roelff grew as hard and cold as steel, and, without concealment, he pinched a brown ball from his silver box, and put it fiercely into his mouth. My companion was no longer the gentle troubadour, but the knight armed and mounted, his lance in rest. Unwittingly, I had thrown down a gage of combat. The friendly "Clare" was now "sir," much like the congressional "the gentleman from New York." "There, sir, we behold the results of Northern schooling. If all Southern parents were wise in patriotism, not one of our youths should nurse at the cold, shriveled, hostile paps of Yankee education. I am less surprised in your case, for often before, in our acquaintance, I have discovered your indecision of opinion on the great conflict of principles and interests between the two sections of this country, and I remember that you are hybrid."

"What do you mean, my friend, by that? Are you trying to insult me?" I said, my kind feelings dispersed by the flash.

"No, sir, — no, Clare," and he laid his hand on my knee, "no. I use the term technically. Your source on one side is of the North, Puritan."

"You are right," I answered; "and I am proud of being a hybrid, which is, in this case, an American, not a Georgian, nor Carolinian, nor Massachusetts man, nor a New Yorker, but an American."

"That is a matter both of taste and necessity with you. You may mix the species with success, sometimes. There are exceptions and I acknowledge the exception and success in you." He bowed gravely and spit decisively, as if, having made full apology to me individually, he would return to his specific subject. "I assure you, sir, that North and South must dissolve the government partnership. Character, climate, institutions, widely differ. The two people are as distinct as English and French. The compact was originally an experiment in partnership. It is failing now, and there is not and should not be any right or power to bind the States together, when any of them wish to retire. Statesmen are passing away. We of the South used to supply the wisdom to reconcile differences, but intermixing, Northern schools, and the corrupting effects of Northern cities and Northern travel have enfeebled us. Just remember, sir, Washington, Randolph, Habersham, Lee, Marshall, Crawford, Pinckney, Cheves, Clay, Poinsett, Calhoun, Berrien, Legaré; and Calhoun, the greatest of all save Washington — yes, and wiser than Washington in politics, in that which should be the supreme study and accomplishment of gentlemen."

He stopped for a moment to get some more food from his silver box. I brought a log to the fire, and said, "But slavery is the heavy inheritance that we must be burdened with."

"Great G— ! That from you? I am amazed!" — so much so, that he rose up, and, before speaking again, hurriedly walked ten feet to the whisky demijohn, from which he poured out half a cup of spirits and drank it off, clear and at a gulp. "Great heavens! What are we coming to?"

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I answered him as I was able. His presumption of my folly aroused me to some vehemence, but as I talked, his steady gaze on me was one of deep disappointment and pity, whilst he gave vent, at every period of my speech, to that *thirsping* sound of the tongue and teeth, always accompanied by a wag of the head, which indicates a combination of amazement and commiseration. When I had done, which was not before I had begun to see in a comical light the vanity of arguing with Roelff on these matters, he expectorated in a discursive, ejaculatory manner for a few seconds, and then replied in a tone slow, gentle, and earnest, as a mother might reprove an erring child: "And do you not know that the laborer must toil, be he slave, hireling, or help, and that the negro slave in our Christian, cultured South is the fortunate laborer? Do you not realize that transportation from Africa to America is a blessing to him; that here he is taught agriculture, the mechanic arts; that the many products of his industry, *forced and directed as it must be*, are made useful to the whole world; that his improvement is not possible in his own country? Do you not realize that abolitionists are denouncers of Providence, and that their object is selfish?" And so he went on, through the long course of arguments that are now old to us, unmoved and unswerving from his calm tenor of discourse, though I constantly repeated, with a laugh, at every pause in his speech, "I agree with you in all that, and only questioned if slavery were not a misfortune and burden *to us*," until, having exhausted arguments, he ended thus: "It is a blessed inheritance, a burden that must bring the reward of immense wealth and power to the people who will carry it courageously. Why, sir, the abolition of the slave trade in 1808 was a folly and a sin. Had it been protected and assisted, the poor Africans, instead of being brought here as they are every month, notwithstanding the law, with shameful cruelty, might have made the journey in comfort and safety. But, sir, I tell you that the slave trade will be renewed before 1865, — renewed and established beneficently."

Roelff's last clause so staggered me that I had silently to follow his example of recourse to the demijohn, and in a few minutes more my comrade, overcome by the subdued excitement and earnestness of his effort, was speechless and in pain beneath a sharp attack of his disease. On the next day we were to have attempted the exploration of our island with the hope of some game; but Damrell continued too unwell for that, and I kept him company in camp, except for an hour's tramp, when I was so successful as to kill a turkey weighing seventeen and a half pounds. On my return I found my comrade oiling and rubbing his pistols, as he lay on his blankets.

"Holding sweet converse with your friends?" I asked, when I had handed over the turkey to Prince's care.

"I cannot neglect them. Beautiful pieces of workmanship, are they not? Hapgoldt made them for my father, who used them three times as principal and *oftener as second. The cross on* this," handing me one with a small cross scratched on the silver butt plate, "denotes Fox's death by it in 1821. My father was his second. This other, you see, has two nicks on the trigger guard: one is to mark Colonel McKee's fall by my father's hand, and the other is a record of that fatal Bryan County affair, — you know all about it. So they have histories. They have not been loaded since you helped me two years ago."

"Oh, put them away, Roelff! That time I can't forget, and dreams come out of those black mouths every night to disturb my sleep in this tent. They are as useless here as fire-crackers in a greenhouse."

"Apparently so, Clare. But suppose that, out of the woods, an occasion should arise elsewhere in Florida; what should we do then, twenty-four hours, perhaps, from a good brace of pistols? What then?" asked Roelff.

"I never think of such a thing," I answered; "and I never yet had the necessity of shooting a man nor of hav-

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ing a man shoot me. Deadly weapons are not scarce in our land; you can always borrow them if there is need."

"*Borrow* them? I would as soon borrow another man's breeches or opinions. Clare, you are somewhat of a Yahoo."

I laughed, and said, "Roelff, you always carry a weapon, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"Because I would rather die than receive a blow. I am a small, weak-bodied man. Any mere animal, any physical bully, without spirit or soul, might be my master, if I could not force him to a plane where we should meet equally. If I am assaulted by Hercules, I can stand as safe as he; his mere brute attributes cannot desecrate my manhood. And a gentleman makes no such assault, whilst he holds himself responsible in a civilized manner for wrongs or insults. Are bone and muscle to rule and debase? 'Mr. Body,' you say, 'if you attempt to touch me with your limbs, you die.' The beasts strive in that way; men, that is, gentlemen, have a tribunal for words and actions in which only reason and courage — not beef and rage — are the jurors."

"Well, Roelff," I replied, "I am too hungry and lazy to oppose your sentiments; but while I pour you out a drink tell me if it is not strange for a Yahoo and a fire-eater to be such friends. The lamb and the lion lying down together is but a faint type of our compact."

Roelff took the glass and drank to my growth in political and moral judgment. Then he sank back on his bed.

That night New Smyrna arrived, having with him, not Phelps, but a young man from the Oyster Creek settlement, a genuine native Floridian, born near the Everglades, orphaned by Billy Bowlegs; a young, crude, Southern Leather-Stocking, who did scouting duty and mail carrying for forts Lloyd and Capron; who, not yet twenty-seven years of age, had killed in his own quiet way eleven red-skins; and now that they had become exceedingly scarce had turned his talents to hunting and cultivating promiscuous business interests at the military posts. In appearance and independent manners, and even in speech, he might be taken for a Green Mountain Vermonter or a Maine lumberman. He came to our camp from curiosity, and perhaps, too, as a city fashionable would make the acquaintance of a new club. He could tell us that Phelps was down at the Keys, and he might as well acquaint himself with the quality of our weapons, drinkables, and tobacco. Etiquette was as unknown as logarithms to him, and there were no rounds in his social ladder; all white men were on the same level. He was nature itself, true, free, and unadorned. Roelff and I were at a game of euchre when this new acquaintance, Mose Classon, surprised us, having strolled up from the boat ahead of the boy and without our knowledge of their arrival.

"I 'll be durned! tented like soldiers, and a-playing at keerds." There he stood before us, an ingenuous smile in full play over his frank, freckled face. He was a fine figure of a fellow, of good height, lightly clothed in brown frieze garments, no collar or tie about his neck, a broad leather belt with knife and bullet pouch around his waist, a rifle slung in the crook of his left arm, and his right hand tossing a half-military salute to us. You might have supposed he had known us all our lives. Before I could rise and welcome the new-comer, he advanced to the opening of our tent, still smiling blandly, and said, "If you 'll make that cut-throat, I 'd like to tek a hand."

Roelff kept his place without a word. I returned Mose's introduction with an amiable expression and some inquiries as to whence he had come, etc. Damrell neither looked at him nor spoke to him, but took up the pack of cards and put them aside. He could not brook such familiarity from one he regarded as his inferior. Withdrawing in effect from our circle, his contemptuous silence left me to receive our visitor, whom I liked at first glance. However bad Classon's manners may have been, he was certainly good looking, — manly in figure and movement, his features large and reg-

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ular, unflinching brown eyes, and his unbearded face continually rippled by a smile that relaxed its natural firmness as a breeze sways a field of grain. Without, at first, giving any attention to my friend, he made himself at ease on an upturned box, and answered my questions, telling me that we could not get Phelps, and then asking about our luck. My reply amused him, and when I poured out a cup of whisky he drank to our better fortune, turning at the same time to include Damrell in the salutation. Damrell looked at him with about as much acknowledgment as one might give to the barking of a dog. And Mose gazed steadily at him, adding, as he smacked his lips, "'Pears as if you was sickly. Got the shakes? But you can't keep them down here; must travel on to the Everglades if you want to hold on to them." Seeming to be unconscious of Damrell's flashing eyes, but as if he had studied him long enough, he turned his looks on Prince, who was arranging the fire for supper, while he continued his talk: "Why, men, I have had spells in them glades when I could no more hold my rifle stret than I could keep my teeth *from chattering, and the heat way up to* b'iling, too. A coal-black nigger there will shake the black off in no time and come out a thin, red Injun. Fact! Like to try it, uncle?"

"No, sar," Prince answered, dropping some of his slave manner. "I is wery well please here, jis as I is."

I saw that there were two in our camp who could not welcome the visitor. Indeed, his stay was to bring us danger.

When he had gone off to get a bundle left in the boat, Damrell spoke out:—

"Clare, get rid of that brute somehow, or I shall make Prince butt him into the river."

How could I do that immediately? I made all the excuses I could for the free and easy fellow, and begged Roelff to bear with him; that he was, as it were, our guest; and that he would probably move away of his own will on the morrow. Roelff's ire was not changed by my pleadings.

Nothing could exceed Mose's brightness and good spirits that evening as he sat on the end of a big log, the other end of which was phizzing in the flames. His stories were glorious, and I should have enjoyed him and the camp entertainment very much, had I not been in constant fear that Roelff might insult him, or that Classon might take offense at Damrell's sternly silent and repellent manner.

When at length it was time to sleep, and Damrell had begun to spread his blankets, Mose Classon kicked off his shoes, and entering the tent laid himself down beside us. Uttering but one word of profane exclamation, Roelff started up and, bundling together his blankets again, stepped out from the tent to make his couch under the trees.

"Hi!" said our guest, lighting his pipe before sinking back on the pine straw. "Fleas must bite your pardner sharp. I should n't think him right pleasant to kemp with, but I s'pose his sickness makes him oneasy and riley. Ain't good though to sleep without cover. Well, Mr. Clare, here goes it. Good night to *you* for as durned nice a white man as I want to sleep aside of. Good *night out thar, Mr. Roelff; but it must* be demp. Good night, all!"

Mose Classon, when he came to our camp with New Smyrna, towed his log canoe or dug-out behind our boat. Early the morning after his arrival, he proposed to go off and kill some game for us, our larder being very low and containing only hominy, coffee, molasses, one ham, and two gallons of whisky. I was very glad, on Roelff's account, to have Mose leave us.

Inspirited by Classon's exit, Damrell suggested that he and I should take the boat and cross to the Canaveral side, to bathe in the surf and perhaps get some game. Delighted with the project and Roelff's unusual energy, I was soon at the oars, and we crossed the river. When we had waded through the mud to shore and crawled through Phelps's needle-eye hummock path, we came out on an open of sand hillocks, that, thinly grown with wiry sea-grass and now and then timbered in miniature by clumps of dense

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brush, swelled for a mile to the ocean, exactly in the shape and rank of billows. Our tread was noiseless, and the wind was from the sea. I kept ahead, expecting to discover some animal in each new valley, and unable to restrain myself to Roelff's slow pace. Up the last sand-wave line nearest the beach I crawled, feeling that I should look on the solitary grandeur of the ocean expanse more modestly, more reverently, were I not to intrude my mortal, insignificant self to speck its horizon, but to peep over at it, prostrate in the sand. And what a magnificent sight! When, after a time, my eyes could distinguish features in the vast spread of beauty, I was astonished to find how few and simple they were, — the lines of horizon and shore, the melting curves of billows, two or three crumbling clouds and uncertain shadows; the colors only blue, gray, and white. No sign of man in the whole immensity, for the lonely light-house, like a pillar of salt, seemed part and possession of the ocean, joining it to clouds and sky. Afterward I made out an irregularity on the beach, its level broken and dotted, as it seemed, by clumps of froth-suds; and last I saw what in any other frame should have caught my first ray of sight. There right before me, and not over one hundred yards away, stood a gray-red, heavy-antlered buck, motionless as a statue, his head up, and staring over the waves. I crawled down and back to Roelff, who was descending the sand billow behind me, and when I had reached him I whispered of the buck. Roelff carried a rifle, I a shot-gun. He was not in the least flurried by the promise of the shot. He looked down at the cock of his rifle, then stopped to put a finger of tobacco in his mouth, and crouching and crawling slowly he reached the dented sand where I had lain, and I was close beside him. With a second's aim he fired, and the sand of the beach or scum of the surf seemed to start up in flight, while the screams and clamor of thousands and thousands of shrill voices astounded our ears and dispersed the solemn sound that made the silence a moment before. The innumerable sea birds, penguins, cranes, curlews, and others, that I had seen in their motionless noonday rest as shapes and wind drifts of the wave-washed shore, startled by the rifle shot, sprang to wing and fluttered and whirled, crowded in masses and broke up in strings, affrighted and screaming, winging over the ocean and driving back to know the cause of their disturbance. The strange manœuvres of these feathery legions and the terrible din of their complaint and alarm so instantly engrossed our attention that we were unconscious of the result of the shot. But now we saw our game as motionless in death as he had been motionless in life one minute before. Then, without going nearer to inspect our quarry, Roelff and I sat on the warm sand where we were, to take in the scene. I can never forget it, because of itself and because of the night it preceded. As we lolled there, the merest speck of a sail came in sight. Soon, though, we could make it out: a schooner, looking infinitely lonely upon that desert spread of water.

"Perhaps," said Roelff, musingly, "perhaps that is the Erro. When condemned and sold, last March, she was bought by some parties to be a fruit carrier, it was said. A strange change, from negroes to bananas? She 'll return to her nature, I 'll bet. Clare, that *is* the Erro, or I don't know the cut of a schooner."

"You should know her better than most men, Roelff. You were one of her owners, were you not?"

"Yes; and now that the old cat is out of the bag and no one's definite property, I 'll tell you something of her history. The Erro was built for a yacht in '57, and belonged to a member of the New York Yacht Club. He paid twenty-five thousand dollars for her, and she is the largest and fastest private boat ever built in this country; about two hundred and forty tons, I think, with ninety-five feet of keel and a depth in hold of twenty-six feet, if I don't forget. Just the craft, you see, for the business she came to. She never showed in a race, because, with her measure and canvas, she

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had to give too much time. But the winter after she was launched her owner took Charley Traval in her to the West Indies, — a pleasure trip. The result was that the New York man sold her to five of us, retaining one sixth himself.

"You remember her lying in the river for a month or more, and the rumors that got about. Traval, D'Ignauon, and Dick Mott directed the business. I was merely a silent partner; went in on principle and for the fun. You know how well they managed with that dashing fellow Egbert as captain, bringing over comfortably, without a single accident or death, two hundred and eighty niggers. You remember that they were landed near Fernandina, and you have seen the two likely specimens that Charley Traval owns to-day. I hear that he is to be arraigned on a bill of indictment, — 'for holding as slaves certain Africans of the cargo of the Erro,' so it will read. He is not alarmed. There is not evidence enough, at least it cannot be commanded, to prove his connection with the Erro. It will fall through, mark my words; but with the captain affairs may go worse. They have him now, as we know, in our jail, and he will be tried for piracy in the spring. They caught the Erro just as she was clean from her cargo. We have never discovered the informer. The marshal knocked her down to the Yankee fruit men for four thousand dollars. We proved, at least, in that venture, how humanely the slave trade may be carried on, and to-day all those negroes are in far better condition than they ever were or could be in Africa. It has opened people's eyes and ventilated some moldy old prejudices. In five years more you 'll see, as I have assured you before, the slave trade legalized, the righteous institution of our South protected, and the mission for the black race intelligently conducted, or you 'll see two governments in these United States."

"God forbid the attempt to separate," I exclaimed; "what else you predict, Roelff, seems to me the wildest improbability, but that last is a ghost too horrible to talk of. To come to that we should cross the bloodiest river that ever ran in history."

I spoke as I felt. With no doubt then in slavery as it existed, I yet knew the iniquity of the slave trade, and I was only one of an immense majority that looked forward to a possible division of our country as the most terrible danger that could menace us. I spoke warmly and rose to my feet.

Damrell answered my speech with calm virulence: "D—— your Yankee teachings! Thus are we being poisoned. If these wilds bring me this knowledge of a friend, let us escape from them before we are enemies."

I made no reply, but walked away to cut what venison we could carry to camp. I stopped with the carcass, too, long enough to cut off the head. I was sure Roelff would prize those antlers, the finest I ever saw on a Southern deer. When I came back to Roelff he was asleep in the sand. Four months afterward I remembered how he looked that sunny day as he rested on the warm beach, we two alone; the white, lifeless billows of the far-stretching sand, the power and immensity of the sea, the ineffable glow and glory of the sky, and the soothing breaths of the air throbbing to the lulling music of the ocean. All these returned to me with intense impression when I looked on my friend in another sleep, from which all passions, or errors, or even dreams were gone. When I awakened Roelff he was indifferent to his hunting success and took his way home with me wearily. The day's work was too heavy for him. The disease of his lungs or heart prostrated him again, and when we reached the river I had to carry him on my back to the boat. We arrived in camp to find Mose Classon, who, elated by his own good luck, was in a boisterous mood peculiarly irritating to Damrell.

Had it not been for Damrell's antagonism to our visitor, I should have enjoyed his rough naturalness, but, seeing Roelff's annoyance, I began to lose the pleasure of Classon's cheeriness. It was evident that he was either carelessly defiant of Damrell, as he might disregard

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the pettishness of a child, or else that he was entirely unaware of Damrell's displeasure. At any rate he made himself perfectly at home in our camp and with our servants. When he wanted whisky he called to Prince to bring him the demijohn, and when he filled his pipe it was from my tobacco bag, without even an "if you please," although it was all done without intention of discourtesy. His habitual smile was very wholesome, and his stories were interesting and unceasing. When he began a fresh one after supper, suddenly, but very quietly, Roelff said to him: —

"Classon, do you intend to remain here over night?"

"Yes," he replied, heartily, without a seeming suspicion of the color of Damrell's question. "Yes; I can't leave such good company till I know you better. I want to make you kind of welcome to this yere country and give you some p'ints, now you can't git Phelps. If you will only help me a leetle more with them speerits there, — durned if there 's a fort in the hull State got as good, — why then we'll have a better acquaintance. Oh, Prince, fill the tin up again, and I'll toast that sent'ment; as Major Wilkes sez down at Capron, 'Here 's to you, deep as your hearts.'"

I smiled, and drank from my cup. Damrell heaved half a sigh and half a snort, and sank back on his elbow. Then Classon and I had the conversation all to ourselves, and soon Prince and the white boy retired to their couches. Roelff went into the tent and settled himself for the night, and in such a position that unless I should give up my place Classon could not find a couch under canvas that night. Roelff was smoking as he lay down. When he fell asleep, his hand and the pipe in it slid down to the ground close beside his pistol box, on which he had placed his watch. The pipe was a very beautiful meerschaum.

Outside the open tent we talked on for a time, until Classon, ready for another smoke, spied Damrell's idle meerschaum. "By jingo! I'll try that pipe, it 's so pretty."

Saying which he slipped into the tent and took the pipe from Damrell's open hand. Returning to his log seat, he filled the meerschaum. Classon's act disturbed Damrell's sleep, from which he now fully awoke. As Classon held a light to the pipe in his mouth, a shot bag, hurled by my insulted friend, struck the meerschaum from its place, and sent it flying fifteen feet into the trees. The Floridian looked one way and the other, without a clear understanding of what had happened, until he heard these trembling words: —

"You d—d Indian hound, I'll teach you manners!" followed by a few slowly chosen titles of ignominy, terse and fatal. But Roelff had not risen from his bed. He was leaning on one arm, while the other reached toward the pistol case. His voice was no louder nor quicker than usual, but his words *pinged* like rifle shots. Then our Everglade guest sprang to his feet, and, while he drew his knife from the belt and ran his fingers over its blade, cursed my friend in a torrent that might have been heard at Cape Canaveral, but his movement to bodily attack was arrested by the pistol that bore steadily on him and the firm injunction, "One step this way and you are a dead dog."

Prince and the boy came tumbling toward the camp fire. I threw myself before Classon, who was turning for his rifle, while he shouted, "Come out, — come out, you miserable shrimp! Come out, pistols, knives, or bare-handed, and ef I don't etarnally mince you to bits I ain't Mose Classon nur any other man. Come out, you!"

"Clare," said Roelff, quietly, "just make that savage understand that when he returns to his senses and there is daylight enough to shoot by, I 'll attend to his wishes."

Classon had now got hold of his rifle, but I took him by the arm and at length succeeded in walking him off toward the boat. I had influence with the young man. He had taken a fancy to me, and I succeeded with him better than I expected. The only chance now was to defer the inevitable result.

"Will he fight, then, *sure*, in the morn-

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ing? You 'll warrant that? Good!" Then how he laughed! "Of all the cranky white men I ever see, your friend is the cussedest; but ef he goes home from Floridy he 'll have better manners fur the rest of his life, durn me if he don't. Now, Mr. Clare, let us have a drink together before we turn in, will yer?"

"Yes; but you go off a bit to sleep, that 's a good fellow."

"Ha-a! 'fraid of nightmare? Yes, I 'll turn in to the kannew. But I want to say as you have treated me right square and warm from the fust, and though you must be his friend foremust, yet I know you 'll do me right and true; so whatsoever way you fix things, pistols, or knives, or anything, Mose Classon says, 'Amen.' Now, give me your hand, Mr. Clare. You 've just made one friend in Floridy, if you do lose another to-morrow. Good night to you;" and he went whistling to his canoe bed, where no doubt he slept as soundly as if he were only going on a turkey hunt in the morning.

I tried to do something with Roelff to get him to aid me in stopping the affair where it was, but he was inexorable, and would not bear with much interference. "Clare," he said, "I must beg you to desist. After what has happened I must honor that fellow by fighting him. He is not a *gentleman*, I know; but considering the shot bag and my words I must descend to his level in this affair. Of course, I shall not harm him seriously, for I cannot have this duel *go on record*. There are two things that I, as the challenged party, demand: that we fight at not more than ten paces, and that it be with pistols. See now how indispensable it is to have proper weapons always at hand! You must be a double-barreled second, — act for both; but that is easy enough under the circumstances. You can choose the ground and measure it. As you seem to be as friendly with that Yahoo as with me, he will abide, as I shall, by your decisions. You give the word, too. Inform us of rules when the time comes, and if any difference of opinion arises about number of shots, etc., whichever way you approve must have your casting vote. There, that 's all; I am very sleepy; perfectly used up after our day's tramp. Call us out just as soon as there is daylight enough to sight on the Hapgoldts. By gracious!" looking at his watch, "hardly six hours left for sleep. Good night, my much-bothered friend."

It was a light matter to him, but very different to me. Yet there was no apparent release from my burden. If I should refuse to act in the strange and horrible position forced upon me, Roelff and Classon would come to an even more murderous settlement of their quarrel. That I had been able to prevent so far.

"Get to bed, Prince," I called out; "and you, too, New Smyrna, or I can't rouse you up till noon to-morrow."

My words reminded Roelff to speak once more: "Do, for heaven's sake, manage to get that cracker brute out of the camp, some way, to-morrow, whatever may result from the duel. Alive or dead, I will not put up with him."

What a night! I could not sleep, for thinking of the morning. Many terrible possibilities haunted my thoughts. I do not know but that, if I could have had the choice, I would have changed places with either of the principals, so far as they might suffer. It was a ghostly night. To watch beside a dead friend could not be so bad as this waiting and waking for the danger that must and the death that might come. A ghostly night, as I sat by the sizzling, hissing log fire, the hot ashes a lava kaleidoscope of phantoms, from the spell of which the crumblings of the wasting logs falling into the molten bed often startled me to momentary trembling; the pines, so melancholy at night, the saddest orchestra that ever wailed; the distant, dim black outlines of dense hummocks; the pale shimmer of the stars on the river, making it a tide of drifting shrouds and drowning faces; the mysterious sounds of water and forest bearing dismal portents; even the noises I recognized, of owl hoots, night-hawk cries, and animal calls, losing earthly meaning and awing my sense with weird suggestions. Not-

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withstanding what the morning might bring of real disaster, I hailed the earliest dawn, the first rustle of departing night, as the loosening of a dismal spell.

As soon as my eyes could distinguish the natural objects within a surrounding vista of some hundreds of feet, I chose a comparative open for the place of combat, and, in a short space of time, while real life came back and I welcomed and warmed it with a drink from the demijohn and a pull on my pipe, I decided calmly how to conduct my morning's duty. Then I awakened Roelff and Classon, leaving the servants to sleep on, and informed Classon how he and Damrell were to fight; and when they had freshened themselves a bit and made a camp toilet, one in the tent, the other by the river-bank, I warmed a cup of coffee for each, and, as they drank, carefully loaded Damrell's dear pistols.

I had determined on every step of my part; so, those minor preliminaries dispatched, I said, calling to each, "Gentlemen, will you follow me."

Sixty yards brought us to the spot I had fixed on.

"Roelff, you will please stand here," leading him to a certain spot. Then, making ten long strides away from him, I halted and spoke to the other. "Classon, will you place yourself here." Both answered and obeyed me promptly, then scanned each other sharply, Roelff with an indolent, contemptuous glance at his adversary, and Mose with a flare of energy and anger, until I called their attention to myself. I stood now half-way between them and about twenty feet out of their direct line, holding the pistol case in my hands.

"Gentlemen, I have the very unfortunate honor of acting for both of you. My instructions in this matter are simply these: You, Roelff, will face south, and Classon, you will about face to the north. Please do so now. Excuse me one moment. I must call New Smyrna and Prince to witness what follows." I then aroused these two, and, putting them safely out of possible fire, ordered them to hear me and observe carefully what should follow. That done, I proceeded: "I shall call, 'Are you ready?' Then 'Fire!' counting slowly after that word, 'One, two, three, halt!' Between 'fire' and 'halt,' you are to wheel and fire. That is all. Now I shall hand you the pistols," which I did and returned to my position. The light was that of full dawn; clear, soft, neither night, nor shadows, nor sunlight. No air was moving; the trees were quiet, the river was calm. The hush of the earliest moments of day was perfect except for one croaking caw of an over-passing crow, who slowed his journey for a moment to regard the scene below him.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," both answered, clearly.

"Fire! One!" Before the word was finished, Classon wheeled and fired. Roelff was facing about at the same instant, but without leveling his pistol.

I *thought* Roelff wavered in the movement and made an extra step to complete the wheel. "Two! . . . Three!" Still Roelff did not lift his pistol. I delayed, and then said "Halt!" after as long a rest as I had the right to give.

With "Halt!" Roelff turned to his first position, and fired, — in a direction exactly opposite to his adversary. An empty sardine box, left on a tree trunk near the tent, and at least thirty yards from my friend, fell to the ground. Roelff faced about immediately, saying with a faint nod to his opponent and to me, "Hit!"

"*You?*" I exclaimed, running toward him as he half fell, half sat down at the foot of a tree near by.

"Oh, nothing serious, Clare, merely a scratch in my left shoulder," putting up his pistol hand to cover it. But he was pale, and leaned back against the tree. "Now," he said in a whisper to me, "if that man is satisfied, get him off."

Roelff's movements seemed at first incomprehensible to Classon. But waiting a few seconds in place until Roelff whispered to me, he dropped his weapon and advanced to within a few steps of us, speaking with feeling and in a frank tone that did him honor.

"I meant to hit you, but now that I

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see the kind of stuff you are, I am d—d sorry for it. Shake hands, will yer?"

Damrell, unmoved, waved him off.

"Well," said Classon, smiling grimly, but evidently repentant and disappointed, "any ways I am *almighty* sorry!"

Roelff made an expressive sign to indicate that I should get his opponent away. I took Classon's arm and walked him off, explaining to him that he had better leave us now, and that I hoped to meet him again at some other time; that he was a trump, and I greatly regretted that he and my friend could not agree.

"P'raps I had better *shove*. But look a-here, Mr. Clare, I did n't mean things to come to this break, — never dreamed of the like. And I like you fust-rate, — sort o' clenched to you right off. Dog on it, take this whistle!" and I believe there was almost a tear in his eye as he drew from one of his shirt pockets an alligator's tooth finely carved as a whistle. "Take this to remember Mose Classon, and give us your hand for good-by." He held it hard and added, "I'll push out in the stream a bit until I see if I can't do something for that friend of yourn, if he is leastways bad hit; an if he is all right — durn it, I hope so — jest toot on that thing, jest to try it, you see, and I'll *put*, I will. Mighty glad I ain't so ugly as I meant to be. Good-by, Mr. Clare, G—— d—— you! Good-by." Uttering that paradoxical farewell and blessing, tossed out from the turmoil of his sentiments, he turned away to his canoe with a lugubrious half-laugh, the serio-comic period to my short acquaintance with Mose Classon.

Returning to Roelff I was soon able to sound the relief whistle, for I found there was nothing very bad in the character of my friend's wound. The ball had struck the left end of the collar-bone and glanced off through the skin of the shoulder.

The success of the Erro in 1858 started a fleet of slavers. Our navy, through the Portsmouth, Vincennes, Wyandotte, and others, seized several of the vessels engaged in the nefarious traffic, and released from 1st February to 1st April, 1859, over two thousand Africans. Many suspected vessels were prevented from sailing; many more were pursued but escaped; and some made successful voyages with immense profits to their owners. Sometime in March the New York Herald printed this statement: "One hundred *nigger* expeditions are fitting out in the Northern States, *where the slave-trade movement was concocted.*" The italicizing is my own.

In the —— city jail that spring lay Captain Egbert, of the Erro. Before the return of Roelff Damrell and myself from Indian River, six citizens of —— concerned in the Erro business had been indicted. The judge before whom the case came first properly declined to act, because one of the accused parties, Traval, was his relative. Then the chief-justice was summoned from Washington to preside in the other's place. But the district attorney declared that, because of the construction of the sixth section of the act of 1818 by the presiding chief-justice of the supreme court, and because of intimations thrown out by the court as to insufficiency of evidence to connect defendants with the Erro, it was useless to proceed further in the case, and a *nol. pros.* was entered against the arraigned. But this failure with parties concerned in the former ownership of the Erro (condemned, and sold March 12, 1859, for four thousand dollars), and indicted also for *holding* as slaves some of the Africans of her cargo, did not affect the action for piracy against Captain Egbert. He lay in jail, whilst his partners in and instigators to the adventure were safe and free. Of course these men were earnestly scheming to release the captain from his dangerous position. We can imagine the nature of the influence they exerted when we remember that four of them were what were esteemed gentlemen of high social position, popular in society, with large interests in business or as planters, and also active in general politics; while the agent for their scheme, Captain Egbert, their friend and comrade, was a gentleman, too, by birth, a fascinating des-

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perado of darkly romantic career, whose manners, associates, and adventurous history were apologists for his inhumanity. Inhumanity? Not in the honest judgment of Roelff Damrell and some others, who denounced his imprisonment without bail as a legal outrage, and the policy that pursued him as Northern enmity and wicked fanaticism. To a few it was the trial of both a political issue and an advanced principle. Captain Egbert, though a desperate character, was nevertheless their appointed representative to secure the preservation of slavery and the advancement of the South. Of the six immediate actors in the Erro adventure, but two engaged in it for pecuniary profit; and though those six and their followers made a lurid flash and momentary loud peal in the clouds rushing up from the South to the after-storm, yet their number was very small, and the strong, cooler heart and head of the community were calm and determined against those "*infanti perduti*," born from the error of the time, and shaped by their environment. However, the dashing, daring, fluent minority, with sabre-like gestures and profane threats, made lively the atmosphere of club, hotel, and bar-room. Charley Traval was its face and voice, Roelff Damrell its backbone. It looked to one for excitement, to the other for endurance. These men, who watched as hostile soldiery the course of the trial, and were sworn that Captain Egbert should never be punished, did not number one hundred, notwithstanding the statement of a great Northern paper at the time that "five thousand of the best citizens of —— are ready to rescue the slaver captain." The Traval men declared that those who were not for them were against them, and gave up all but a kind of armed association with former companions now deemed doubtful. Each one was suspicious of a conservative and grandly hostile to an opponent ready for seconds and ten paces at any moment. So it came about that Roelff conquered his sentiments and obeyed his principles, by dropping entirely our old fond intimacy, and only acknowledging an acquaintanceship by sad, warrior-like salutes. Horribly trying to all my genial dictates and every humorous sense were his expressions of face and carriage when we met. But five feet six in stature, he marched by with the air of six feet one. His usual languid dignity, losing none of its deliberateness, changed to a steely erectness that stiffened knees, back, and neck. The stern lips parted with an unworded salutation, the head made the beginning of inflection, and the blue eyes held unmoved to some point about six inches above the top of my hat as he passed. Some kindliness and courtesy filtered through the strongly held manner, yet no man of prudence or of respect for others would have presumed to leap the barricade. About Roelff Damrell's unheroic face and figure it was comical, — sadly comical, — but nevertheless effectual.

The trial proceeded with intense interest. From the assembling of the court to its adjournment each day, the Erro men, the friends of Captain Egbert, — young, handsome, vigorous, well-dressed gentlemen, — held their bold positions in the court room. As the allies of some doubtful champion in the prize ring crowd the ropes, ready to pitch in and rescue their man if the fight goes against him, the captain's backers were actively present, expressing sympathy and comment by flashing glances, impatient gestures, and *sotto voce* threats. On the 23d of May an important witness for the government appeared in the person of Commodore Roome, once of the Texan navy, when Texas was a republic. In a peculiar and somewhat confidential manner Roome had unwillingly received testimony very damaging to Captain Egbert's defense. As Egbert had been a comrade of his in the Texan service, he strove to avoid appearing against him, but, summoned to court and his testimony demanded, he was forced to speak. At the crisis of his evidence the prisoner — a tall, swarthy, graceful man, a picture of the pirate of romance — sprang up in the box, and, leaning forward, brandished his clenched fist at the witness, exclaiming in a tre-

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mor of rage, "Commodore Roome, you are a —— —— liar!" The black curly hair shook on his head as the locks of angry Jove, the blood rushed to his olive cheeks, and his brilliant black eyes appeared to emit sparks of fire. It was a scene dramatic in the extreme, but the witness, a fine, grizzled, lion-like man, stood unmoved, his mouth merely setting itself determinedly as a contemptuous smile crept about his lips. A sort of smothered howl arose from different points in the court room, but in a moment the grand old judge and his officers had enforced order, and the defiant prisoner had sunk back on his seat. Then the commodore, before taking up his testimony again, said, with a steady gaze at Captain Egbert, "The insult is unanswerable in your position." One ringing voice in the audience hurled out an exclamation of reply, but it was lost in the majestic command of the court for order. That day's session was prolonged until sunset.

When the court adjourned, and the crowding feet clanked through the stone halls and down the granite stairs, Charley Traval stood behind the iron balustrade on a landing of the descending steps, peering with the hungering impatience of a tiger at each of the passing throng. Behind him, like a bull terrier seconding a fighting-cock, glumly, drowsily, sat Damrell, in an alcove intended for some heroic figure of Justice or Law or other statue supposed to be patiently and everlastingly at home in a court-house. One among the last of the groups leaving the scene was Commodore Roome. His conversation and progress were arrested as he came opposite the stand of Traval and Damrell by the words, "Commodore Roome! I, Charles Traval, not in a prisoner's position, represent Captain Egbert, and I repeat what he said, 'You are a —— —— liar.'" It was enunciated with a satanic vigor.

The commodore halted, hesitated a moment, looked angrily at Traval, then, smiling terribly as his face paled, he replied calmly and with even a show of courtliness, "Sir, you will answer me for those words at daylight to-morrow? . . . Good! My friend will call in an hour," and, without further word to his insulter, he continued the conversation with his companions and descended the steps.

At a quarter past eight the next morning I happened to be in a lawyer's office of the same building in which the scene I have related took place. Commodore Roome entered immediately after me. He also had some business with the lawyer on whom I had called, but before he could more than introduce himself, a very fat, ready, and pompous personage — an important citizen, albeit, of the city — arose from an arm-chair and, extending his hand, exclaimed theatrically, "Commodore Roome, proud to meet you, sir, and most happy to congratulate you on the fortunate result of this morning's most dangerous encounter — aha — happy, indeed."

The commodore did not clasp the extended hand, but coldly answered, "Sir, your congratulations are not welcome. Had not my second, Mr. Campbell Hooper" (the district attorney who prosecuted the case in court against the captain of the slaver), "made a blunder in loading the pistols, placing the wooden and lighter ramrod of another pistol in the hold of one of my own weapons, the proper ramrod of which was steel, I should, two hours ago, have put a ball through the brain of a very pestiferous gentleman. Good morning, sir! I have important business with Mr. —— before the court opens." Commodore Roome, be it said, had fought two duels in years gone by. On each occasion he had *killed his man*. In this case Charles Traval had his felt hat perforated, without harm to the gay, reckless head it covered.

The night of that same day, while some of us companions were playing poker in an upper room of the principal hotel, Mr. Charles Traval, Roelff Damrell, D'Ignauon, Dick Mott, and half a dozen others repaired to the jail, and by threats and force against the jail officers released Captain Egbert from his cell, and took him with them for an enjoyment of the

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city's freedom. In their jolly round they arrived at the hotel, their daring ranks then recruited to perhaps the number of fifty. It was a dashing crowd, with immense resources of fight and unfathomable thirst for champagne. Plenty of it, and of an excellent quality too, was found in the hotel, but there also was found Mr. Campbell Hooper, the district attorney, a Southron of the Southrons by every right, tie, and sentiment. He was a young man, small in stature, gentle in manners, but with the heart of a lion. In the case against the captain of the Erro, he was the representative of an honorable court and of a great government. Here was an outrage upon the power whose officer he was. Alone and unarmed in that excited crowd, he denounced the act, and declared that Captain Egbert should be remanded to prison. All this had gone on while we, unaware of any disturbance, played our game of cards in a room two floors above the scene of dangerous disturbance. But the growing noise below reached us, and we left our quiet pleasure to ascertain what was "up" down-stairs. Now, of our number was Ozier, a cousin of Mr. Hooper. When we reached the second floor, from the landing above the first stairs we looked down on a small sea of vehement faces and many revolvers, while standing alone, half-way up the stairs, was Campbell Hooper, insisting upon the course he had resolved on and demanding that the rescued prisoner should be given up to his authority. The replies were the most savage imprecations on his head if he dared to interfere. It was a tempestuous sight. All of us but Ozier descended the stairs. He stopped at Hooper's side, put a hand on his shoulder, and said in his natural voice, but yet loud enough in a momentary hush for all to hear: "Campbell, there are two of us now. I don't know what all this is about, but if you are right, stick to it. I'll back you, though we are two unarmed men to all those pistols."

With the men assembled about those stairs that gallant act had its effect, and the words may have recalled fair play to their manhood's sense. I thought, as fresh from a game of poker I entered the throng below, "A *pair* is better than *High Jack*," but just then Roelff Damrell stood before me: "Clare, what side are you on, in this affair?"

"On none," I answered, "until I know what it is all about."

"Take care, then," he said, and we were separated. In ten minutes the danger was past, the turmoil ended; for the courageous promptitude of Hooper's cousin on the stairs, and the moment of reflection it gave to some just spirits in the excited party, resulted in a truce which guaranteed to the district attorney, entirely powerless to have enforced his authority, that if he would forbear from immediate arrest of the slaver captain, those who had him in charge would pledge their honor to deliver him up to the officers of the jail before sunrise. Then the Egbert guards, except Roelff Damrell, left the hotel, and about a dozen of us, with Roelff as the favorite, ordered of the hotel host a supper. The breaking of the storm left a delicious warmth of social security. Even Damrell seemed to have consented to a peace, and to be glad to be natural with friends whom he loved. At any rate, — so we all seemed to feel, — there should be no quarrel or coldness between us while the night and the bottles held out. When we took seats at the bountiful board, Roelff had the head of the table and I sat two places from him on his right. The last to join our company was Donald Ozier. Passing by Roelff Damrell in the narrow passage between our head man's chair and the wall, Donald rubbed against Roelff, and something fell with a clatter to the floor. It was Roelff Damrell's revolver. Fortunately the fall had not exploded it, though it was at full cock. Ozier, with a humorous grimace for us all, handed the weapon to Damrell, who, continuing the flow of talk that the wine had loosed, calmly uncocked the weapon and laid it beside his plate. The act and Damrell's manner amused us, they were so intensely characteristic, and, at the first break in his narration, some one at the further end of the table sang out, "Come, Dam-

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rell, if it may not be impertinent, what were your intentions with that shooter there?"

"The occasion excuses the impertinence; I meant to shoot Clare with it."

"What?" and a shout of laughter went up from every one but Roelff and myself. His imperturbable, amiable serenity with such a murderous confession fresh from his mouth, and my continuance of alarmed astonishment, augmented the company's amusement.

"What?" said I, repeating the chorused *what* in a tremolo solo, "wh—at?"

Roelff raised a glass of champagne to his lips before he answered, with a look of the very tenderness of friendship on his face, and extended a hand to grasp mine: "Yes, Clare, I meant the first shot, at any rate, for you if the affair a while ago had come to pistols."

Somehow I gave him my hand, but said, "Good heavens, Roelff! you don't mean that you would have selected as your first foe your closest friend; the chum who slept with you spoon-fashion for weeks and weeks in our Florida camp; the man who carried you on his back and in his arms often; one who"—

A warm smile melted nearly all the determination of his face, and his eyes lost their languid challenge as he replied, "If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." A volley of laughter and a clinking of glasses followed Damrell's quotation. All poured out a bumper to our Brutus, who, when the noise grew less, continued, but now earnestly:—

"Gentlemen, the good cheer of the occasion must not misinterpret what I would express — that — that when one contends for principles one sacrifices sentiments. If I were fighting for my God or for my country, and my kindred were among our foes, I should strike first at the dearest."

The excitements of the occasion and the revulsion from dangerous discord to ardent harmony fused reserve, differences, and calmness to a glow of delicious comradeship. Recalling that night, the refrains of Thackeray's table song come up from the lips long ago silenced on the field of battle:—

> "Life is but short;
> When we are gone,
> Let them sing on
> Round the old tree,"

and

> "Empty it yet,
> Let us forget
> Round the old tree."

I seem to catch a gleam from the flashing youth and bravery of those impassioned faces, and hear the recitation of Roelff Damrell, who, when called upon, last of us thirteen, for a "song or story," repeated in low, ominous voice, from which all inspiration of the occasion seemed suddenly to fall away, that spectral drinking song of Captain Dowling, The Song of the Dying. With an elbow on the table, his left hand supported his head while his right hand held a half-empty glass so that its contents spilled drop by drop with the rhythm of the verse. What could have called to him the thought of that song? He recited it slowly, as if repeating what he *listened* to. And now I catch an echo of a line here and there:—

> "'T is cold as our hearts were growing,
> . . . . . .
> "And thus does the warmth of feeling
> Turn ice in the grasp of death.
> . . . . . .
> "Who shrinks from the sable shore,
> Where the high and hearty yearning
> Of the soul shall sting no more?"

And the refrain of each verse:—

> "A cup to the dead already,
> *And hurrah for the next that dies.*"

When the sun was a few hours high, a negro met me as I entered my office with, "Mars' Clare! Mars' Clare! der — der — der Mars' Roelff *dead!*" It was too true. I reached him to rub the small hands and feet yet warm, but life was gone, — the soul had fled.

Clarence Gordon.

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THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

[THE Editors of The Atlantic trust that it is not too late to correct the impression, fostered by the over-scrupulosity of former explorers, that the great Northern Wilderness of New York is a tame and commonplace region; and they are happy to present the first of a series of sketches in which it will be treated as in some degree the home of romance and adventure.]

I.

HOW I KILLED A BEAR.

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear, last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance, the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears, a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage — there were four of them — to send me to the clearing on the mountain back of the house to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briars, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him if he started up instead of standing still puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge, ten to the pound; an excellent weapon, belonging to a friend of mine who had intended for a good many years back to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it, if the wind did not blow and the atmosphere was just right and the tree was not too far off, nearly every time; of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree; I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the

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woods and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him. At any rate, after watching her a few moments he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than *the forbearance towards the African* slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it; penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush; I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to her cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs and doing just what I was doing, — picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his *mouth, green ones and all. To say that* I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I did n't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you would n't do it; I did n't. The bear dropped down on his fore feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use with so good a climber in the rear; if I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase, and although a bear cannot run downhill as fast as he can run uphill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries, — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped; not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring,

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he always upsets the buckets of syrup and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that even in such a compulsory review it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying, years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead; and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I could n't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head, to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small, and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head, — that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore leg and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach unless the bear stands off side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there, but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short, and the bear would n't wait for me to examine the thermometer and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of off-hand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife or hurting her feelings was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no blackberries came! What would be her mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten up by a bear? I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear! And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this: —

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
——— ———,
EATEN BY A BEAR
August 20, 1877

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite and requires explanation; it

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might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German: —

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR —— ——,
GEFRESSEN
August 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear, which animal has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on. He had in fact come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then, I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming. Bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He did n't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices: —

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where 's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail! What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You did n't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing particular, except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon," "Don't believe it," "Where 's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I could n't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity, and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case, but everybody who could get a gun carried one, and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises, — a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no mistake bear, by George; and the hero of the fight — well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home, and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They did n't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair

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shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn. This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night my last delicious thought was, "I 've killed a bear."

Chalres Dudley Warner.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

It was a very little tour; but the charm of the three or four old towns and monuments that it embraced, the beauty of the brilliant autumn weather, the pleasure of reminding one's self how much of the interest, the strength, and dignity of France is outside of that huge, pretentious caravansary called Paris (a reminder often needed), — these things have given me a very grateful memory of it. I went down to Rheims to see the famous cathedral, and to reach Rheims I traveled through the early morning hours along the charming valley of the Marne. The Marne is a pretty little green river, the vegetation upon whose banks, otherwise unadorned, had begun to blush with the early frosts in a manner that suggested the autumnal tints of American scenery. The trees and bushes were positively scarlet and orange; the light was splendid and a trifle harsh; I could have fancied myself in the midst of a Western October, if at intervals some gray old large-towered church had not lifted a sculptured front above a railway station to dispel the fond illusion. One of these church fronts — I saw it only from the train — is particularly impressive: the little cathedral of Meaux, of which the great Bossuet was bishop, and along whose frigid nave he set his eloquence a-rolling with an impetus which it has not wholly lost to this day. It was entertaining, moreover, to enter the champagne country; for Rheims is in the ancient province whose later fame is syllabled, the world over, in popping corks. A land of vineyards is not usually accounted picturesque; but the country about Epernay seemed to me to have a charm of its own. It stretched away in soft undulations that were pricked all over with little stakes muffled in leaves. The effect at a distance was that of vast surfaces — long, subdued billows — of pincushion; and yet it was very pretty. The deep blue sky was over the scene; the undulations were half in sun and half in shade; and here and there, among their myriad little bristles, were groups of vintagers, who, though they are in reality, doubtless, a prosaic and mercenary body of laborers, yet assumed, to a fancy that glanced at them in the cursory manner permitted by railway traveling, the appearance of joyous and disinterested votaries of Bacchus. The blouses of the men, the white caps of the women, were gleaming in the sunshine; they moved about crookedly among the tiny vine-poles. I thought them full of a charming suggestiveness. Of all the delightful gifts of France to the world, this was one of the most agreeable, — the keen, sweet liquid in which the finest flower of sociability is religiously dipped. It came from these sunny places; this little maze of curling-sticks supplied the world with half the world's gayety. I call it little only in relation to the immense number of bottles with gilded necks in which this gayety is annually stored up. The champagne country seemed to me, in fact, of great extent;

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the bristling slopes went rolling away to new horizons in a manner that was positively reassuring. Making the handsomest allowance for the wine manufactured from baser elements, it was apparent that this spacious section of a province represented a very large number of bottles.

As you draw near to Rheims the vineyards become sparser, and finally disappear, — a fact not to be regretted, for there is something incongruous in the juxtaposition of champagne and Gothic architecture. It may be said, too, that for the proper appreciation of a structure like the cathedral of Rheims you have need of all your head. As, after my arrival, I sat in my window at the inn, gazing up at the great façade, I found something dizzying in the mere climbing and soaring of one's astonished vision; and later, when I came to wander about in the upper regions of the church, and to peep down, through the rugged lace-work of the towers, at the little streets and the small spots of public places, I found myself musing upon the beauty of soberness. My window at the Lion d'Or was like a proscenium-box at the play; to admire the cathedral at my leisure, I had only to perch myself in the casement, with a good opera-glass. I sat there for a long time watching the great architectural drama. A drama I may call it, for no church front that I have seen is more animated, more richly figured. The density of the sculptures, the immense scale of the images, detract, perhaps, at first, in a certain sense, from the impressiveness of the cathedral of Rheims; the absence of large surfaces, of ascending lines, deceives you as to the elevation of the front, and the immense size of some of the upper statues brings them unduly near the eye. But little by little you perceive that this great figured and storied screen has a mass proportionate to its detail, and that it is the grandest part of a structure which, as a whole, is one of the noblest works of man's hands. Most people remember to have seen some print or some photograph of this heavily-charged façade of Rheims, which is usually put forward as the great example of the union of the purity and the possible richness of Gothic. I must first have seen some such print in my earliest years, for I have always thought of Rheims as the great Gothic cathedral *par excellence*. I had vague associations with it; it seemed to me that I had already stood before it. One's literary associations with Rheims are indeed very vivid and impressive: they begin with the picture of the Maid of Orleans passing under the deeply sculptured portal, with a banner in her hand which she has no need to lower, and while she stands amid the incense and the chants, the glitter of arms and the glow of colored lights, asking leave of the young king whom she has crowned to turn away and tend her flocks. And after that there is the sense of all the kings of France having traveled down to Rheims, in their splendor, to be consecrated; the great groups on the front of the church must have looked down on groups almost as stately, — groups full of color and movement, — assembled in the little *Place*. (This little Place, it must be confessed, is rather shabby. It is singular that the august ceremony of the *sacre* should not have left its mark upon the disposition of the houses, — should not have kept them at a respectful distance. Louis XIV., smoothing his plumage before he entered the church, can hardly have had space to swing the train of his coronation robe.) But when in driving into the town I reached the little Place, such as it is, and saw the cathedral lift its spireless towers above the long rows of its carven saints, the huge wheel of its window, the three great caverns of its portals, with the high acute pediments above each arch, and the sides abutting outward like the beginning of a pyramid, — when I looked at all this I felt that I had carried it in my mind from my earliest years, and that the stately vision had been implanted there by some forgotten glimpse of an old-fashioned water-color sketch, in which the sky was washed in with great picturesqueness, the remoter parts of the church tinted with a kind of fasci-

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nating indigo, and the foundations represented as encumbered with little gabled and cross-timbered houses, inhabited by women in red petticoats and curious caps.

I shall not attempt any regular enumeration of the great details of the façade of Rheims; I cannot profess even to have fully apprehended them. They are a glorious company, and here and there, on its high-hung pedestal, one of the figures detaches itself with peculiar effectiveness. Over the central portal sits the Virgin Mary, meekly submitting her head to the ponderous crown which her son prepares to place upon it; the attitude and movement of Christ are full of a kind of splendid politeness. The three great door-ways are in themselves a museum of imagery, disposed in each case in fine, close tiers, the statues in each of the tiers packed perpendicularly against their comrades. The effect of these great hollowed and chiseled caverns is extremely striking; they are a proper vestibule to the dusky richness of the interior. The cathedral of Rheims, more fortunate than many of its companions, appears not to have suffered from the iconoclasts of the Revolution. I noticed no absent heads or broken noses. But, like many of its companions, it is so pressed upon by neighboring houses that it is not easy to get a general view of the sides and the rear. You may walk round it and note your walk as a long one; you may observe that the choir of the church travels back almost into another quarter of the city; you may see the far-spreading mass lose itself for a while in parasitic obstructions, and then emerge again with all its buttresses flying; but you miss that wide margin of space and light which should enable it to present itself as a consistent picture. Pictures have their frames and poems have their margins; a great work of art, such as a Gothic cathedral, should at least have elbow-room. You may, however, stroll beneath the walls of Rheims, along a narrow, dark street, and look up at the mighty structure and see its upper parts foreshortened into all kinds of delusive proportions. There is a grand entertainment in the view of the church which you obtain from the furthermost point which you may reach from it in the rear. I have never seen a cathedral so magnificently buttressed. The buttresses of Rheims are all double; they have a tremendous spring, and are supported upon pedestals surmounted by immense crocketed canopies containing statues of wide-winged angels. A great balustrade of Gothic arches connects these canopies one with another, and along this balustrade are perched strange figures of sitting beasts: unicorns and mermaids, griffins and monstrous owls. Huge, terrible gargoyles hang far over into the street, and doubtless some of them have a detail which I afterwards noticed at Laon. The gargoyle represents a grotesque beast, — a creature partaking at once of the shape of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped. At Laon, on either side of the main entrance, a long-bellied monster cranes forth into the air with the head of a hippopotamus; and under its belly crouches a little man, hardly less grotesque, making up a rueful grimace and playing some ineffectual trick upon his terrible companion. One of these little figures has plunged a sword, up to the hilt, into the belly of the monster above him, so that when he draws it forth there will be a leak in the great stone gutter; another has suspended himself to a rope that is knotted round the neck of the gargoyle, and is trying, in the same manner, to interrupt its functions by pulling the cord as tight as possible. There is certainly something sublime in an architectural conception that ranges from the combination of clustering towers and opposing fronts to this infinitely minute play of humor.

There is no great play of humor in the interior of Rheims, but there is a great deal of beauty and solemnity. This interior is a spectacle that excites the sensibility, as our forefathers used to say; but it is not an easy matter to describe. It is no description of it to say that it is four hundred and sixty-six feet in length and that the roof is one

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hundred and twenty-four feet above the pavement; nor is there any very vivid portraiture in the statement that if there is no colored glass in the lower windows, there is, *per contra*, a great deal of the most gorgeous and most ancient in the upper ones. The long sweep of the nave, from the threshold to the point where the colored light-shafts of the choir lose themselves in the gray perspective, is grandly simple and a fresh reminder of the unwarrantable impertinence of those tall screens which in some churches, under one pretext or another, pretend to interpose themselves in this harmonious vista. The white light in the lower part of Rheims really contributes to the picturesqueness of the interior. It makes the gloom above look richer still, and throws that part of the roof which rests upon the gigantic piers of the transepts into mysterious remoteness. I wandered about for a long time: I sat first in one place and then in another; I attached myself to that most fascinating part of every great church, the angle at which the nave and transept divide. It was the better to observe this interesting point, I think, that I passed into the side gate of the choir, — the gate that stood ajar in the tall gilded railing. I sat down on a stool near the threshold; I leaned back against the side of one of the stalls; the church was empty, and I lost myself in the large perfection of the place. I lost myself, but the beadle found me; he stood before me, and with a silent, imperious gesture, motioned me to depart. I risked an argumentative glance, whereupon he signified his displeasure, repeated his gesture, and pointed to an old gentleman with a red cape who had come into the choir softly, without my seeing him, and had seated himself in one of the stalls. This old gentleman seemed plunged in pious thoughts; I was not, after all, very near him, and he did not look as if I disturbed him. A canon is at any time, I imagine, a more merciful man than a beadle. But of course I obeyed the beadle and eliminated myself from this peculiarly sacred precinct. I found another chair, and I fell to admiring the cathedral again. But this time I think it was with a difference, — a difference which may serve as an excuse for the triviality of my anecdote. Other old gentlemen in red capes emerged from the sacristy and went into the choir; presently, when there were half a dozen, they began to chant, and I perceived that the impending vespers had been the reason of my expulsion. This was highly proper, and I forgave the beadle; but I was not as happy as before, for my thoughts had passed out of the architectural channel into — what shall I say? — into the political. Here they found nothing so sweet to feed upon. It was the 5th of October; ten days later the elections for the new Chamber were to take place, — the Chamber which was to replace the Assembly dissolved on the 16th of May by Marshal MacMahon, on a charge of "latent" radicalism. Stranger though one was, it was impossible not to be greatly interested in the triumph of the republican cause; it was impossible not to sympathize with this supreme effort of a brilliant and generous people to learn the lesson of national self-control and self-government. It was impossible, by the same token, not to have noted and detested the alacrity with which the Catholic party had rallied to the reactionary cause, and the unction with which the clergy had converted itself into the electioneering agents of Bonapartism. The clergy was giving daily evidence of its devotion to arbitrary rule and to every iniquity that shelters itself behind the mask of "authority." These had been frequent and irritating reflections; they lurked in the folds of one's morning paper. They came back to me in the midst of that tranquil grandeur of Rheims, as I listened to the droning of the old gentlemen in the red capes. Some of the canons, it was painful to observe, had not been punctual; they came hurrying out of the sacristy after the service had begun. They looked like amiable and venerable men; their chanting and droning, as it spread itself under the great arches, was not disagreeable to listen to; I could certainly bear them no grudge. But their presence there was distracting

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and vexatious; it had spoiled my enjoyment. It had set me thinking of the activity and vivacity of the great organization to which they belonged, and of all the odious things it would have done before the 15th of October. To what base uses do we come at last! It was this same organization that had erected the magnificent structure which I had just been admiring, and which had then seemed an image of generosity and benignant power. Such an edifice might at times make one feel tenderly sentimental toward the Catholic church, — make one remember how many of the great achievements of the past we owe to her. To lapse gently into this state of mind seemed indeed always, while one strolled about a great cathedral, a proper recognition of its hospitality; but now I had lapsed gently out of it, and it was one of the exasperating elements of the situation that I felt, in a manner, called upon to decide how far such a lapse was unbecoming. I found myself even extending the question a little and picturing to myself that conflict which must often occur at such a moment as the present — which is actually going on, doubtless, in many thousands of minds — between the actively, practically liberal instinct and what one may call the historic, æsthetic sense, the sense upon which old cathedrals lay a certain palpable obligation. How far should a lover of old cathedrals let his hands be tied by the sanctity of their traditions? How far should he let his imagination bribe him, as it were, from action? This of course is a question for each man to answer for himself; but as I sat listening to the drowsy old canons of Rheims, I was visited, I don't know why, by a kind of revelation of the wholesome enmity which an ardent European liberal must feel at the present moment to the Catholic church. I understood how he must be intent upon war to the death; how that must seem the most sacred of all duties. Can anything, in the line of action for such a man, be more sacred? I asked myself; and can any instruments be too trenchant? I raised my eyes again to the dusky splendor of the upper aisles and measured their enchanting perspective, and it was with a sense of doing them full justice that I gave my fictive liberal my good wishes.

This little operation restored my equanimity, so that I climbed several hundred steps and wandered lightly over the roof of the cathedral. Climbing into cathedral towers and gaping at the size of the statues that look small from the street has always seemed to me a rather brutal pastime; it is not the proper way to treat a beautiful building; it is like holding one's nose so close to a picture that one sees only the grain of the canvas. But when once I had emerged into the upper wilderness of Rheims the discourse of a very urbane and appreciative old bell-ringer, whom I found lurking behind one of the gigantic knobs of the ornamentation, gave an æsthetic complexion to what would otherwise have been a rather vulgar feat of gymnastics. It was very well to see what a great cathedral is made of, and in these high places of the immensity of Rheims I found the matter very impressively illustrated. I wandered for half an hour over endless expanses of roof, along the edge of sculptured abysses, through hugely-timbered attics and chambers that were in themselves as high as great churches. I stood knee-high to strange images, of unsuspected proportions, and I followed the topmost staircase of one of the towers, which curls upward like the groove of a corkscrew and gives you at the summit a hint of how a sailor feels at the masthead. The ascent was worth making to learn the fullness of beauty of the church, the solidity and perfection, the mightiness of arch and buttress, the latent ingenuity of detail. At the angles of the balustrade which ornaments the roof of the choir are perched a series of huge sitting eagles, which from below, as you look up at them, produce a great effect. They are immense, grim-looking birds, and the sculptor has given to each of them a pair of very neatly carved human legs, terminating in talons. Why did he give them human legs? Why did he indulge in this ridiculous conceit? I am unable to say, but the conceit afforded

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me pleasure. It seemed to tell of an imagination always at play, fond of the unexpected and delighting in its labor.

Apart from its cathedral Rheims is not an interesting city. It has a prosperous, modern, mercantile air. The streets look as if at one time M. Haussmann, in person, may have taken a good deal of exercise in them; they prove, however, that a French provincial town may be a wonderfully fresh, clean, comfortable-looking place. Very different is the aspect of the ancient city of Laon, to which you may, by the assistance of the railway, transfer yourself from Rheims in a little more than an hour. Laon is full of history, and the place, as you approach it, reminds you of a quaint wood-cut in the text of an ancient folio. Out of the midst of a smiling plain rises a goodly mountain, and on the top of the mountain is perched the old feudal *commune*, from the centre of which springs, with infinite majesty, the many-towered cathedral. At Laon you are in the midst of old France; it is one of the most interesting chapters of the past. Ever since reading, in M. Guizot's History of Civilization, the story of the dramatic struggle for municipal independence waged by this ardent little city against its feudal and ecclesiastical lords, I had had the feeling that Laon was worthy of a visit. All the more so that her two hundred years of civic fermentation had been vainly spent, and that in the early part of the fourteenth century she had been disfranchised without appeal. M. Guizot's readers will remember the really thrilling interest of the story which he has selected as the most complete and typical among those of which the records of the mediæval communities are full; the complications and fluctuations of the action, its brilliant episodes, its sombre, tragic *dénoûment*. I did not visit Laon with M. Guizot's several volumes in my pockets, nor had I any other store of historic tests for reference; but a vague notion of the vigorous manner in which for a couple of centuries the stubborn little town had attested its individuality supplied my observations with a harmonious background. Nothing can well be more picturesque than the position of this interesting city. If one has been something of a traveler one has learned to know a "good" place at a glance. The moment Laon became visible from the window of the train I perceived that Laon was good. And then I had the word for it of an extremely agreeable young officer of artillery, who shared my railway carriage in coming from Rheims, and who spoke with an authority borrowed from three years of garrison life on that windy hill-top. He affirmed that the only recreation it afforded was a walk round the ramparts which encircle the town; people went down the hill as little as possible, — it was such a dreadful bore to come up again. But he declared, nevertheless, that, as an intelligent tourist, I should be enchanted with the place; that the cathedral was magnificent, the view of the great surrounding country a perpetual entertainment, and the little town full of originality. After I had spent a day there I thought of this pleasant young officer and his familiar walk upon the city wall; he gave a point to my inevitable reflections upon the degree to which at the present hour, in France, the front of the stage is occupied by the army. Inevitable reflections, I say, because the net result of any little tour that one may make just now is a vivid sense of red trousers and cropped heads. Wherever you go you come upon a military quarter, you stumble upon a group of young citizens in uniform. It is always a pretty spectacle; they enliven the scene; they touch it here and there with a spot of color. But this is not the whole of the matter, and when you have admired the picturesqueness of a standing army of a million of men, you fall to wondering how a country can afford to wear so expensive an ornament. It must be a very uncomfortable bedfellow. How do the young men bear it; how does France bear it; how long will she be able to keep it up? Every young Frenchman, on reaching maturity, has to give up five years of his life to this bristling Minotaur of military service. (There are a few exceptions

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to this rule: some young men may serve but a year if they choose to anticipate their term and pay a certain sum of money; others — a few in number — may draw lots entailing but a year's service. But there remains, for all alike, the long term of service in the reserve.) It is hard for Americans to understand how life is arranged among people who come into the world with this heavy mortgage upon the freshest years of their strength; it seems like drinking the wine of life from a vessel with a great leak in the bottom. Is such a *régime* inspiring, or is it demoralizing? Is the effect of it to quicken the sentiment of patriotism, the sense of the dangers to which one's country is exposed and of what one owes to the common cause, or to take the edge from all ambition that is not purely military, to force young men to say that there is no use trying, that nothing is worth beginning, and that a young fellow condemned to pay such a tax as that has a right to refund himself any way he can? Reminded as one is at every step of the immensity of the military burden of France, the most interesting point seems to me not its economical but its moral bearing. Its effect upon the finances of the country may be accurately computed; its effect upon the character of the young generation is more of a mystery. As a sentimental tourist wanders of an autumn afternoon upon the planted rampart of an ancient town and meets young soldiers strolling in couples or leaning against the parapet and looking off at the quiet country, he is apt to take the more genial view of the dreadful trade of arms. He feels like saying that it teaches its votaries something that is worth knowing and yet is not learned in several other trades, — the hardware, say, or the dry goods business. Five years is a good deal to ask of a young life as a sacrifice; but the sacrifice is in some ways a gain. Certainly, apart from the question of material defense, it may be said that no European nation, at present, can afford, morally, not to pass her young men, the hope of the country, through the military mill. It does for them something indispensable: it toughens, hardens, solidifies them; gives them an ideal of honor, of some other possibility in life than making a fortune. A country in which the other trades I spoke of have it all their own way appears, in comparison, less rich in the stuff her sons are made of.

So I mused, as I strolled in the afternoon along the charming old city wall at Laon; and if my meditations seem a trifle cynical, I must say in justice that I had been a good while coming to them. I had done a great many things first. I had climbed up the long straight staircase which has been dropped like a scaling-ladder from one of the town-gates to the bottom of the hill. Laon still has her gates as she still has her wall, and one of these, the old Porte d'Ardon, is a really precious relic of mediæval architecture. I had repaired to the sign of the *Hure* — a portrait of this inhospitable beast is swung from the front of the inn — and bespoken a lodging; I had spent a long time in the cathedral, in it and before it, beside it, behind it; I had walked all over the town, from the citadel, at one end of the lofty plateau on which it stands, to the artillery barracks and the charming old church of St. Martin at the other. The cathedral of Laon has not the elaborate grandeur of that of Rheims; but it is a very noble and beautiful church. Nothing can be finer than its position; it would set off any church to stand on such a hill-crest. Laon has also a façade of many sculptures, which, however, has suffered greater violence than that of Rheims, and is now being carefully and delicately restored. Whole figures and bas-reliefs have lately been replaced by exact imitations in that fresh white French stone which looks at first like a superior sort of plaster. They were far gone, and I suppose the restorer's hand was imperiously called for. I do not know that it has been too freely used. But half the charm of Laon is the magnificent coloring of brownish, weather-battered gray which it owes to the great exposure of its position, and it will be many a year before the chalky scars and

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patches will be wrought into dusky harmony with the rest of the edifice. Fortunately, however, they promise to be not very numerous; the principal restorations have taken place inside. I know not what all this labor costs; but I was interested in learning from the old bell-ringer at Rheims that the sum voted by the Chamber for furbishing up his own church was two millions of francs, to be expended during ten years. That is what it is to have "national monuments" to keep up. One is apt to think of the fourteenth century as a rather ill-appointed and comfortless period; but the fact that at the present time the mere repairs of one of its buildings cost forty thousand dollars a year would indicate that the original builders had a great deal of money to spend. The cathedral of Laon was intended to be a wonderful cluster of towers, but only two of these ornaments — the couple above the west front — have been carried to a great altitude; the pedestals of the rest, however, detach themselves with much vigor, and contribute to the complicated and somewhat fantastic look which the church wears at a distance, and which makes its great picturesqueness. The finished towers are admirably light and graceful; with the sky shining through their large interstices they suggest an imitation of timber in masonry. They have one very quaint feature: from their topmost portions, at each angle, certain carven heads of oxen peep forward with a startling naturalness, — a tribute to the patient, powerful beasts who dragged the material of the building up the long zigzags of the mountain. We perhaps treat our dumb creatures better to-day than was done five hundred years ago; but I doubt whether a modern architect, in settling his accounts, would have "remembered," as they say, the oxen.

The whole precinct of the cathedral of Laon is picturesque. There is a charming Palais de Justice beside it, separated from it by a pleasant, homely garden, in which, as you walk about, you have an excellent view of the towering back and sides of the great church. The Palais de Justice, which is an ancient building, has a fine old Gothic arcade, and on the other side, directly upon the city wall, a picturesque, irregular rear, with a row of painted windows, through which, from the *salle d'audience*, the judge on the bench and the prisoner in the dock may enjoy a prospect, admonitory, inspiring, or depressing, as the case may be, of the expanded country. This great sea-like plain that lies beneath the town on all sides constitutes, for Laon, a striking resemblance to those Italian cities — Siena, Volterra, Perugia — which the traveler remembers so fondly as a dark silhouette lifted high against a glowing sunset. There is something Italian, too, in the mingling of rock and rampart in the old foundations of the town, and in the generous verdure in which these are muffled. At one end of the hill-top the plateau becomes a narrow ridge, — the slope makes a deep indentation which contributes to the effect of a thoroughly Italian picture. A line of crooked little red-roofed houses stands on the edge of this indentation, with their feet in the tangled verdure that blooms in it; and above them rises a large, florid, deserted-looking church, which you may be sure has a little empty, grass-grown, out-of-the-way Place before it. Almost opposite, on another spur of the hill, the gray walls of a suppressed convent peep from among the trees. I fancied I was at Perugia.

There came in the evening to the inn of the Hure a very worthy man who had vehicles to hire. The Hure was a decidedly provincial hostelry, and I compared it mentally with certain English establishments of a like degree, of which I had lately had observation. In England I should have had a waiter in an old evening suit and a white cravat, who would have treated me to cold meat and bread and cheese. There would have been a musty little inn parlor and probably a very good fire in the grate, and the festally-attired waiter would have been my sole entertainer. At Laon I was in perpetual intercourse with the landlord and his wife and a large body of easy-going, conversational domestics.

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Our intercourse was carried on in an old darksome stone kitchen, with shining copper vessels hanging all over the walls, in which I was free to wander about and take down my key in one place and rummage out my candlestick in another, while the domestics sat at table eating *pot au feu*. The landlord cooked the dinner; he wore a white cap and apron; he brought in the first dish at the *table d'hôte*. Of course there was a table d'hôte, with several lamps and a long array of little dessert-dishes, for the benefit of two commercial travelers, who tucked their napkins into their necks, and the writer of these lines. Every country has its manners. In England the benefits — whatever they are — represented by the evening dress of the waiter would have been most apparent; in France one was more sensible of the blessings of which the white cap and apron of the host were a symbol. In England, certainly, one is treated more like a gentleman. It is true that in traveling, sometimes, all that one asks is to be treated simply as a person with an appetite. But I am forgetting my dispenser of vehicles, concerning whom, however, and whose large red cheeks and crimson cravat, I have left myself room to say no more than that they were witnesses of a bargain that I should be driven early on the morrow morning, in an "Américaine," to the Château de Coucy. The Américaine proved to be a vehicle of which I should not have been eager to claim the credit for my native land; but with the aid of a ragged but resolute little horse, and a driver so susceptible as regards his beast's appearance that, referring to the exclamation of dismay with which I had greeted it, he turned to me at the end of each successive kilometre with a rancorous "*Now* do you say he can't go?" — with these accessories, I say, it conveyed me more than twenty miles. It was entertaining to wind down the hill-side from Laon in the early morning of a splendid autumn day; to dip into the glistening plain, all void of hedges and fences and sprinkled with light and dew; to jog along the straight white roads, between the tall, thin poplars; to rattle through the half-waked villages and past the orchards heavy with sour-looking crimson apples. The Château de Coucy is a well-known monument; it is one of the most considerable ruins in France, and it is in some respects the most extraordinary. As you come from Laon a turn in the road suddenly, at last, reveals it to you. It is still at a distance; you will not reach it for half an hour; but its huge white donjon stands up like some gigantic light-house at sea. Coucy is altogether on a grand scale, but this colossal central tower is a real architectural phenomenon. As M. Viollet-le-Duc says, it seems to have been built by giants for a race of giants. The very quaint little town of Coucy-le-Château nestles at the foot of this strange, half-substantial, half-spectral structure; it was, together with a goodly part of the neighboring country, the feudal appanage of those terrible lords who erected the present indestructible edifice, and whose "boastful motto" (I quote from Murray) was

> "Roi je ne suis
> Prince ni comte aussi;
> Je suis le Sire de Coucy."

Coucy is a sleepy little borough, still girdled with its ancient wall, entered by its old gate-ways, and supported on the verdurous flanks of a hill-top. I interviewed the host of the Golden Apple in his kitchen; I breakfasted — *ma foi, fort bien*, as they would say in the indigenous tongue — in his parlor; and then I visited the château, which is at five minutes' walk. This very interesting ruin is the property of the state, and the state is represented by a very civil and intelligent woman, who divests the trade of custodian of almost all its grossness. Any feudal ruin is a charming affair, and Coucy has much of the sweet melancholy of its class. There are four great towers, connected by a massive curtain and inclosing the tremendous donjon of which I just now spoke. All this is very crumbling and silvery; the inclosure is a tangle of wild verdure, and the pigeons perch upon the inaccessible battlements as picturesquely as could be desired. But the place lacked, to my sense, the

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peculiar softness and venerableness, the ivied mellowness, of a great English ruin. At Couey there is no ivy to speak of; the climate has not caressed and embroidered the rugged masses of stone. This is what I meant by speaking of the famous donjon as spectral; the term is an odd one to apply to an edifice whose walls are thirty-four feet thick; its vast, pale surface has not a speck or stain, not a clinging weed or a creeping vine. It looks like a tower of ivory.

I took my way from Coucy to the ancient town of Soissons, where I found another cathedral, from which I think I extracted all the entertainment it could legitimately yield. There is little other to be had at Soissons, in spite of the suggestiveness of its name, which is redolent of history and local color. The truth is, I suppose, that Soissons looks so new precisely because she is so old. She is in her second youth; she has renewed herself. The old city was worn out; it could no longer serve; it has been replaced. The new one is a quiet, rather aristocratic-looking little *ville de province*, — a collection of well-conditioned, sober-faced abodes of gentility, with high-walled gardens behind them and very carefully closed *porte-cochères* in front. Occasionally a porte-cochère opens; an elderly lady in black emerges and paces discreetly away. An old gentleman has come to the door with her. He is comfortably corpulent; he wears gold spectacles and embroidered slippers. He looks up and down the dull street, and sees nothing at all; then he retires, closing the porte-cochère very softly and firmly. But he has stood there long enough to give an observant stranger the impression of a cautious provincial *bourgeoisie* that has a solid fortune well invested, and that marries its daughters only for a rigidly measured equivalent. This latter ceremony, however, whenever it occurs, probably takes place in the cathedral, and though resting on a prosaic foundation must borrow a certain grace from that charming building. The cathedral of Soissons has a statueless front and only a single tower; but it is full of something that I was on the point of calling natural elegance.

Henry James, Jr.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART II.

III.

DETMOLD.

It was true, as gayly intimated by Hyson on the evening of the rencontre at the Café Dante, that another motive than interest in the Old World for its own sake had brought Detmold to Europe. Not that this interest was not genuine and powerful, but he had his own way to make; and unless his cooler judgment had been overborne by an impulse too strong to resist, he would not have yielded to it and postponed by just so much his progress towards an established standing in the profession he had chosen. This impulse was at first only an unceasing desire to be again within sight and sound of a beautiful girl who had taken his fancy captive. He was not willing that Alice should add to the countless respects in which she was already his superior that of foreign travel, in which upon her return he could have no sympathetic associations in common with her. There would also be a satisfaction, even if a painful one, in observ-

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ing what effect was being produced by the new and varied scenes in which she was now immersed, adverse to hopes which, although for reasons to be explained he dared not unreservedly cherish, he could not bring himself wholly to abandon. This first impulse developed into a settled and all-absorbing plan.

The young architect, shortly after his first arrival and settlement at Lakeport, had met Alice in some of its social gayeties. She was tall, charmingly dressed, soft and melodious in speech, and of engaging manners. She seemed capable of being a belle of the most despotic sort, had she chosen, as she apparently did not, to make a coquettish use of her powers. What especially attracted him was an eminently lady-like carriage and an air of being permeated through and through with refined and elegant influences. It affected him like a delicate perfume. He could estimate such adventitious circumstances at their true value, and refused to yield to baseness and pretense any greater respect on account of them. But to real worth they added, in his view, such an enhancement as is given by human skill even to materials in themselves the most rare. There had been harsh facts in his own life which caused him to attach an extraordinary preciousness to cultivated and perfected beauty, from familiarity with which he had been too much shut out.

He was introduced at the house of the Starfields, as at many others, by college classmates, who were glad to renew an old acquaintance that had been pleasant.

They welcomed him to Lakeport, and extended to him as far as lay in their power its hospitalities. He made a quietly agreeable impression and was well received.

It was a comfortable, spacious home, furnished in accordance with the taste of a merchant who aimed at a becoming solidity instead of the complicated flimsiness much affected by his neighbors. There were good servants, horses of the best stock, a trifle too fat, and conveyances of numerous styles.

The head of the house, wherever mentioned, was recognized on the instant as one of the foremost men of his city. He was identified with most of its important industries. He presided over numerous banks and companies, over the board of trade, and meetings to raise volunteers and to alleviate the distress of grasshopper sufferers. If a few persons of eminent responsibility were wanted for park or water board, or commissioners of the public debt, he was invariably of the number. He had declined political preferments, but in the prodigality of titles which it is even more our passion to delight to bestow than to solicit, he had not escaped a complimentary prefix. He was spoken of in the press and on public occasions as "Honorable." He was wont to indulge in the good-natured sarcasm at the politicians that he was called Honorable because he had never held an office.

His wife was a stout lady, of genial manners and excellent management, in virtue of which the household affairs ran smoothly. Alice was the youngest child of a considerable family, most of whom were now married and domiciled in the neighborhood of their home, at which they were frequent visitors. It was known by but a few that Alice was not the own child of the Starfields. She was in fact an adopted daughter, taken, it was vaguely understood where anything of the matter was known, from some distant relatives in reduced circumstances. But it was something of such long standing — she had been received into the family at so early an age — that it was practically unknown abroad and almost forgotten at home.

A coincidence of tastes contributed to facilitate the acquaintance between Alice and Detmold. It had been the plan of Mr. Starfield, in order to provide against the contingencies to which the best secured fortunes are subject, that each of his children should attain a measure of proficiency in some pursuit by which it would be possible, if necessity required, to procure a living. Alice had chosen painting. Detmold was able to give her some hints and assistance upon technical

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points from experience of his own in the same department. She painted coldly, in accordance, as he sometimes thought from other indications, with a constitutional tendency. He endeavored to infuse more warmth into her coloring. She showed a fondness for going thoroughly to the bottom of things, and made perspective and anatomical drawings which her circle of acquaintances considered astonishing and eccentric. Detmold's admiration did not blind him to the fact that, though an interested student, she was not a genius, and that her labors were not likely to result in the production of masterpieces. But what did it matter? Bent above her easel she was herself a charming picture. The most accomplished painter could have designed nothing more agreeable.

It was in this comfortable home, well warmed, clad in delicate raiment, sheltered from every rude shock under the protecting ægis of a parent who was a power in the community, that Detmold first saw Alice at the age of twenty-three. He was one year her senior. When he found himself, even in his dreams, planning to bear her away to share his own precarious fortunes, he checked himself with a sense of cruelty, but even more decidedly with a recognition of what he considered the decree of an unpropitious destiny. There were reasons why, although he dearly loved her, he could allow himself no thought of the consummation for which ordinary lovers hope. Nothing so surely as any steps towards a formal marriage would throw a flood of publicity upon a subject into which he shunned inquiry with a dread that amounted to horror. Over this amiable young man of a poetic and ambitious nature there had hung, from his cradle, a shadow. It was not the lighter because it had rarely been penetrated by any about him, but rather the heavier by so much as the apprehension of disgrace is more painful than its reality. The secret, whatever its nature, was connected with his birth and parentage. No reference to these subjects or to his early youth ever escaped him. His sensitiveness was continually upon the alert, and even those reminiscences of others, so common in every-day conversation, which bore in this direction caused him alarm and embarrassment. His secret dragged upon him and hampered the full manifestation of his excellent powers as heavy garments impede the action of an accomplished swimmer. There was a distance within which the most cordial advances made to him could not reach. He felt himself, with a sense of self-reproach varying in intensity but never wholly absent, a hypocrite and a pretender. Was he sure that if all were known, exhibitions of friendship would not be replaced by coldness and disgust? It was this feeling — by no means abated by a contemplation of the inequality of their fortunes — that determined Detmold's early admiration for Alice into a worship which was an object in itself and had no expectation of anything beyond.

Let us see upon how tangible a basis this morbid sensibility rested. He was the son of a man of prominence in a small Western community, whither after his first departure from it for his Eastern schooling he seldom repaired. It was an Illinois city of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. Such a town is little more than a good-sized family. Each resident knows familiarly the concerns of all the others.

The elder Detmold was a thick-set, vigorous man, rather rustically dressed, and not above sitting upon a box or bale in his store of general supplies and conversing affably with all comers. Had you asked for an account of him you would have learned that he paid dollar for dollar, his credit was unexceptionable, he adhered both to the letter and the spirit of his obligations. In the inquisitorial reports of the commercial agencies his hieroglyphic was E. 1. It denotes an estimated capital of from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and the highest credit. He took advantage of no one; he subscribed to charities both public and private. He was a man of education and original refinement. But upon this square-dealing merchant, with sometimes a humorous

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twinkle and sometimes a sad light in his gray eye, rested an ineffaceable stigma, — the stigma of crime years and years remote, bitterly atoned for, forgiven but never forgotten. Four and twenty years before he had violated the law and suffered its heavy penalty. With a strange perversity he had returned, when the prison gates were opened, with his wife and a child born during his absence, to his former home. Where he had lost his reputation and sinned and been subjected to shame, he chose to recover it. The step was looked upon with indignation as an open defiance of public decency. He was alone; his former partner and companion in guilt, who had escaped sentence, had disappeared. The returned convict set to work at the humblest occupations. He became a day-laborer in the streets. Any becomingness of dress or habits of ease in which he had once indulged were discarded. He rose to be an employer of labor, and in course of time became a leading contractor. He built roads, streets, sewers, bridges, and, later, even railways. He was said to pay his men better wages, treat them more considerately, and perform his work with more scrupulous exactness than any of his competitors.

Good-natured gentlemen, tipped back in office chairs, away from the sterner morality of their women, admitted his virtues freely, and held that there was no telling what any man might do under strong enough temptation. No one abstained from the fullest business relations with him. A few at last opened their doors socially to him and his wife; but in spite of the best intentions these advances were made so much a merit of, and served so forcibly to draw attention to what was withheld, that they were more painful than pleasant, and were rarely accepted. These long years of steadfast integrity and close observance were rewarded with popular respect, but oblivion could not be purchased. Newcomers to Marburg rarely lost the story of Detmold's fall, not told out of malice, but idly, for the sake of the surprise which it never failed to elicit. The husband and wife, long habituated to the situation in all its phases, bore it at last calmly and without pain.

Not so the child born to them in the first agony of disgrace, within the shade of the prison walls. He was permeated wholly with the bitter essence of the time and place. By a species of remorseless equilibrium, as the parents grew gravely reconciled to their lot, they saw the child become shiveringly sensitive to the slightest breath of disrepute. In the unhappy early days before a long martyrdom had caused any portion of the offense to be condoned, he learned that his father "had worn striped clothes" and was a "jail-bird." In the taunts of some of his playmates and the holding aloof of others he saw a wall raised up about him which seemed to exclude him from association with his kind. Hide as he would in the deepest recesses of his home, he could not wholly avoid idle words which filled him with rage and anguish. To escape this unhappiness, which renewed again the suffering of his parents, the boy was sent almost continuously to distant schools. The story followed dimly even there, and came after long respites to impair and cripple the growing confidence which he gained from association with his fellows upon equal terms. The secret became the central fact, and dread of its disclosure the absorbing fear, of his life. It lay in the midst of consciousness like one of those dark tarns upon an Alpine pass, into which the brightness of the surrounding snows lapses and is dissipated.

Castelbarco, who was his schoolmate in these days, heard with others from the lips of some malicious or heedless urchin the tale of Detmold's father's crime, with none of the mitigating circumstances of the history.

As Detmold grew older and was surrounded by reasoning persons, who, if they knew his secret, were rarely capable of using it to wound him, he took more heart. At his Eastern university — for his father with a kind of bravado had determined to give him advantages which few or none of the other youth of the vicinity enjoyed — he won honors,

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engaged in manly exercises, made friendships, and had no external reminders of the disgrace which rested so darkly upon his antecedents. He reflected much in what honor and shame to the individual consist. He found it just that society should place a premium upon honesty and virtue by visiting with opprobrium the criminal, and perhaps even his descendants. For himself he saw no refuge except in a continuance of his policy of concealment. He came forth with a character deeply tinged by his peculiar sorrow, but disciplined, accomplished, and in many ways well equipped for the strife of every-day existence.

He was now to choose a profession. His father's preference was the law. He would have had him return with his Eastern accomplishments to electrify the whole section round about, and make the name synonymous with marked ability and honor as it now was with odium. But the young man wished rather to settle in some distant locality, where even the name of his town should never be heard of. He confessed this feeling to his father, and implored him, as he had often done before, to remove from a scene where they had all suffered so much. This the elder Detmold could not or would not do. Whether it was, as is probable, that his property interests were so vested that they could not be removed; or that, so long past the age when change has any attractions, he shrank from entering upon new scenes and pursuits; or that, in fine, he believed in the entire reconciliation of public sentiment to himself and desired to pursue to a round and even completion the course he had marked out for himself, he refused to entertain the idea. He even hoped that in process of time the acute sensitiveness of his son and his aversion to his home would be outgrown.

The law was not to the taste of Detmold. He chose engineering, one of those professions in which it seemed more possible to do humanity a tangible service, and in which some skill with his pencil and the mechanical aptitude which he possessed, would come in play. But very early in the course of his studies at New York he made the acquaintance of some accomplished young architects, and examined their works. The union of the useful with the beautiful in this occupation greatly attracted him. The draughtsmanship of engineering is cold, and its achievements appeal to no sentiment but that of utility. But here was room for unlimited ingenuity of contrivance, with full opportunities for the indulgence of æsthetic inspirations.

He fell in with instructors and associates who were even more thoroughly artists than architects. They were mediævalists, and believed the thirteenth century the golden age of the world's existence. Their prophet was Ruskin, and their temple the Cà d'Oro at Venice. They had sketches by a so-called pre-Raphaelite school of artists upon their walls, and upon their book-shelves the works of the poets Rossetti and William Morris, with little vases painted by hand, and mosaics of Salviati. Their plans were not simply aids to putting up satisfactory buildings. Each was a picture, with its lights, shades, and calculated effects. Soft and harmonious washes, the most pleasing projection of shadows, the effect of mats and various mountings, the character of frames, — often painted in person, with conventional ornaments, — were made objects of research.

Detmold learned to design cottages for Newport and villas for the suburban towns as irregular and delicate as castles in Spain. He gave them diamond window panes fixed in leaden sashes. The shadows lingered softly under their spacious porches; their fantastic gables and chimneys were projected against pale-blue cirrus skies or banks of piled-up thunder clouds. In the foreground he placed tall figures in dreamy attitudes. His father during this time made him an allowance which would have been munificent at home, but in the metropolis needed to be husbanded with careful economy.

It may be imagined that coming with such a training to Lakeport, a thriving city intensely devoted to money-getting, and largely settled by self-made people of the first generation, Detmold did not

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seem to fall at once into his proper groove.

His competitors here were mainly master-builders, who took contracts and were in the habit of furnishing the plans free of charge. Others were scarcely more than builders' brokers, who made nominal charges to their patrons for architectural services, but derived their real profit from the mechanics in whose favor they were able to influence contracts. Detmold adopted none of these methods, and his progress was correspondingly slow. It is likely that this was not due to the refinement of his ideas so much as to a deficiency in push and bluster. There is evidence to show that the most rough-and-ready business men are not intractable in these matters if rightly managed. Had Detmold properly asserted himself and advertised his importance, Lakeport would have been ready enough to adopt his notions, and place its churches, banks, and schoolhouses in his hands, to do what he pleased with. Still, he was a hard and persevering worker, and there was little doubt of his ultimate success. He entered into competitions for court-houses, hospitals, and jails, — lingering upon the details of the last with a gloomy ingenuity and tenderness. In the second year of his stay he made almost a thousand dollars. In the next two there was a falling off.

During these years, with all the celerity of transit that brings the remotest points together, and the multiplied possibilities of disclosure in other ways, Detmold rested undisturbed. The Illinois city in which his secret was hidden lay to the southward of the most direct routes to Lakeport, and had no commercial relations with it. Neither visitors nor rumors arrived to aggravate his ever alert sense of distrust. The better society of the place received him without misgivings, and he participated freely in its diversions. He used his opportunities as much as possible to be brought into contact with Alice. He was often in her drawing room; he walked and rode and made sketches with her, touched her hand in the dance, and sat by her side when passing companies, on their way to and from the metropolis, gave in the theatre of the place the popular music and dramas of the day. He endeavored by small gifts or the contrivance of some surprise to keep her always in mind of him. His friends bantered him a little about his preference. It was even said by the gossips, who invent such things upon a very slight basis, that they were engaged. Even the faint connection established by this rumor filled him with delight. Alice, if she heard it too, paid it no manner of attention. He had known her to say that if one were incommoded by such reports it would be necessary to abandon nearly all one's friends.

There was in truth no basis for it. The intercourse of Alice and Detmold during the three years of their acquaintance was never free from a trace of constraint. He recognized sadly that it arose from his own want of candor, the influence of the mystery in which he believed himself compelled to shroud his previous career. Their discourse rarely touched upon the warmer sentiments. It was purely friendly, and slightly formal when most at ease.

There were young men who had been her early playmates, the sons of families of the neighborhood, whom she addressed by their first names, and with whom she sometimes even romped a little. Detmold envied them this frank and careless daylight of publicity, shining through lives that had nothing to conceal.

Then came the departure for Europe. It was rather suddenly resolved upon, and brought up standing all his vague fancies and desires. Alice was to travel with friends from another city and pursue artistic studies, as well as might be, in London, Dresden, and Rome. In the following year her parents were to join her. In the last moments previous to her departure, the usual causes which sealed the lips of Detmold were reinforced by others. Had he chosen to speak then, as in his pain at losing her he could hardly refrain from doing, it is probable that in the excitement of the preparations and her vivid anticipations of the

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novel pleasures awaiting her his application would have met with less than ordinary consideration. He sent her flowers and also a pretty color brush with a silver handle, of which she made use in her studies, where it stood him in good stead as a memento.

She sailed away with the impression that he was simply one of a large number of people who had been kind to her, and to whom she was very much obliged. Nothing had transpired especially to distinguish him from the rest. In a round of new experiences she forgot him a thousand times for one that she thought of him.

Detmold saw the train bear her away upon the track, which seemed to lengthen out in limitless perspective, converging at last in the Eternal City, and then turned back to his affairs with a heavy heart. He ventured, after a time, to write to her. He would have had the words of his letter convey, if possible, more than their unaided meanings, — something tender and intense which he did not dare to say. In reality it was a guarded and respectful letter, from which nothing could have been inferred but a moderate friendship. Her reply, after a considerable delay, was a pretty note, containing some mention of her journeys, the people she had met, and her delight with everything foreign, — the whole in a hand of such size that a large consumption of paper was involved in the telling of very little. There were one or two more letters on each side, Alice always withholding her replies a length of time which showed that the correspondence was not, with her, of an irresistibly engrossing nature.

Detmold heard much of her movements from her family, — her excursions to Hampton Court and to Windsor, her meetings with other travelers from Lakeport, the delights of Parisian shopping and the Louvre galleries, the strangeness of the hotels and pensions, the grandeur of the Alps, and the Florentine jewelry. Her presence amid these ancient and picturesque localities gave them in Detmold's estimation a warmth and inner brightness. They assumed a luminous quality which shone across the ocean and struck upon the retina of his imagination.

Nearly a year had elapsed; another spring was at hand, and the Starfields talked of their approaching departure. One day, after listening to their plans, an idea came to Detmold and moved him as if by sudden inspiration. It seemed to lift at last the embargo which a cruel destiny had placed upon his happiness. It was the reflection that it was possible to woo and win Alice beyond the seas, where the obstacles that were here so fatally potent had no existence. There his secret was not known. He could divine no source from which it could be disclosed. Such an account of his family as he might choose to give, provided the confidence and affection of Alice were secured, would be accepted. With her own near friends abroad also, there would be no one in a position to prosecute inquiries about his antecedents, even if disposed. As a traveler, the situation of his fortune, furthermore, was less open to question. The traveler who has wherewithal to pay his reckoning is for the time being on a par with the most opulent of the company.

Detmold deliberately purposed to marry Alice abroad if it were a possible thing. From such a purpose, with its after consequences, he had once shrunk as if from the perpetration of a cruelty. Did his adoption of it now indicate a decadence to a lower moral plane? Perhaps it was, under the stimulus of a dearly cherished desire, only the result of an increased trust in his own powers and in the favorable contingencies of the future. Decadence or not, it was an impetuous reaction. Had he not suffered long enough? It was a passionate resolve to be happy.

Circumstances favored his design. During the winter his father, who had met with some reverses in his affairs and perhaps feared worse, settled upon him, unsolicited, a few thousand dollars, determined that so much, at least, should be beyond the possibility of loss. It was this money that enabled him, contrary to the best judgment of the giver, to

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yield to the absorbing desire by which he was possessed. He wrote to Alice before he sailed, announcing his proposed journey, and expressing the hope that in the course of it he might have the good fortune to see her. In this letter, for the first time, he made a reference to his family and birthplace. He spoke of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, who had died some months before; of the advancing age of his father, and his goodness to him (Detmold); and of the little city and its progress, which he was confidently expecting, he said, would shortly make a few suburban acres he owned there preferable to corner lots in New York or San Francisco.

Such a mention, which might have been the most natural thing in the world from another, seemed to him, because of its lifting the weight of his immense reticence, something extraordinary. Why, she would ask, should he write to her of his family and his property, unless — Ah, yes, she would infer. He looked upon this letter as almost tantamount to a declaration. But all of its expressions were platonic and respectful. The most acute person could never have divined from it that the writer was setting off upon a journey of half the circumference of the globe, almost solely for the purpose of finding the young woman thus temperately addressed.

IV.

HIS JOURNEY.

High upon the backs of the sturdy ocean currents moved the tall steamer. Now a swirling chaos enveloped her, and again she traversed a surface scarcely vexed by a ripple. On days of calm, the life-boats and their tackle, the spars, smoke-stacks, awnings, the officer patrolling his bridge, the leadsman with his plumb, the spider-lines of the railings, every common object, projected against the azure field, was poetized. The sailors swung their weight upon the braces with fantastic measured chants. At times sea and sky blended without an outline, and the voyagers seemed pursuing their course with a sedate motion, in trackless space.

Detmold was separated by a waste of waters from the past, — from his secret and its embarrassments. His habitual inquietude was greatly soothed. He was moving towards a world of beauty and romance, in the midst of which bloomed a dear and charming figure surpassed in none of its traditions. Upon disembarking he proceeded without haste to the meeting with Alice. It added a fuller zest to every pleasure that a greater was in store whenever he chose to claim it. Besides, it was important to have seen something first, in order to talk intelligently with her. He reveled in the quaintness of Chester and Oxford, and even permitted himself some pedestrian excursions upon the foot-paths of Coventry, Warwick, and Stratford. The park-like country was in the first green of spring; lilac and hawthorn burdened the air with their fragrance.

There were always reminiscences of her. At Windsor the royal standard floated from the keep, as she had noted in her letter. At the school in London, where she had passed some time, he saw the Italian model dilated upon as a paragon of manly beauty. Detmold thought him a shock-headed, spindling young fellow, about whom, posing idly in an apartment full of energetic young women, there seemed something abnormal. He lingered some days amid the time-eaten masses of picturesqueness at Rouen. He sailed down the Seine to La Bouille, past the red and white villages, the orchards, the *châteaux* at the ends of formal avenues, the soldiers in sentry-boxes by the road, the meadows bordered with poplars which cast grayish-green reflections upon the silvery water, as in the canvases of Corot. Early in May he took his seat in a railway coach for Paris. He had seen in the journals that devote themselves to the doings of English and American travelers something of the movements of Alice. She had left Rome, with her party, after Easter, and was in Paris by the middle of April.

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The result of Detmold's reflections was a determination to make his proposal to Alice at the earliest feasible moment. It was quite uncertain when a period would be put to her sojourn abroad. True, her family were to join her, — their places by the steamer were already taken when he left, — and he knew that Alice had expressed a desire to remain another year. But nothing was certain: she might be ill, or called home by some unlooked-for event; the active temperament of her father would perhaps weary of sight-seeing after a few months, and she would be likely to return with him. Detmold could not expect to be invited to accompany her party in their travels, and to follow them about would create an unpleasant impression. All the arguments, therefore, counseled immediate action. The most favorable answer he dared expect was a promise to take time to deliberate. If it was to be unfavorable, the sooner it was over the better. Even if he was accepted there would need to be a considerable interval before the wedding, if indeed a wedding was to be thought of in Europe at all; but he relied for success, when it should come to this point, on the efficacy of an appeal to Alice's sense of romance, and on his own purpose, which he would then urge, of remaining abroad to engage in architectural studies. He made no doubt that from his letters, especially from the last, Alice was pretty well aware of his state of mind, and must have given to him and his intentions, and her own disposition in the matter, ample reflection.

In many a reverie of the ocean passage he tried to picture the circumstances under which the momentous declaration would be made. Perhaps it would be in some old gallery, over the treasures of which their admiration had kindled in common; perhaps by some ruin in mellow twilight; perhaps while driving on the shore of some beautiful lake, or floating in the evening upon its depths; perhaps on the veranda of some *chalêt* hotel, after a hard day's climb in the mountains. How should he phrase his speech to her? But such an artificial preparation seemed a desecration. All must be left to the impulse of the moment. She would be shy, she would refuse, she would hesitate, relent. Doubtless, if the poets be accurate in their accounts, a divine afflatus would take possession of him; he would talk and act under the influence of an inspiration which would destroy every obstacle and every shade of constraint. She was as precious to him — he loved her as dearly as the most ardent of the heroes of these poets their heroines. If this condition were fulfilled, why should any of the others be lacking? It was not to be expected that she should love him at the very start; he did not deserve anything of the sort. He was to win her affection by degrees, — by being very good to her, — by a life-long devotion, until it was all his.

As he drew near to Paris his journey, which had acted hitherto as a sedative, had now rather the effect of an insufficient anodyne upon a patient in fever. It stimulated instead of allaying. His heart beat violently at times. His agitation increased with each mile. It was his constitutional habit to dread the worst, and his fears now returned with redoubled force.

The train rolled into the Gare de l'Ouest shortly after noon, and he was in the heart of Paris. The activity of his mind developed in many directions an unnatural acuteness. He comprehended things intuitively, and spoke the language during these first few days better than ever afterwards. Waiting only to transfer his baggage to his hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, he hurried to the banker's for letters. There was a note from Alice, — in accordance with a request he had made her before sailing, — sent some time before from Rome and containing her address, nothing more. It was at a *pension* in the Rue Bassano. He thought it best to apprise her of his arrival. He sent a note by a *commissionaire*, saying that he had brought some small articles from her family and wished to do himself the honor to present them. Mademoiselle was not at home, and no answer was returned. He did not call the same evening but waited till the next.

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He devoted the interval to obtaining a preliminary idea of Paris. In twenty-four hours he had been, by all sorts of conveyances, in every part of it, from Montmartre to Montrouge, and from Bercy to Auteuil.

The following evening, in London-made clothes, of unusual becomingness, he went up the wide and animated avenue of the Champs Élysées to the Rue Bassano. There were several persons in the drawing-room of the pension. He scrutinized them curiously, and wished he could divine their relations to Alice. There were among the rest two young men, evidently inmates, whom he regarded with respect and hatred. Alice kept him waiting a few moments, and then rustled down in a charming toilette. The entrance to the drawing-room was by a central door. She balanced an instant upon the threshold, scanning the room, and then saw him and came forward with a pleasant greeting. Her identity and naturalness among all the strange accessories impressed him with a feeling as when one finds the face of a friend gazing out familiarly from an album picked up in some remote and incongruous place.

She talked pleasantly of her travels and adventures. Sometimes she stopped abruptly in the midst of a recital to asseverate that she would not utter another syllable until she had heard fuller details of Lakeport and her friends. Detmold found his agitation succeeded by ease and a sense of restfulness. He basked in her presence as in a delightful temperature.

She presented him to some of the persons he had speculated about, — they were chiefly ladies of an elderly or uncertain age, who seemed to be arbiters of their own destiny and to carry life very much in a satchel, — and to Madame the proprietress. Although these persons in turn, after engaging in a short conversation, went about their business to other parts of the room, there was little or no privacy left to Alice and Detmold. The provoking aspect of this was that it seemed to be of her own contriving. Detmold was to learn that there is a difference between American and Continental customs, and that it was the pleasure of Alice to subscribe to those among which she found herself. They included chaperonage, which rests upon the doctrine of the inherent unfitness of young women to be left alone. It would by no means do, under the eyes of the keen observers by whom she was surrounded, to fashion her conduct towards Detmold according to the provincial standards of Lakeport. There began to be speculations already as to whether the young man who talked to her so earnestly were not perhaps a lover pursuing her against the approbation of her parents — with whom she might possibly be preparing to elope.

She replied to the invitations which he pressed upon her at first, "It is not the custom."

He tried to rally her, and represented her subservience as evidence of a serious decline in patriotism.

"Let me remind you that your home is in the setting sun, Miss Alice," he said, lightly. "We ought to impose our fashions upon foreigners instead of adopting theirs. The effete despots of Europe undoubtedly rejoice with fiendish glee at our truckling to them, and Freedom shrieks every time she notices it."

"It is very likely, but that does not make it any the easier when you are in Rome to avoid doing as the rest of the Romans do."

"Then you cannot drive with me?"

"No."

"Nor walk?"

She gave a little negative shake of the head.

"Nor go with me to any of the theatres, nor even to the panorama?"

Another negative movement, with a deprecating smile.

Mrs. Mason Russell, of Lakeport, with her pretty daughter of thirteen, for the education of whom she was ostensibly residing abroad, entered the room. She came and joined them, and the interview was permanently interrupted. It was plain that Alice was a favorite. The child nestled by her on a sofa and put her arm about her.

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Alice was one of those slowly developing natures that remain young, if not always, at least long after their contemporaries. It might have been a constitutional trait in her that, although essentially feminine, she had been notably indifferent towards the other sex. As a young girl she had been content to make her plans of enjoyment with girls, without a thought that other companionship was to be desired. She had run away from her juvenile admirers, and later on had received even formal advances with puzzling and impolite treatment, the consequences of which it had sometimes taken all the tact of her sagacious mamma to repair. She was now at the age of twenty-seven. The full treasure of her affection, if treasure there were, was still in reserve, to be lavished upon him who should at last meet with the favor of her capricious choice.

As the youngest of many children she had been kept a good deal in leading-strings, and favored with liberal installments of what her mamma termed "sensible notions." In her childhood she had not been pretty. She had come to an apprehension of her own attractiveness slowly and with incredulity. It was some such causes as these, when Detmold first met her, that mingled a trace of simplicity and even diffidence in her manners, the more pleasing because it would never have been looked for in so radiant a figure.

Her residence of fourteen months abroad, with its freedom from the too searching criticisms of a large family circle, its demands for independent action, and its frequent contact with strangers, who had without exception found her charming and had taken little pains to conceal it, had not been without results. It had increased her self-reliance and perhaps added a touch of coquetry which Detmold, exerted as it was at his own expense, would not have spared any more than any other of the numberless items that went to make up the sum total of a wholly adorable composition.

During a fortnight in Paris he was baffled in every attempt to make the avowal with which his whole nature was burdened. He scarcely slept; at the table there was a choking in his throat, which refused food, and his heart acted abnormally. The first evening with her was not an unfavorable specimen of his experience throughout. Call when he would there were always others present. He went once with a party from the pension, by Mrs. Russell's invitation, by one of the miniature river steamers, the *bateaux-mouches*, to St. Cloud and the porcelain works of Sèvres. Again, they visited the Gobelin tapestries. Again, to obtain an insight into the amusements of less fashionable Paris, an evening was spent at a summer garden on the point of the island at the bridge of Henri Quatre. From this evening he hoped much. Perhaps Alice would stroll apart with him to watch the rush of the water by the parapets, or would be separated from the others involuntarily in the obscurity. But neither on this occasion nor any other was there afforded the slightest opening corresponding to his hopes.

Had Alice, then, already decided his case adversely? The inference would not be warranted while it was uncertain that her management to avoid being left alone with Detmold was not due to exaggerated deference to new standards of propriety, or to diffidence or coquetry, or indeed that there was management at all on her part, or anything further than the operation of the most ordinary fatalities. Should he postpone his purpose? What more favorable prospect offered either elsewhere or in the future?

Accident at length afforded an opportunity of which, unpropitious as it was, he availed himself. Instead of the fading twilights and tender seclusions he had pictured, it was the open street and glaring daylight. He encountered Alice returning alone to the Rue Bassano. She had been making some purchases in a shop on the grand avenue near by, with a companion who had been enticed away by others upon some small expedition which she did not care to join.

The young man asked leave to join her. She granted it with some nervousness. It is not certain that his purpose

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had been hitherto divined. If it had at all, it was only in the form of an improbable surmise, based upon his conduct during this period rather than upon anything in the past. His letters, in the efficacy of which he had so trustingly confided, had conveyed nothing. But now, before a word was spoken, it impressed itself upon her as if it radiated from him in tangible form. He would not have wondered if it had. It seemed to him to fill the atmosphere so that pedestrians blocks away might have been sensible of it.

Alice would have given much to avoid what was coming. She had never thought of him as a lover. She liked and respected him well enough, but no impulse moved her strongly either for or against him. How could she know that he was the husband she would desire and whom she supposed she was destined in the ordinary course of things to have! She was alone, too, in a strange world, without the point of support afforded by the presence of her family. She was not sure that she wished absolutely to refuse, but she could not by encouragement commit herself to future complications which might prove unwelcome. She was sensible of extreme embarrassment. The time and place added to it.

Detmold made an ardent beginning. He said that he had always loved her, and that he had come to Europe expressly upon this mission, because he could not keep away from her influence. Alice involuntarily quickened her step for an instant, when the subject was broached, then slackened it. Her replies were given in the most chilling monosyllables.

She must have had some idea of his feeling towards her.

"Not the least."

Finding her so cold, he believed that he was mortally offending her. He floundered in his speech; his words deserted him. How impertinent was not this lavishing of endearments if there were no responsive chord within her to which it appealed! They walked for some moments in silence; such a situation alone was defeat. Then he urged her gently for an answer, — to give him some hope, if not now, for the future, no matter how remote — some fragment —

"No, I cannot."

The tone was curt, even harsh, yet she could not for her life have made it different. They proceeded the rest of the short way in silence. As they parted she asked, as an effort at politeness, if they — her party — should see him again. He was going to Italy, he said, and they should probably never meet again. What could it matter? He turned partly away, and then extended his hand and said good-by. She placed hers in it. He raised it and pressed it to his lips.

The slight, surprised effort she made to withdraw it tightened its clasp for an instant in his. It was with the thrill of this pressure, warm in the memories of both, that Alice mounted the stairs of her pension, flushed and perturbed, and Detmold went away to Verona, utterly routed and cut to pieces in his plans.

A feeling of immense loneliness came over him. The strange surroundings in which he knew no living soul, the thousands of miles of distance between him and his country, seemed as nothing to this fatal abandonment by the one person in all the world upon whom his hopes of happiness rested.

W. H. Bishop.

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THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

They left their home of summer ease
Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,
To seek, by ways unknown to all,
The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumor to the vale
Had crept — perchance a hunter's tale —
Of its wild mirth of waters lost
On the dark woods through which it tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang; somewhere
Whirled in mad dance its misty hair;
But who had raised its veil, or seen
The rainbow skirts of that Undine?

They sought it where the mountain brook
Its swift way to the valley took;
Along the rugged slope they clomb,
Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won;
The fiery javelins of the sun
Smote the bare ledge; the tangled shade
With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and then
They saw the cheerful homes of men,
And the great mountains with their wall
Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad winds blew
Shared the wild dance the waters knew;
And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
From stony cleft and mossy sod
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew
Of tossing foam the birch-trees through;

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Now seen, now lost, but baffling still
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each: "Lo here! Lo there!
Its white scarf flutters in the air!"
They climbed anew; the vision fled,
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain slope
With faint and ever fainter hope;
With faint and fainter voice the brook
Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done;
Above the tall peaks saw the sun
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set
Behind the hills of violet.

"Here ends our quest!" the seekers cried,
"The brook and rumor both have lied!
The phantom of a waterfall
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser, said:
"So, always baffled, not misled,
We follow where before us runs
The vision of the shining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals fly,
Their voices while we listen die;
We cannot keep, however fleet,
The quick time of their wingéd feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray
These kindly mockers in our way;
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,
To something better than themselves?

"Here, though unreached the goal we sought,
Its own reward our toil has brought:
The winding water's sounding rush,
The long note of the hermit thrush,

"The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of pond
And river track, and, vast, beyond
Broad meadows belted round with pines,
The grand uplift of mountain lines!

"What matter though we seek with pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?

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" To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

" Then let us trust our waterfall
Still flashes down its rocky wall,
With rainbow crescent curved across
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

" And we, forgetful of our pain,
In thought shall seek it oft again;
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

" And haply gain, through parting boughs,
Grand glimpses of great mountain brows
Cloud-turbaned, and the sharp steel sheen
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

" So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

" Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

" For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

" O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best!

" Erelong the flitting glimpse of good
Shall rest in full beatitude;
And more than all to earth denied
Shall greet us on the other side!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

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OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

I.

THE topography of New York is simple. The island is as near in plan to a "leaf cake," known to bakers and children of the old school, as may be; a good deal of perpendicularity, moderate width, and a graceful twist. You can stand upon a centre line and stretch out your hands towards the two flanking rivers and feel that none of it can get away and elude you, as cities constructed upon the radiating plan are in the habit of doing. It proceeds by layers instead of concentric rings. If you want any particular one of its leading activities, you have only to look a little further up or down the line for it.

If you are inclined to be figurative, you may call it a plant. Down in the first ward, from the Battery to Liberty Street, are the finances, the exchanges, insurance companies, the sub-treasury, Wall Street, which may be fairly spoken of as the roots. Then come substantial matters, — the municipal buildings, the markets, the great central post-office, Printing-House Square. A long stalk of heavy mercantile business follows. At Astor Place it begins to blossom out into the libraries, publishing houses, theatres, clubs, picture-galleries, and fashionable hotels with dazzling restaurants and titles borrowed from foreign royal dukes. Mingled with this and now clustering close about the Central Park, the bright particular sunflower of the whole, is a vast leafage of decorous and comfortable private residences. The fringe of docks and piers, which mounts only a certain way, may be looked upon as *cilia* sucking in sustenance for the shrub from foreign parts. This seems to me to be a very complete figure, to be relied upon by strangers and others as correct; but I shall not dwell upon it, since there are other matters of moment in the map that call for attention.

When you take a map of New York and fairly sit down over it, there is a moral to be drawn from no more than two of its streets, which leaves all the rest of the four hundred miles for future use. Note the relations of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. For a long distance the central thoroughfare pursues its way up town, beamed upon by the brightest smiles of fortune. Colossal, solid, roaring with trucks and stages, gay and bustling, nothing more prosperous could be imagined. All at once there is a change. Nobody follows it, — nobody cares for it. No more stately magazines of granite and iron; no more Wilton carpets, Worth's costumes, decorated dinner sets, frames of actresses in diaphanous muslin; no more confectionery fresh every hour; no more perambulating banners with Gulmore's bargains, and no more mothers of families rescued from sudden death by stoical policemen. It makes an excellent attempt, it is true, to keep up appearances for a few blocks further, but after Thirty-Fourth Street all is over. It staggers away, as one might say, to nobody knows where, — to Eleventh Avenue and One Hundred and Seventh Street, — and appears to be making for the bluff to hide its humiliation in the North River. What has happened? Simply it has diverged from Fifth Avenue. Up to this point, to Madison Square, as you will see, it has been making directly for it; the ideal which it proposed to itself was Fifth Avenue. But here it reaches and abandons it. Relying, doubtless, upon its acquired popularity, it believed it could carry its constituency with it whither it would. Like many a famous politician and public journal it had to learn the ephemeral nature of the most flattering popular sentiment. One may fancy it looking back from One Hundred and Seventh Street to this point in its career, and sighing, "Ah, if I had only done differently then!"

Thus, it seems to me, the end and aim of existence in the metropolis is indi-

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cated by the topography itself, if there were nothing further. While you are on the way to Fifth Avenue you are entirely commendable; when you abandon it you are out of the usual categories. It is difficult to keep account of you; nobody can say what you will come to, but most likely nothing good.

What then, I say, is this Fifth Avenue, so pointed out by the map and by social pressure as the sublimated reward of the species of virtue recognized as the highest in the commercial metropolis of the great commercial republic? Mr. Joaquin Miller has included in his latest issued volume a poem to Fifth Avenue. He speaks of it as "a calm contradiction," a

> . . . "beautiful, long-loved avenue,
> So faithless to truth, and yet so true,"

an "iron-faced sphinx," which may have been suggested by the Egyptian reservoir at Forty-Second Street, abandoned as a reservoir and now puzzling the community as to the use to which it shall be put. He apostrophizes it further as "so grand as a sinner, so good as a saint," and he asks, —

> . . . "Say, what art thou
> But the scroll of the Past rolled into the Now?"

I would not care to say it is not this, nor to differ with the poet as to representations based upon something more than the very superficial acquaintance which is all I profess to have. The idea of writing poems to streets seems to me, in passing, a good one, and to enlarge a field that is becoming uncomfortably restricted. I believe feeling poems could be written to both Third and Sixth Avenues, — now being rapidly converted to the uses of the rapid transit roads, — which would appeal to every property owner. I should like to write a poem to the erectors of new buildings in Union Square, who have the right to make all New York walk a narrow plank, and shower down mortar and bits of brick upon it for months at a time.

Fifth Avenue takes the centre of the island, where Broadway leaves it, and continues straight on — with only the interruption of the ambitious hillock of Mount Morris Park, at One Hundred and Twentieth Street, under which it appears to dive — as long as it has any dry land to go upon. In spite of its distinctively residence character, a prophetic soul might seem to see the interrupted march of trade follow this line, so convenient for distributing its supplies on either hand. There are already invasions, always of the most insinuating character, — a store front of rare jewelry and bronzes, a confectioner whose place might have been taken bodily out of the Champs Élysées, a quiet family bank, — but still invasions. As trade advances, private life flees before it. It escapes in two directions: towards the upper end of the island, to the limit to which the lack of transit facilities permits it to be endurable, and up into the air in the new French flats. Outside of the provisions beginning to be made for them in these, I learn that the middle class are hardly expected to stay on the island at all. They spread out into the country by rail, and form vast settlements of ornamental cottages, while New York itself is given up to the rich and poor. The average "brown stone front" in the good locations will cost fifty thousand dollars; on the avenue, it will cost nearer one hundred thousand dollars.

The leading aspect of this favored section is an elegant gravity. It is a vast area of sombre brown stone, brightened by the flash of squares of immaculate plate glass. There is an echo of it in the Back Bay district of Boston. As things are, I am in favor of this dark tone. In lighter material I fear its ornamental details would be less passable than they actually are. The façades differ in degree rather than in kind. The style is a kind of builder's Renaissance, varying by stages from plain architraves over the windows to the full magnificence of triangular and circular pediments, and detached porches with Corinthian columns. Monumental flights of steps, giving access to narrow fronts, are the most conspicuous feature, typical, perhaps, of the excessive difficulty of attaining to fortune, and its comparative unsatisfactoriness when you get there. The building lots grow more scant as

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you ascend, the price of land having apparently increased out of proportion to the increase of fortunes, in the desire to crowd as many people as possible on to the avenue. In everything except proximity to their business, — and there is not so much difference even here, — it seems to me the suburban people, in their spacious houses, designed often by the best professional skill, and affording in their interiors light for works of art and room for the varied activities of a refined life, have the best of it. I cannot but think that a depressing influence upon pictures in particular must be exerted by the contracted apartments of these barrack-like structures, which could accommodate but few of them even if funds remained from the original investment wherewith to purchase.

But little as its architectural details are a theme for enthusiasm, to one strolling there on a sunshiny day in autumn — when I like it best — the sober, unattractively treated avenue may be genially gay. Its long stretches of broken façades fall into agreeable masses, as if in the imperative order of nature harmony could not but result even from a multiplicity of mistakes. The shadows lie broadly across the roadway; bars of white light come down the side streets and divide them. The striped awnings are not all taken in. A soft sky mingles its blue with the latent red in the dark stone. A procession of church steeples, like a more colossal system of telegraph poles, marches down till the last is lower in its far perspective than the steps of that near at hand.

The quiet of your walk is little disturbed. There may be a group of strangers looking up with wrinkled foreheads at the gairish white marble palace of Stewart at Thirty-Fourth Street, a well-dressed young man walking briskly with a light stick grasped exactly in the centre, a French nurse going of an errand, a boarding-school of girls looking very slight and young in the wide empty spaces. Then, if it be late afternoon, the street is filled all at once from gutter to gutter with a torrent of equipages, returning from the races or the park: broughams, landaus, clarences, phaetons, their varnish and mountings twinkling back to the polished windows, equestrians in boots and corduroys, slim-waisted equestriennes with blue veils floating from tall silk hats. In the midst, heralded by a bugle, a ponderous coach supplies the salient mass, corresponding to the turreted elephant and the triumphal car in the processions upon the Appian Way, which we are fond of studying in art and elsewhere to the exclusion of such sights as this, which it seems to me are quite as worthy of attention.

But the readers of a Boston magazine must be already asking their consciences whether it is right to be interested in these exterior matters, and wondering when I am coming to the pictures, the drama, and music, in New York.

If there were an exhibition in progress, my comment on the first of these matters would be simplified. The old winter exhibition at the Academy of Design has been abandoned for some years. It was found that the receipts from two exhibitions were rather less, if anything, than from one. I am assured that if the Academy were to be kept open all the year round there would probably be a further reduction. The sentiment for pictures is still largely at the "positively for one night only" point. There is a rush to see them when they are invested with the attractions of novelty and rarity, and all the enjoyment is sucked out of them at once, so that a second visit would be as tame as to the two-headed calf or the tattooed man. While there is so little disposition to return and study at leisure these carefully prepared works which belong to one as fully for the time being as if he had paid for them a hundred times over, it is not strange that the expenditure of several thousand dollars for a single one, to be kept permanently at home, should be looked upon as an eccentricity. I suppose a good picture ought to give time after time the same feeling of refreshment and pleasure afforded by the repetition of a fine musical composition. It ought to have an attention correspond-

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ing in some degree to its durability. This durability, on the other hand, ought to impress a sense of responsibility upon the artist, who has no business to give us mere tricks and flippancies in a form rather more enduring than monumental brass.

As there is no exhibition, I naturally frequent the shops of the dealers; there are five or six of them at least who always have some meritorious works. Their displays, either in tastefully arranged windows, to the crowds who are always lingering there for a moment in their hurried passage on the streets, or in their galleries, to the more leisurely, whom they good-naturedly admit, knowing most of them not to have the remotest intention to buy, seem to constitute the important and permanent influence at work for the education of the public.

If one is to judge from the collections of the dealers there is no American art at all. Everything is foreign. Where, then, are American pictures to be seen? A few may be found at a *bric-à-brac* establishment in Union Square. The rest are at the studios of their authors. It is etiquette, I believe, to knock at an artist's door and walk in if you like, but it is rather a formidable undertaking. He may be engaged with a model; he may be cool, as to a mere idler, of whose appreciation he knows nothing; or he may fill you with compunctions by taking you for an intelligent patron from whom a lucrative commission is probable. There is no adequate provision for the stranger who wants nothing of him except to establish his rank. It would not be unappreciated by the floating population, nor without distinct influence nor perhaps financial returns, if there were some head-quarters where a good specimen of the work of each of the local painters were accessible.

The market of the resident artists seems to be made chiefly by private acquaintance. The clubs of late offer a resource in receiving works, which they are glad to place before small but select audiences at their art receptions, held by some as often as once a month.

This question of better exhibition facilities is just now a leading one, though it is hardly a secret that it connects itself with something else quite as important. You do not have to be here long to find that the guild of artists is divided into the younger men who have lately studied abroad and acquired a decided foreign manner, and the Academicians of the old school. The first have within a very recent period collected their forces, and are now represented by a brand new art association, which has secured the Kurtz Gallery for an exhibition in March. Prominent among them are Shirlaw, a recent acquisition from Munich, and Wyatt Eaton, a pupil of Jules Breton, both making a marked impression in the community apart from their works, one as the director of the Students' Art League, the other of the classes at the Cooper Institute. Saint Gaudens, a rising young sculptor, is another. La Farge, with whom he is associated in the novel work of the decoration in progress at Saint Thomas's Church, is one of a small number of regular Academicians who give the enterprise their sympathy and countenance. It disclaims the idea of opposition to the Academy of Design, — and, indeed, it would be a pity to detract from the efficiency of an institution which has never been too strong, — yet it decidedly means to do something apart from it, and, if successful, to show that the Academy in some respects is making a mistake. A committee in Paris will select and forward works submitted by our students across the water. There are a great many of them, and they do quite striking things, often in a wonderfully short time after they have set out from home. There is an instance of two pleasing German landscapes, depicting nature in the full bloom of summer, coming back in time for the spring exhibition, though their author had only sailed in July, with scarcely any previous knowledge of painting.

The conservative Academicians say: "This is all very fine, but we must move slowly. We see here the influence of the master, perhaps even his original

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sketches worked over. Let us wait till these young men have been at home a while, and see what they can do on their own account, before we crowd our pictures off 'the line' and over the tops of doors for their accommodation. We have traveled and studied abroad in our time ourselves. Are we not entitled to some consideration, too?" This view was embodied in a resolution that each Academician should be entitled to at least six feet on the line in the annual exhibitions, which passed, but was rescinded in consequence of a lively hubbub which followed its announcement. Its occasion was understood to be the too unstinted liberality of the last hanging committee, who gave the foreigners about all the desirable positions. It was withdrawn, and the action of the innovators cannot be said to be dictated by any unfair treatment. There may be a slight fear of it, but at bottom it is a consciousness of not being sufficiently appreciated. There are new ideas afloat, — dash, breadth, freedom, originality, — to which old fogyism, by constitution and for self-protection, is naturally averse. They propose, perhaps, to lay the difference fairly before the public and have it passed upon.

From a disinterested stand-point this slight jar in the family is not unpleasing. Anything is better than stagnation. It will act as a stimulus to both sides to the production of their best work. Each will endeavor to show that it is the only original and all others are spurious, while the public can come forward and adjudicate upon a financial basis. Only, it would appear that the sympathies of the public are likely to be already enlisted and the old school considerably handicapped by the prevailing influences. Upon the surface these are all foreign. If the new men do things in the way we are every day taught to believe the best and most fashionable, shall we not give them the preference? You can have now, if you choose, a scene on the Delaware, which you would take for the Loire, by Daubigny; or a view of farm life on Long Island difficult to distinguish from rural Brittany.

Here is Goupil's, the leading picture establishment and one of the standing attractions of the town. Let us step in. Here you may learn both what is fashionable and what is a good investment. For there is a practical side to this refined pursuit; there are even collectors of pictures who have no further interest in them than is involved in one of these considerations. If Vibert or Tissot is "the thing," the votary of fashion in this department cannot afford to be without one. Or again, some keen-scented connoisseur fancies he detects symptoms of a rise in Duprés or Diazes, and then a Dupré or a Diaz is got, to be held until the corner in Duprés, as one might say, is worked. The trade has its seasons of activity and dullness, like dry goods and pork. The season centres about the period of cutting off of coupons for the January interest. It is inaugurated at Goupil's towards the last part of November, by the rearrangement of the pleasant little gallery and the presentation of the latest novelties on a stated "opening day."

Previous to this, and familiar to strangers during a considerable part of the autumn, the position of honor was held by a large Lesrel, with its number as a contribution to the Paris Salon still upon it. It is a group of chess-players, in the costume of Louis XIII., about a gold-cloth-covered table. The light promulgates itself vividly, but without glare, upon the figures, which start out of an atmosphere of tones of amber brown, like the shadows in the bottom of a brook. There is expression, archæological correctness with spirit, breadth with plenty of detail. The composition is full of art: a double pyramid above the table; a hat and stick and rumpled rug breaking the perspective lines of the floor; here an agreeable complexity, — a head painted against another or against a doublet, wherever it happens to come, — there the contrast of a bold, uninterrupted outline. It seems to have about everything such a subject could have. I do not care, myself, very much about the period of Louis XIII., nor particularly about chess, but if anybody

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did I should think he ought to be satisfied here. I suppose there are fifty or a hundred contributors to the same exhibition who can do as well as Lesrel; he is young and not an exceptional genius. Hence this picture is fairly typical, in its line, both of what is going on over there and of the kind of models that will continue to be presented for our inspection. If there are native artists who expect to enter into competition in this branch, they will always have just as stiff work cut out for them.

Near by was a Schreyer, — Russian travelers pursued by wolves in a forest, in a snow-storm as wild as the foam of breakers on a reef. There was a Sword-Dancer, by Gérome; an Egyptian cellar, with a ray of sunlight striking across it so naturally that I have seen people look to see if it came from the sky-light; a beautiful, broad Van Marcke, showing cattle coming towards you in a vaporish Dutch landscape, an epitome of Taine's Art in the Netherlands; small female heads, with milk-like complexions, by Toulmouche and Leider; a seraglio, by Richter, pinkish and pretty as a fashion plate.

The landscapes are not many, the preference of patrons in landscape being for something American, — something they can recognize. There is always a stock of German domestic subjects in the Dusseldorf style, sold largely at the West, and not so much in home demand: down-stairs, water-colors and pen drawings by Detaille, De Neuville, Vibert, Berne-Bellcour; up-stairs, in the private room, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Corot, Coomans, Compte, Calix — one has only to go through a *salon* catalogue alphabetically. They are all there.

A few doors below, in the Kohn collection, the same names; at Schaus's, again the same, with here a rather more German and Flemish cast, — Diffenbach; Tiddeman; Robie's flower pieces; Willems's sheen of creamy-white satin; a lovely, odd marine, fishing boats in a Holland canal, by Clays.

This is the regular thing, every-day fare. On an opening day provision is made for epicures. Looking now at the reconstructed gallery, what is the change in the mode? It is only one of quality. There are more and better Schreyers; figures on a large scale, by Prion and Sorbi; a garden wedding reception in modern French society, by Delort, — a crowd of high-bred figures like the best of Du Maurier's in Punch, photographic in accuracy, but also photographic in rigid sharpness; an interior, by Muncacsy, in which he applies to a simple subject of domestic luxury the power and seriousness of his greater works.

In particular there are numerous examples of the Roman-Spanish school, — the Egusquizas, Boldinis, Terrassas, Alvarezes, Madrazas, — of which I have not spoken before, conspicuous as it everywhere is, because I wished to say a word about it by itself. I have heard these pictures denounced as rank communism. There is no dignity or sentiment in them, no *chiaroscuro*, no system of color, — nothing but patchwork and chaos. Here is a notable specimen, a last century street scene in Seville, by Jimenez y Aranda, — thirty or forty figures, close by, gossiping in groups. The expressions are as finished and realistic as the signs over the door-ways and the bits of old play-bills upon the wall, whose pinks, lavenders, greens, and yellows are an echo of the costumes; yet the effect is not in the least photographic like the Delort. Distances are expressed by linear and not at all by atmospheric perspective.

It may be communism, but these works impress you, if you are one of the kind who can endure them, piquantly and quaintly. They connect themselves with dainty porcelain. They are as glowing with cheerful colors as a bit of Persian rug. They are flat and almost without shadow. The figures are for the most part small, and nothing is sacrificed to them. They depend upon their intrinsic importance, and take their chance with the accessories, like details of a mosaic. Perhaps I get more out of them than they have to give, but it seems as if there was something fatalistic in this, with all their coquettish brightness, — a recognition of the real relation of man

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to his surroundings. The light is not focused upon an ordinary person, nor the furniture mistily gradated into insignificance, while he stands about in dramatic attitudes. A man is not so imposing as a book-case, and the first omnibus runs over him with ease.

It is impossible to be about New York without recognizing in it a very pervading æsthetic interest. It is not long since Sypher's *omnium gatherum* of second-hand furniture was the only establishment in the *bric-à-brac* line. Now they abound, even in the minor streets, and are presided over by discriminating connoisseurs. Establishments for artistic furniture and decorations are numerous. At every turn you encounter an auction sale of Oriental rugs and potteries, or general *faïence*, or old arms and armor, like the well-known Cogniat collection. If people find nothing better than the trash from the dollar stores for their holiday presents this year, it will be their own fault.

An event quite out of proportion in significance to its scale was the quiet exhibition at Collamore's of a tableful of ware called the "Bennett faïence." It is probably the stepping-stone to an American keramic industry. Bennett, an Englishman, late of the Doulton works at Lambeth, has established himself in Lexington Avenue and begun this manufacture in a small way with pupils whom he is training to the work upon the system pursued at Lambeth. His results are admirable, and if they can be popularized would leave little to desire. There are vases and bottles of simple shapes decorated in pale greens and lapis lazuli blues, with a rich mottled texture, and strewn with white blossoms, which Lambeth has never surpassed. It is time that the caricature "art pottery" of the day should be succeeded by something worthy of the name. In the favorable temper of the public mind towards these subjects, it can hardly be doubted that an American faïence of a high order of merit would be profitable.

Another notable event is the establishment of the sales-room of the Society of Decorative Art, for the disposal of such artistic wares as are within the scope of production of the feminine sex. It will not only afford the contributors of really good work in such lines as embroideries, carvings, and tile painting the encouragement of pecuniary returns, but will furnish in its classes and in the exhibited examples an influence which cannot fail to have a considerable effect in a department of activity whose achievements at present, it is painful to say, are mainly worse than useless.

Still another, — for I have the fortune to drop into quite an epidemic of novelties, — an innovation upon the traditions of Protestant worship only sanctioned, I believe, on this side of the water by the example of the new Trinity Church in Boston, from the same hand, is the mural decoration of the chancel of Saint Thomas by La Farge. It is too early to speak of it except in its conception, as a relief from the costly calico work which, until now, it has been thought evangelical church decoration must necessarily be. The circumstances are unfavorable. It is not probable that the work can ever appear to its full advantage at the morning service, owing to the dazzle of the stained glass above it, nor from the body of the church on account of the pentagonal shape of the apse on the walls of which it is being placed. Two of the sides are parallel to the aisles. One half of the mural painting by La Farge is finished. It is a Resurrection, showing that capacity for a high and serious art of which this artist has elsewhere given proofs. The centre compartment is occupied by sculpture, a hierarchy of angels by Saint Gaudens. The figures are of a single type. They breathe a pleasing sentiment and are freely modeled in high relief. They are colored by still another artist, Mr. Noe, in strange metallic greenish tints, upon which the light touches with a sort of moonlight effect.

But enough for the present of pictures. There are other fine arts, symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, and the dramas without end.

The discussion aroused by the ingenious Mr. Boucicault will serve to retain for his play of Marriage, at Wallack's,

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the prestige of the leading theatrical event of the season. Marriage is not the coming American play, and not American at all, as many were disappointed to find, but has the local coloring of the residence of its author among us. The controversy which ensued concerning it is unique. Its public usefulness was spoiled by the favorable opportunity opened for facetiousness, but no doubt it led to considerable private lucubrations of value. It came about in this way. The critics took an unfavorable view of the piece. Mr. Boucicault naturally differed with them. But instead of sulking in offended dignity, he came forward with a hardihood that cannot be too much admired, and, though having no print of his own, joined battle with them.

"One 'gainst a hundred would he strive,
Take countless wounds and yet survive."

They were used, he claimed, to fustian, or at best broad-cloth; his fabric was lace-work. The discussion widened out from this to a more general matter.

"Come, now," said he, "you say my comedy is so and so. Does one of you, in either hemisphere, know what a comedy is? Let us put it upon that ground. Define me a comedy; then I will treat with you."

Then began an era of definitions of comedy. You observe the opening. One said it was a French play and a pair of scissors; another that it was the spectacle of Boucicault trying to buck the bull off the bridge; another that it was Boucicault beating the newspapers out of unlimited free advertising. One could fancy them with hands joined in a circle, whooping tantalizingly about the unfortunate dramatist, like the Canotiers of the Seine around Papavert at the French theatre. Criticism of the piece became a minor consideration in the greater contest, and people went to see it from so many motives as to give it a very successful run.

The definition business was really a mammoth side-show. A correct feeling of what something is, or ought to be, exists extensively without accurate facility in words. No doubt the newspaper critics, though all of their definitions might not do credit to Webster or Worcester, understand with the community in general that the substance of comedy is life apart from the emotions connected with death or prolonged or violent suffering. It deals with the smaller miseries alone, and its legitimate alliance is with the smile rather than the sigh.

This opens an immense field and leaves the critics quite enough to do without dialectics. The whole matter of subject, treatment, and quality remains. There is high comedy, low comedy, and farce. There is the judicial faculty to be exercised in separating the merits of the case from the ability of its special pleaders, that is to say from the talent of the actors.

You may imagine that I have not failed to be among the audience at Wallack's, to be impressed, if possible, by this home-made piece of lace-work. Is it lace-work? To estimate something in terms of lace-work is like estimating size in pieces of chalk. It is a variable standard. There is cotton lace and then again there is lace of excellent material, but tangled in the execution and an unfair representative of its kind. I should say that Marriage was of the latter sort.

The material is unexceptionable; the scenes and emotions clustering around marriage are matter not merely for an episode, of the kind constituting the great bulk of plays, literature, and pictures, but for something typical and of universal interest. So far, Mr. Boucicault chose a basis on which it would be possible to make not only a good comedy but a great comedy. Marriage is used not simply as the conventional closing up of a series of adventures, but as the body and texture of the piece, as is divorce in another to which it gives its title. Indeed, our American playwrights, not now speaking of Boucicault, seem to me particularly happy in their choice of a subject. Where they fail is not here, but in the important two thirds of plot and dialogue. If you will notice, almost every one of these attempts aims at something typical, the presentation of national characteristics, as in The

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Mighty Dollar and The Gilded Age, or of states of society, including a large constituency, as in Saratoga, and Surf, Ah Sin, and The Danites. Most of these were objected to, I recollect, some years ago, conceptions and all, by our leading critical journal, which took the extraordinary position that Rip Van Winkle — certainly a mere episode without any claim on general interest, if there ever was one — was the only truly American subject and play.

Mr. Boucicault has a subject and many charming details. The manners and customs, if correctly displayed, are not so unlike our own, except for the legal settlements and the ward in chancery, that the whole might not have taken place here. There are four married couples, so differing as to display the subject from as many points of view: Walter and Rosalie, a run-away pair; Meek — an unfortunate name for a very good fellow — and Fannie, who marry in the regular society way; Persimmons and Virginia, an oldish couple whose union has been postponed long beyond the usual age; and the Constant Tiffes, already married, whose quarrels serve as a sarcastic commentary upon the ardor of the people newly entering upon the happy state. The preliminary drill of the wedding procession by the fashionable mother, in Act II. — a scene in its dresses and mountings like a French *genre* picture — is a most amusing and legitimate piece of light satire. There is a poetic element in the freshness and simplicity of the youngest bride and principal figure. She nestles by her husband, and shows a romantic girlish ideal, based, no doubt, upon reminiscences of sentimental literature, but also upon a capacity for something generous and devoted, in asking him if there is not some dark secret he can impart for her to forgive, so that the bond between them may be closer. There is an element of pathos in the singular dread of Auldjo that Walter, who appears to be his son but is in reality only adopted, will, if he finds out the truth, cease to return his tender affection. The dialogue has many capital things, and there is one *mot*, "Nothing is so deceptive as proofs," worthy to become a standing aphorism.

With all this, and the capital acting, when the curtain falls over an apartment furnished in flowered cretonne, with the sea, broken by a single shining wave, showing through the wide windows as if from a drawing-room at Newport, you can feel that you go away from a profitably amused evening. But that will not blind you to the defects of considerable character drawing, which is farce instead of comedy, and especially of a plot in which there is the complication of three secret marriages, and long-lost brothers, wives and daughters to the point of distraction.

Raymond Westbrook.

EDWARD GIBBON.

THE Muse of History is a rather worldly personage, who frequently reserves her favors for devotees in easy circumstances. The pushing aspirants who seize the prizes of poetry, fiction, music, the drama, and the other arts in which genius is required, are apt to be snubbed by this more exclusive lady, whose cult demands long preparation, costly outlays, and ample leisure. She shows to gentlemen of leisure and elegant culture a polite art, one of the very politest, in which industry and perseverance are enough for success and fame, and too often she seems to exact nothing more. A man may not say that he will be a great

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poet or a great novelist; but with education, money, and time, one may resolve without unexampled presumption to be a great historian. To be sure, this results in many cases in making great historians what they are: greatest when unread, and the most perishable of the immortals. They have so seldom, indeed, been true literary artists that one has a certain hesitation in pronouncing any historian a man of genius; and it is with a lasting surprise that one recognizes in the greatest of historians one of the greatest of geniuses, a writer who possessed in prose, above any other Englishman of his time, the shaping hand, and who molded the vast masses of his subject into forms of magnificent beauty, giving to their colossal pomp a finish for which there is no word but exquisite.

Yet I think one disposed to be the most sparing of the phrase is quite safe in calling the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire a man of genius; not for what he has done for history, but what he has done for literature, in showing that no theme is so huge but that art may proportion it and adorn it till it charms, — the work which lastingly charms being always and alone the proof of genius. When one turns from other histories to his mighty achievement, one feels that it is really as incomparable for its noble manner as for the grandeur of the story it narrates. That story assumes at his touch the majestic forms, the lofty movement, of an epic; its advance is rhythmical; in the strong pulse of its antitheses is the fire, the life of a poetic sense; its music, rich and full, has a martial vigor, its colors are the blazons of shields and banners. One knows very well that this style would be ridiculous applied to a minor theme; the fact is felt throughout Gibbon's Memoirs, where he apparently cannot unbend from the high historic attitude, though even there, when the thought is eloquent, the language stirs the reader's blood by its matchless fitness. One is aware, too, that the polysyllabic port of the Johnsonian diction has been the mock of vengeful generations escaping from its crushing weight; yet after the thinness and pallor of much conscious simplicity of later date, its Latin affluence has a deep satisfaction; and though none could ever dream of writing such a style again, yet its use by Gibbon was part of the inspiration with which he wrought his whole work, and gave its magnitude that brilliant texture and thorough solidity which are even more wonderful than its magnitude.

The history of the Decline and Fall remains unapproached for qualities of great artistry, but not unapproachable. It needs merely an equal genius in future historians to make every passage of the human epic as nobly beautiful. Its author was indefinitely more than a gentleman of fortune, though he was also this, and frankly glories in the fact in that Autobiography whose involuntary pomps are now so quaint (for he promises that "the style shall be simple and familiar"); and he enters with relish upon a brief account of his ancestors, whose "chief honor" was Baron Say and Seale, lord high treasurer of Henry the Sixth. This nobleman was beheaded by the Kentish insurgents, and his blood seems to have set forever the Tory tint in the politics of the Gibbons. One amusing forefather of the historian, who visited Virginia, had such a passion for heraldry that it caused him to see in the tokens with which the naked bodies of the savages were painted a proof that "heraldry was grafted *naturally* into the sense of the human race." Succeeding Gibbons were Royalists and Jacobites; and the historian himself, in whom the name was extinguished, honored its traditions in his abhorrence of the American rebels and the French revolutionists.

Gibbon's childhood was sickly, and it was not till his sixteenth year that his health became firm enough to permit him a regular course of study. In the mean time he had lost his mother, the effect of whose early death upon his father he describes in touching language, and he remained in the care of a maiden aunt. He had always been more in her care than in that of his mother, and now she made her helpless charge very much her

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companion and friend, directing his English studies and watching over his delicate health with all a mother's devotion. His schooling had been intermittent and desultory, and he had but a little Latin and no Greek at the age when "Nature displayed in his favor her mysterious energies," and his disorders "wonderfully vanished." He was then taken from a careless and idle tutor by his father, and suddenly entered at Oxford, of which ancient university the reader will find an amusingly contemptuous account in his Autobiography. Though no scholar, he had always been an omnivorous reader. He arrived at Oxford, as he says, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed," and he quitted Magdalen College after fourteen months, "the most idle and unprofitable of his whole life," — spent under professors who did not lecture and tutors who did not teach, but drowsed away a learned leisure in monkish sloth and Jacobitish disloyalty. "Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal" were the talk with which the fellows of Magdalen College astonished the ingenuous young gentleman commoner. It was not unnatural that in his uncontrolled and apparently undirected endeavor he should resolve to write a book, which happened to be The Age of Sesostris, still unfinished if ever begun; nor was it quite strange that such a youth should turn from the bigoted indifference of his *alma mater*, in spiritual affairs, to the great mother church. At any rate, Gibbon became at seventeen an ardent Catholic, through pure force of his own reasoning and reading, — a conversion which necessarily resulted in his leaving Oxford at once, and in his being presently sent to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he was placed by his incensed father in the family of the Calvinist pastor, Pavilliard. His new faith did not long withstand the wise and careful approaches of this excellent man, who found his charge exceedingly well read in the controversial literature of the subject, and who chose silently to let him convict himself of one illogical position after another rather than openly and constantly to combat him. Upon new premises, Gibbon reasoned himself out of Romanism as he had reasoned himself into it. These changes from faith to faith may have had something to do with unsettling all belief in his mind; but it is not a point upon which he himself touches, and he seems to have reëmbraced in all sincerity the Protestant religion. The letters which the Pasteur Pavilliard wrote from time to time, concerning the progress of his conversion, to Gibbon's father are of curious interest, and paint in suggestive touches not only the mental character of the studious, conscientious, dutiful lad, but that of his firm and gentle guardian. They are glimpses that show them both in a very pleasing light, and one would fain know more of the simple Swiss pastor, for whom Gibbon always retained a grateful reverence, although Madame Pavilliard's coarse and stinted table he remembered long after with lively disgust.

Under Pavilliard's direction he made great advances in learning, and fully repaired the losses of his sickly childhood and the months wasted at Oxford. His reading, which was always wide enough, gained indefinitely in depth; and this English boy, writing from an obscure Swiss town, could maintain a correspondence with the first scholars of France and Germany, in which they treated him with the distinction due his learning. It was not the education of a gentleman which Gibbon, loving the English ideal of the public school and the university, would have desired for himself, but it was thorough training, and it was full of the delight of a purely voluntary pursuit. He wholly disused his mother tongue during his four years' sojourn at Lausanne, and magnificently as he afterwards wrote it, one can see by various little turns that he wrote it always with something of a subtle foreigner's delight in the superb instrument rather than a native's perfect unconsciousness. He had, in fact, grown French-Swiss during these years, and at the bottom of his heart he remained so,

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preferring to end his life in the little city under the Alps, in which he spent the happiest period of his youth, and which he loved better, with its simple and blameless social life, than the great capital of the English world. For a long time after his return to England, he looked to the Continent for the public which he aspired to please; his first publication was written in French, that he might the more directly reach this public, and he imagined several histories in that tongue before he used himself, or reconciled himself, to his alienated English.

He came home not only estranged in language, — this his father could have borne, — but in love and in the hope of marriage with the daughter of the pastor of Crassy, Mademoiselle Susan Curchod, and that his father could not endure; he peremptorily forbade the match, and Gibbon, whose obedience was always somewhat timid, and was in this case perhaps too exemplary, records with his usual neat antithesis: "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life."

The historian tells us, in touching upon this passage of his life, that he "hesitates from an apprehension of ridicule, when he approaches the delicate subject of his early love;" and in fact it is not easy to forbear the starting smile, though perhaps for a different reason from that supposed. The ardor of the suitor who sighs as a lover while he obeys as a son, and whose wound is insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life, is certainly not of the heroic sort. It is indeed a passion of too prudent a kind not to be a little comical. Mademoiselle Curchod, like himself, had for the healing of *her* wound, also, time, absence, and the habits of a new life: her father died; she must leave Crassy and go to Geneva, where she "earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother" by teaching young ladies. One does not read with quite the composure of the man who left her to this lot his praises of the nobility with which she bore adversity, while he was sighing as a lover and obeying as a son. Mademoiselle Curchod, who, as he tells us, "in her lowest distress maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior," became the wife of the great Necker and the mother of the great Madame de Staël, "and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence." Her old lover visited her more than once in her exalted station as the wife of the minister upon whom the whole fabric of the French monarchy rested, and was always treated with the confidence which a man who had obeyed as a son while he sighed as a lover truly merited. M. Necker, fatigued with the cares of office, used to go to bed and leave his wife *tête-à-tête* with the undangerous lover of her youth. One smiles at such a close for love's young dream, and yet in its time the passion was no doubt a sweet and tender idyl. Swiss society had, in Gibbon's day, all the blameless freedom and innocent charm of the society in an American town. The young ladies of Lausanne met at each other's houses without chaperonage of any sort, "among a crowd of young men of every nation of Europe. . . . They laughed, they sang, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gayety they respected themselves, and were respected by the men." In such perfect ease and unrestraint Gibbon met this young girl, — a local prodigy of learning, as beautiful as she was learned, and as good as she was beautiful, — and won the true and great heart which he suffered himself to lose. He never loved, nor thought of loving, any other woman; his hurt was not bravely received, but apparently it was incurable. From time to time he speaks in his letters to Lord Sheffield, after the death of the old friend with whom he went to live in Lausanne, of having a young girl, his relative, to cheer his lonely years and inherit his wealth; but he lived solitary to the end, and a valet smoothed his dying pillow.

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It was some seven years after he exhaled his last sigh as a lover that Gibbon first met Madame Necker, who had then been not a great while married. "The Curchod I saw in Paris. She was very fond of me," he writes to Lord Sheffield, "and the husband particularly civil. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it." On her part: "I do not know," writes Madame Necker to a friend at Lausanne, in a letter quoted by Sainte-Beuve, "if I have told you that I have seen Gibbon. I have enjoyed that pleasure beyond expression; not that I have any lingering sentiment for a man who, I think, merits none at all," — how keen is the resentment unsheathed for a moment! — "but my feminine vanity has never had a completer, a juster triumph. He stayed two weeks at Paris; I had him every day with me; he has become gentle, pliant, humble, modest to bashfulness. Perpetual witness of the tenderness of my husband, of his genius, and of his happiness, a zealous admirer of opulence, he made me notice for the first time that which surrounds me." How these delicate touches insinuate the man! "He has become humble, . . . a zealous admirer of opulence," who makes her realize that she is rich! Was the great Mr. Gibbon, then, what is called in the more monosyllabic English of our day a snob? One fears that in some degree he was so, if Madame Necker was right and not merely resentful. They remained always friends and often correspondents. Ten years later we find him writing to Lord Sheffield from London, where the Neckers then were: "At present I am busy with the Neckers. I live with her just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple, reasonable Suissesse." At Paris, where he is again in 1777, the Neckers are his "principal dependence." "I do not indeed lodge in their house, but I live very much with them, and dine and sup whenever they have company, which is almost every day, and whenever I like, for they are not in the least *exigeans*." Mr. Walpole had introduced him to the famous Madame du Deffand, "an agreeable young lady of eighty-two," who writes him many civilities after his return home. "I have supped once as a third with the Neckers, and have had Madame Necker once at my house. We have spoken of Mr. Gibbon, and what else? Of Mr. Gibbon, always of Mr. Gibbon."

This was when the Neckers were at the height of their power and prosperity. When poor Louis XVI. made his first great mistake in allowing Maurepas to force Necker to a resignation, Gibbon saw his old love once more at Lausanne, where they passed the summer of 1784; and Madame Necker lived to meet her former lover again in 1790, when, after Necker's recall and final downfall in that of the monarchy, they retired to Copet. Again in 1793 Gibbon visited the Neckers, and the next year, when he died in London, was the last year of her life.

Something very high, very pure, very noble, characterized her always, and amidst the corrupt and brilliant society of which she became a leader, and to the good qualities of which she did justice, she was honored for the virtues which few others practiced. "Her faults," says Sainte-Beuve, "were not French faults;" she wanted tact, and sometimes she wanted taste, but she never wanted principle, nor a generous mind by which to judge people and conditions so unexpectedly and wholly new to her as those of Paris. "When I came to this country," she wrote back to a friend in Lausanne, "I thought that literature was the key to everything; that men cultivated their minds only by books, and were great only through knowledge;" and this sentence, which so perfectly characterizes the young, unworldly, enthusiastic country-girl, also indicates how great was the work before her, — to remodel all her standards and criterions, to make herself over. Sainte-Beuve believes that her health first began to sink under the anxieties and disappointments of this effort. She lamented that she did not even know the language of society; that she hurt people's self-love when she meant to flatter it. "What is

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called frankness in Switzerland is egotism in Paris," she says. She saw that there her old ideas were all wrong; and, as she says, she hid away her little capital and began working for a living. It must have been by very hard work indeed that she made herself acceptable to the circle of philosophers and *literati* whom her husband's distinction drew about her, but she did so, and most acceptable to the best men among them. Better than this, she entered, with her Swiss zeal and practical goodness, upon a life of beneficence as well as social eminence. The Paris hospitals were savage lairs, in which the sick were herded together without comfort or decency, and she founded a hospital of her own which still bears her name. Her husband, proud of its success, mentioned it in his official reports to the king, and this fondness made the Parisians laugh. Her most intimate friends, too, had their reserves to the last, which Marmontel at least has but too keenly expressed. To his thinking, she had not the air of the world; she had not taste in dress, nor an easy manner, nor an attractive politeness; her mind and her countenance were too formal for grace. But, on the other hand, she had propriety, candor, kindness, and culture. Her tastes were from her opinions, not from her feelings. She was a devoted hostess, and eagerly strove to please her guests, but "even her amusements had their reason, their method; . . . all was premeditated, nothing flowed naturally." If much of the school-mistress, in fine, lingered in this great-hearted and good woman, Gibbon apparently never saw it. On all that he says of her there is imaginable a sunset light from his early and only love, — from the days when the ingenuous young Englishman saw the Swiss pastor's daughter in the blossom of "that beauty, pure, virginal, which," as Sainte-Beuve says, "has need of the first youth," with her lovely face "animated by a brilliant freshness, and softened by her blue eyes, full of candor." Her married life was in the highest degree happy: she and her husband reciprocally admired and adored each other; and it must have been with a sense of the perplexing unreality of all past experience that she saw her old unworthy lover reënter the world, and grow year by year more famous and more enormously fat in the narrowing circle of her life. What perpetual curiosity and generous pity must have piqued her; how strange and sad it must all have been! Upon the whole, I do not know a more provoking love-story in the annals of literature, and though, as Sainte-Beuve says, Gibbon bore his disappointment with a tranquillity that makes one smile, it is not with a smile only that one dwells upon "the delicate subject of his early love."

When he had definitely sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son, he settled down to the dullness of English country life, the trivial pleasures of which, the visits, the talk with commonplace people, afflicted him even more than its monotony, though less perhaps than his misspent service as a captain of the militia, which Pitt kept under arms after its supposed usefulness in defying invasion during the Old French War was quite past: this he felt was unfit and unworthy of him. At this time he was occupied with his Essay on the Study of Literature, which he wrote in French, and which in his maturer years humbled him by excellences he had so little improved upon; and he projected a number of histories before he fixed at last upon his great work: he thought of writing the history of the crusade of Henry the First, of the barons' wars against John, the lives of Henry the Fifth and Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, the history of the liberty of the Swiss, and that of the republic of Florence under the Medici. But his studies for an Italian tour and his subsequent visit to Italy insensibly confirmed his tendency toward the work of his life, the first conception of which occurred to him at Rome, as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter."

It was not till after seven years' preparation that, full of uncertainty and

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misgiving, this man of a genius unsurpassed and even unapproached in its kind sat down to write the first chapter of a history which he had not yet named in his own mind; and then he toiled at the mere technique of his work with a patience which teaches the old lesson, eternally true, that genius absolves from no duty to art, and that it achieves its triumphs by endeavors proportioned to its own greatness.

Gibbon had now fixed his home in London, where he became a man of fashion and of the great world, which not many years later he deliberately forsook for the little comfortable world of Lausanne, in whose simple quiet he finished the work begun and largely advanced in the tumult of the English capital. There were, he tells us, few persons of any eminence in literature or politics to whom he was a stranger, and he stoops to specify, in a grandiose footnote, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, and others, as his fellow-members of the Literary Club. At this period also he entered into political life, and took his seat for the borough of Liskeard.

He was, therefore, just seated in Parliament when our troubles with the mother country began, and he took a lively interest in American affairs. But it was not in our behalf; on the contrary, he disliked our cause with all the spirit of a gentleman whose sense of propriety and of property was hurt by our insubordination, and he steadily voted with the government against us, or, as he says, with characteristic pomp, he "supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country." His memoir, once clearly defining his attitude, has nothing more to say about us; but the letters mention us often enough, in hope or in despair, as the chance of war is against us or for us. It is always curious to note these fluctuations; it is like a glimpse, by instantaneous photograph, of the feeling of the past. In this case the feeling is that of the great mass of the English nation, and of some of the best Englishmen; for hard as it is for us to understand (the time being so distant, and ourselves being concerned), our friends in England then must have been excusable to most of their fellow-countrymen only as sentimental idealists, and to many inexcusable as disloyal demagogues. For his part, Mr. Gibbon, in 1774, had no misgivings in supporting Lord North's Boston Port Bill, removing the customs and courts to Salem, "a step so detrimental to the former town that it must soon reduce it to our own terms, and yet of so mild an appearance" that in the Lords it passed with "some lively conversation but no division." These facts are intermixed with some indecent gossip of the town, in which Mr. Gibbon seems to have had the interest of a student of civilization; and his letters do not mention America again till the following year, when we find him tempted by the greatness of the subject to "expose himself" in a speech on American affairs. He never did so, but he was soon one of "three hundred and four to one hundred and five" who voted an address to the throne, "declaring Massachusetts Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thousand men at Boston. . . . I am more and more convinced that with firmness all may go well; yet," he prudently adds, "I sometimes doubt." In the autumn of this year he mentions the government negotiations with the Russians, failing which, we had the Hessians sent us. "We have great hopes of getting a body of these barbarians," the Russians, — five and twenty thousand of them, who are to go out as mercenaries, not allies. "The worst of it is that the Baltic will soon be frozen up, and that it must be late next year before they can get to America." In his next letter he is pleased to observe that "the old report of Washington's resignation and quarrel with Congress seems to revive," and thinks later that "things go on very prosperously in America," Howe being "in the Jerseys," on his way to the Delaware, and Washington, "who wishes to cover Philadelphia," having "not more than six

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or seven thousand men with him," while, best of all, a province ("it is indeed only poor little Georgia") has "made its submission, and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the king;" yet presently we read that "America affords nothing very satisfactory," and this being written at Almack's, "Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America." The Americans are by this time (the spring of 1777) not only behaving very unsatisfactory at home, but on the night of the 5th of May "a small privateer fitted out at Dunkirk attacked, took, and has carried into Dunkirk road the Harwich packet. The king's messenger had just time to throw his dispatches overboard," and Mr. Gibbon, hearing of this affair at Dover on his way to Paris, is in great doubt whether he had better go on. But he goes on, and at Paris he actually dined with Franklin, the terrible, "by *accident*," as he tells his friend in expressive italics, but dined with him nevertheless, and, let us hope, liked him. At that distance from London he sees clearly the mismanagement of the American business, — "a wretched piece of work. The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent is not strong enough even to attack the enemy, . . . and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers." Being returned to England in December, he has to communicate from his place in the House of Commons "dreadful news indeed! . . . An English army of nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war on condition of being sent to England, and of never serving against America. . . . Burgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Fraser, with two thousand men, killed. Colonel Ackland likewise killed. A general cry for peace."

It was at last beginning to be time, though peace was far off yet, and Mr. Gibbon's party had much to learn. A year before this he had written: "We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with a hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans;" and now "it is positively asserted both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by ministers, that on the 5th of this month" — February, 1778 — "a treaty of commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed at Paris with the independent States of America." At this point Mr. Gibbon leaves pretty much all mention of our affairs, and we find only one allusion to America afterwards in his letters, — a passage in which he begs his stepmother to learn for him the particulars concerning "an American mother who in a short time had lost three sons: one killed by the savages, one run mad from that accident, and the third taken at sea, now in England, a prisoner at Forton Hospital. For *him* something might perhaps be done, . . . but you will prudently suppress my request, lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify." In announcing the rumored submission of "poor little Georgia," Mr. Gibbon had been rather merry over the fright of the Georgians at the Indians, who had "begun to amuse themselves with the exercise of scalping on their back settlements;" but matters of that kind are always different when brought to one's personal notice, and cannot be so lightly treated as at a distance of four thousand miles. In fine, Mr. Gibbon was our enemy upon theory and principle, as a landed gentleman of Tory family should be, and there can be no doubt of his perfect sincerity and uprightness in his course. For my own part, my heart rather warms to his stout, wrong-headed patriotism, as a fine thing in its way, and immensely characteristic, which one ought not to have otherwise, if one could.

It is a pity not to know how he felt towards us when all was over, and whether he ever forgave us our success. But after his retirement to Lausanne, the political affairs which chiefly find place in his letters are those of France, which

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were beginning to make themselves the wonder and concern of the whole polite world. He first felt the discomfort of having the emigrant *noblesse* crowding into his quiet retreat, and he murmurs a little at this, although Lausanne is always "infested in summer" by the traveling English, and it "escapes the superlatively great" exiles, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, etc., who slip by to Turin. But France is a horrid scene, with the assembly voting abstract propositions, Paris an independent republic, all credit gone, according to "poor Necker," and nobody paying taxes; and it becomes still more abhorrent to the friends of order, as the dissolution of the ancient monarchy advances, "the king brought a captive to Paris, the nobles in exile, the clergy plundered in a way that strikes at the root of all property." Lord Sheffield need not send Mr. Gibbon to Chambery to see a prince and an archbishop in exile; there are now exiles enough and of the noblest at Lausanne, whom in their cheerful adversity and gay destitution one must admire. He is always looking anxiously at England, and he distrusts even the movement, then beginning, against the great crime of civilization. He would be glad if it proceeded from an impulse of humanity, "but in this rage against slavery, in the numerous petitions against the slave-trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles, no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man?" For that would never do, and would as surely go to the roots of all property in England as in France. He sees clearly the follies of that wonderful time, and he sees as yet no rising master of the situation, no Richelieu, no Cromwell, "either to restore the monarchy or to lead the commonwealth;" it is not in his philosophy, wise as he is in all the past, to imagine a people so inspired with a sense of freedom and of the value of their new-won rights as to be able to maintain them against the whole of Europe, and to carry the revolution wherever their wild armies go.

This conception comes later, after the fact, and not till the historian, with prodigious amaze, sees these Gallic dogs, these Gallic wolves, these wretched French republican soldiers, whose "officers, scarcely a gentleman among them," — fancy it! — "without servants, or horses, or baggage, lie higgledy-piggledy on the ground with the common men, yet maintain a kind of rough discipline over them," — not, I say, till these armies "force the Prussians to evacuate their country, conquer Savoy, pillage Germany, threaten Spain, invade the Low Countries, make Rome and Italy tremble, scour the Mediterranean, and talk of sending a squadron into the South Sea." It is indeed a tremendous and a hateful spectacle, and well may a middle-aged literary Tory gentleman of landed property forebode that if England "should now be seduced to eat the apple of false freedom," himself and his best friends may soon be "reduced to the deplorable state of the French emigrants." Wolves and dogs? The names are too good for the wretches who have not only beheaded their king, but have involved their upper classes in more distress than any former revolutionists, and have rendered landed property insecure everywhere; henceforth they are "cannibals" and "devils," their "democratical principles lead by a path of flowers into the abyss of hell," and "the blackest demon in hell is the demon of democracy." It is droll to observe how, in these moments of deep emotion, a pagan gentleman is forced back upon a forsaken superstition for the proper imagery in which to clothe his indignation; but where gentility and landed property are concerned, Mr. Gibbon is as good a Christian as any. Indeed, he is so arch-conservative that he humorously accounts for his historical treatment of Christianity on the ground of a sort of high Tory affection "for the old Establishment of Paganism," and no reader of his letters can help observing how intimately the best feelings of his nature are bound up with the sacred tenure of real estate and the hallowed security of the funds. Yet after all, when he thinks of visiting England, he is great-

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ly minded to go home through France. "I am satisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I must arm myself with patience to support the vexatious insolence of democratical tyranny. I have even a sort of curiosity to spend a few days at Paris, to assist at the debates of the Pandemonium, to seek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never existed before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exist," — a burst of piety scarcely to be matched elsewhere in the author's writings.

When, however, he did return to England, in 1793, it was not by way of France, and his errand was not one of curiosity or pleasure. He came home to comfort his friend Lord Sheffield, then broken by the recent death of his wife, and he traveled by a circuitous route through Belgium, as his friend tells us, "along the frontiers of an enemy worse than savage, within the sound of their cannon, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war." Gibbon had now grown portentously stout, but "neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other consideration could prevent him a moment from resolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the most active young man." This was after ten years of the tranquil life of Lausanne, which he had voluntarily chosen eight years after his settlement in London, to the vast surprise of all his London friends. They believed that he never would be able to endure it, and they predicted that he would soon be glad to come back. He shared their misgivings in some degree, and he considers in letters to his different friends the respective advantages of London and Lausanne very seriously. He knew that the larger the place, the more one is let alone in it; he looked forward not only with tenderness but with some alarm to meeting the friends of his youth. But he was tired of political life, and he despaired of political preferment after Burke's Reform Bill had abolished his place on the Board of Trade; his straitened income obliged him to save, and London was expensive. At Lausanne lived his life-long friend George Deyverdun, whose house and heart he might share; in his celibate loneliness he felt the need of intimate daily companionship, and perhaps the place secretly called him by yet fonder associations. Its society, if provincial, was refined, as every society is in which the women are superior to the men; it was simple and comparatively unexacting. His friend's terrace commanded a magnificent prospect, and the climate was good for his gout. His arrangement was not complex: M. Deyverdun lodged Mr. Gibbon, and Mr. Gibbon boarded M. Deyverdun.

In a letter giving to the aunt who watched over his childhood (and whom after so many years of reciprocal affection he addresses as Dear Madam) an account of his way of life at Lausanne, he says of himself and his friend: —

"In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin,[1] I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message or thrice knocking; and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. After dinner and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety; whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too

[1] His English *valet de chambre*.

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often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practice a laudable abstinence at the best-furnished tables."

To Lord Sheffield he writes some facts and figures which have a curious interest, as showing the cost of a gentleman's bachelor establishment in England and Switzerland a hundred years ago:—

"*What is, then, you will ask, my present establishment? This* is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the same price in London as at Lausanne. My chief advantage arises from the things which I do not want; and in some respects my style of living is enlarged by the increase of my relative importance; an obscure bachelor in England, the master of a considerable house at Lausanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, etc., and to perform many duties of society which, though agreeable enough in themselves, contribute to inflame the housekeeper's bills. But in a quiet, prudent, regular course of life, I think I can support myself with comfort and honor for six or seven hundred pounds a year, instead of a thousand or eleven hundred in England."

After Deyverdun's death, which was a terrible bereavement to Gibbon, he bought a life-interest in his estate on the favorable terms fixed by his friend's will and continued to live in the same house where they had dwelt together nearly six years in such perfect harmony. Two years before this he had ended his mighty work, an event celebrated in the famous passage which one cannot read without a strong thrill of sympathy with its lofty emotion:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

One could desire a further account of Gibbon's habits of labor on his history than the very succinct sketch given in his memoir, but his letters are not much more satisfactory on this point. Method and assiduity were of course the open secrets of his success in an undertaking, the mere material grandeur of which was appalling; but there is something to show that the strain was no day so great as it was continual from day to day. He enjoyed life very well in Lausanne, and he seems not to have curtailed his social pleasures till the year before the completion of his task. In January of the year that saw its close, he wrote to Lord Sheffield:—

"A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn; but alas, when autumn grew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse or suffer myself to be accused of idleness; I can exactly compute, by the square foot or the square page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding texts and notes, after a general review of my time and my ground, I now can decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield Place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present

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year, — within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed. And perhaps it would not be easy to find a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public."

So good a man of business was this great man of genius! He kept his word with the public, but his infirmities conspired with other causes to make him break it to his friend. He did not dine with Lord Sheffield as he proposed; he did not go to England till six years later, when he felt himself imperatively called by his friend's sorrows; and then he came also to lay down his own life in his native land. He had long suffered from a dropsical affection resulting from a neglected rupture; it had now become a terrible burden as well as a grotesque deformity, and within a short time after his arrival in England he underwent three operations. They gave relief, but they tried his strength too far, for he succumbed to the third.

It was in London that he made his end. The operation seemed to have afforded him distinct relief; he talked of a radical cure, of getting back to his beloved Lausanne. He saw his friends on the afternoon before the day of his death (the 16th of January), among them several ladies, with whom he talked, as he liked to do, of the probable duration of his life, which he fixed at from ten to twenty years. No words can be better than those in which Lord Sheffield describes the last moments of the great friend to whose bedside he came too late to see him alive: —

"On that morning, about seven, the servant asked whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar. He answered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half past eight he got out of bed, and said he was *plus adroit* than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine, he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the valet de chambre returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, 'Pourquoi est-ce que vous me quittez?' This was about half past eleven. At twelve he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favorite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign to show that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half shut. About a quarter before one he ceased to breathe."

Vastly the greater number of Gibbon's letters are addressed to Lord Sheffield, his faithful friend, with whom he became intimate in their young manhood, and with whom he maintained the closest relations as long as he lived. His letters have, with all their occasional polysyllabic ponderosity, a lively air of unconsciousness and of not being written for the public eye, as most letters of that epistolary age seem to have been. It would be unfair to accuse them of a witty or humorous levity, but they are certainly sprightly, after their kind, and are not so hard reading as letters often are. Some of the sprightliest are to Lady Sheffield and to Miss Maria Holroyd, a young lady who amuses herself with his abhorrence of the French democrats so far as to subscribe herself, "Citoyen Gibbon, je suis ton égal." Some of the letters relate to the controversy excited by the skeptical character of his history, but all this matter is treated with sufficient fullness in his memoir, and with a scornful bitterness which spares but one or two of his assailants. "At a distance of twelve years I calmly affirm my judgment of Davies, Chelsum, etc.," — clergymen who had combated his doubts with the weapons of the church militant. "A victory over such antagonists was a sufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this world. Poor Chelsum was indeed neglected, and

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I dare not boast of making Dr. Watson a bishop; he is a prelate of a large mind and a liberal spirit; but I enjoyed the pleasure of giving a royal pension to Mr. Davies, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiscopal living." With keen antitheses, like the scythes projecting from either side of the war-cars of the Cimbrians, the historian drives down upon the ranks of his opponents, and leaves them behind him in long swaths. Let us not look longer upon the carnage. He did not spare those who at any period of life wronged or offended him, and many a passage of his memoir is rounded or pointed with the fragments of such criminals.

Lord Sheffield says of Gibbon's letters that they bear "in general a strong resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation, the characteristics of which were vivacity, elegance, and precision, with knowledge astonishingly extensive and correct," — a judgment with which, so far as the knowledge, elegance, and precision go, one cannot very well dispute. The vivacity is apt to die out of letters; so apt that I for one cannot regret the lapse of the epistolary age, and Mr. Gibbon's sprightliness has something of horse, not to say river-horse, play in it now and then. His letters reveal a love of gossip, which one rather likes, and a tooth for scandal now and then, which is but human. Occasionally the letters are coarse, but not often: a gentleman would not now write some things he wrote to the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Foster; but the gentleman changes very much from century to century, and so does the lady, fortunately.

It is well, in any study of this sort, to let the man who is the subject of inquiries necessarily vague and unsatisfactory have the last word for himself; and there are words of Gibbon's, written on his twenty-sixth birthday, which probably sum up his qualities better than the language of any other critic, allowing, of course, for the changes which years, self-study, and self-discipline gradually made in him: —

"This was my birthday, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavor to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing; my memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration; but I want both quickness and exactness."

W. D. Howells.

MARS AS A NEIGHBOR.

It is about three years since the little stir in the astronomical world occasioned by the "transit of Venus" communicated itself in some degree to the public at large. It is still well remembered that our government and others sent out, in 1874, expeditions to many distant places, — some of them previously unknown except to map-makers and clever school-boys, — with the object of securing certain astronomical observations to be used in a fresh determination of the distance of the sun. Most of us also know that the process is to be repeated in 1882, and some of us may live long enough to hear what has been proved

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by both sets of observations. But, so far as we have heard yet, the chief consequence of the expeditions of 1874 has been merely to provide a few industrious people with an indefinite amount of work in measuring photographs and in adding figures. It is only a few weeks since the appearance of the first official returns from this work, which place the sun about a million miles farther from us than it has lately been supposed to be; but, as we should say in politics, "there are several counties still to hear from," and this additional million of miles may presently have to be struck off again.

Meanwhile, it is this year said that *still another opportunity* of measuring the sun's distance has just been presented by the so-called opposition of Mars. We are also informed that most astronomers think it about as good an opportunity as that of 1874, while many think it a still better one. The expense incurred in making use of it, too, is trifling. No costly expeditions have been needed, and very few expeditions of any kind have been undertaken, for the purpose. It is possible that the first thought of an ordinary unscientific tax-payer, on coming across this intelligence, may be that the astronomers got an unfair advantage of him three years ago, since he was made to pay, more or less directly, according to the financial situation of different countries, for the gratification of the curiosity of a number of impatient people who might as well have waited a little to do their work more cheaply, especially as they cannot, after all, arrive at the results they wish for in any moderate time.

Another reader, however, may care little what defense the astronomers may have to make to a charge of this kind, but may be disposed to ask them how they can measure the sun's distance by the help of Mars, which can be seen only in the absence of the sun. It seems more likely, at first sight, that a transit of Venus should render the required service, since in that case the planet and the sun are observed together. But in fact, the manner of determining the sun's distance which is employed this year is somewhat simpler and more readily explained than that used three years ago. It may be worth while, before attempting this explanation, briefly to justify the trial of both methods and of any others now known or hereafter to be invented, whether costly or cheap. Very few words will suffice, for most readers have probably formed so decided an opinion, one way or the other, upon the alleged utility of abstract scientific investigations that a discussion of it would soon become tedious.

These investigations may most readily and most concisely be defended on the ground that curiosity is as much a part of man's nature, and as respectable a part too, as appetite. But to answer any one who disclaims scientific curiosity for himself, and objects to spending public money to gratify the inquisitiveness of his fellow-citizens, although he admits an interest in the general welfare of the human race, it must be added that mankind is, so to speak, always running a race with nature, whose forces are threatening enemies except so far as they are made serviceable friends by our increasing knowledge. It is wholly uncertain, from the scientific point of view, whether civilization and prosperity can be very long maintained among men; but it is altogether probable that if maintained at all they will be maintained only by the vigorous prosecution of inquiry in all directions into the operations of nature. We know enough of these operations to recognize the insecurity of our position. It is likely that the supplies of coal and metal on which we so greatly depend at present are to fail us in time; we see that we cannot rely even upon the indefinite continuance of the present habitable condition of the earth. On the other hand, experience shows us that scientific inquiry may give us a degree of power, not at present to be definitely estimated, to avail ourselves, for our protection, of the very forces which, if disregarded, must injure and finally overwhelm us; and, moreover, no one can say beforehand what knowledge will prove most effective. The classical instance

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of this is found in the results of Professor Galvani's purely abstract investigations into the origin of the movements he observed in the legs of dead frogs placed in contact with pieces of metal. Every one knows that we now talk at pleasure through miles of wire, and transmit our thoughts in a fraction of a second across the Atlantic, in consequence of the pursuit of the study begun by Galvani; and that this study has also furnished us with means for economically converting mechanical force into light, — a result more directly protective, though less wonderful, perhaps, than the other. Galvani could not have imagined that his researches were to lead within a century to any contrivance which would in popular language be called a useful one; and if he had attempted directly to invent a means of transmitting thought to a distance, it is pretty nearly certain that, in the condition of science in his time, his life would have been wasted in fruitless efforts. As it was, he was sure of leaving behind him some additions to the stock of human knowledge, whether or not these additions could be made to supply any ordinary want of life. Indeed, from a scientific point of view, Galvani's claim to remembrance is rather that he pointed out a very interesting field for research, and took the first steps in its exploration, than that telegraphic communication was made possible by his inquiries into electrical phenomena.

If the value of scientific research, apart from any object commonly called useful, is once admitted, it will be enough to add, with regard to the special case before us at present, that our knowledge of the distance of the sun is involved, to an extent which at first sight would seem unlikely, in a great many kinds of investigation, not merely of astronomical, but even of ordinary optical questions. Moreover, it is generally known that knowledge derived from observation or experiment is made much more serviceable and exact by frequently repeating our inquiries under circumstances made to vary as much as practicable. In important cases, then, all good methods ought to be tried, and the trials should be renewed as often as possible. We are thus brought to our more immediate subject, the attempt to explain how it is that unusual advantages for determining the distance of the sun have been presented this year by the situation of Mars with respect to the earth.

Astronomy, as it is generally taught, becomes a matter of diagrams and of geometrical demonstrations almost at the outset, or at all events as soon as the movements of the planets come under consideration. This course is, indeed, to some extent inevitable; but when any particular astronomical phenomenon is to be described, the description certainly stands a better chance of retaining some interest if it concerns itself with what may actually be seen by every one in the sky rather than with lines and letters on a sheet of paper. It is true, on the other hand, that it is somewhat more difficult to bring before our imaginations the courses of the real planets through space than to follow their orbits upon a diagram. The satisfaction attending success in the more ambitious attempt, however, is sure to recompense the amateur astronomer for the really inconsiderable effort needed to obtain it.

During many of the summer evenings of 1877, all the planets which can ordinarily be seen without a telescope were in view. These, as few can need to be told, are Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn (Mercury being seldom, and only for short intervals, in a good position to be seen, and all the remaining planets being too small or distant to be detected by ordinary eyes). Venus could be seen in the west, setting soon after the sun, but higher in the sky at sunset as the season advanced. Jupiter was conspicuous in the south; while Mars and Saturn were apparently near each other in the east, rising earlier in the evening as time went on. All who noticed them must have easily recognized Mars by its well-known reddish tint, and have observed its unusual brightness. It appeared, indeed, to rival Jupiter, or perhaps even to be the more brilliant of the two. Saturn, then a little to the north of Mars, was

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much less likely to attract the eye. Its light is, in fact, surpassed by that of several fixed stars.

Why is it that we now find Jupiter close to the western horizon as early in the evening as we can see it, while Mars and Saturn set as soon as Jupiter did some months ago? Of course, because all the planets have moved in their orbits; especially, because the earth has moved in its orbit. But how many of those who have studied astronomy at school can tell along what course they are being carried at any given time by the motion of the earth? How is the earth moving at midnight, for example? At this time the sun is below us; we shall not need to define its position more accurately than this. Now, as the earth goes round the sun, it must always be moving across a line drawn in the direction of the sun, so that at midnight it is not moving up or down, but in some approximately horizontal course. Experience shows, as has just been noticed, that in consequence of this movement we see the great majority of the stars a little farther west at each successive midnight than they were twenty-four hours before. We are thus led to think (in conformity with the actual fact) that we must be turning towards the eastern sky at midnight in consequence of the earth's revolution about the sun as well as in consequence of its rotation on its own axis. Both these movements are not only turning us towards the east but actually carrying us along towards the east, — a distinction which we must notice, because it provides us with means of measuring the sun's distance. If we suppose the sun and the earth to be both very small objects and very close together, the two turning movements of the earth just mentioned — around its own axis and around the sun — would still continue to produce the effects which have thus far been described; while the distances through which these movements carried us would be insignificant in comparison to those which separated us from other bodies than the sun, and would accordingly be traversed without the production of any noticeable phenomena in the heavens.

In point of fact, however, we may be carried some twenty-four thousand miles every day by the earth's rotation, and we are carried over five hundred million miles a year by our revolution round the sun. It happens, and in many respects conveniently for the prosecution of our studies, that this last journey, extensive as it is, is so short compared with one which would have to be taken to reach any of the fixed stars that so far as they are concerned it may be wholly neglected; only the nearest of them present any phenomena which can be attributed to it, and these are scarcely discernible with the most refined methods of observation. But even the first or daily journey is long enough to impart a small seeming movement to the nearest planets, the places of which are of course still more affected by our annual tour about the sun. While, however, we may speak of the appearance of the fixed stars as being absolutely unaffected by the fact that the earth is carrying us along, as well as turning us round its own axis and round the sun, we must remember that both these turning movements affect our view of the stars neither more nor less than they affect our view of nearer objects. If a man turns upon his heel, he alters his view of the hills which may bound the prospect, and of the trees and houses near him, in just the same way; it is only by moving from one place to another that he alters his view of the foreground of the landscape without any noticeable alteration of its background. By combining these movements, as he does, for example, by walking round a tree or building near him, he changes his view of the whole prospect, but not of the prospect as a whole, the nearer and more remote objects in it being very differently affected.

Considering ourselves as merely turned round by the earth's daily rotation and by its annual revolution about the sun, and neglecting, for the present, the progressive movement which results from this rotation and revolution, let us return to the consideration of the mode in which we are turned at one time of day and another. At midnight, we as have

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seen, we are turned eastwards by the annual, as well as by the daily, movement of the earth. Suppose Mars to rise at midnight, as it actually did not many months ago. Then, at midnight our course around the sun was turning us toward Mars; and if the earth's rotation had been stopped altogether, Mars would have continued to rise, although very slowly, so that at the end of a month it would still have been seen near the eastern horizon.

Let us now suppose the time of day to be sunset instead of midnight. If Mars is to rise at midnight, as we have just supposed, it must now be below us; and as the earth's motion about the sun is turning us toward Mars, it must be swinging us downward. In like manner, if Mars rose at midnight, it must be setting about noon; and accordingly, we are then swung westward in our course about the sun. At sunrise, upon the same supposition, Mars is high in the sky, and our course is upward.

At all times, then, the consequence of our revolution about the sun is to lessen the rate at which the daily rotation of the earth makes the sun seem to move through the sky. For, at midnight, the fact that the earth is swung eastward around the sun must make the sun seem to be swung westward around the earth, and so keep it back from the eastern horizon, towards which it is brought by the earth's rotation on its own axis. At noon, the earth's revolution about the sun turns it westward, so that the sun seems to be swung eastward about the earth, and consequently to be retarded in its daily course to the western horizon. At sunrise, the sun is, so to speak, kept down, and at sunset held up, by the movement of the earth in its orbit, which thus constantly lessens the effect of the earth's rotation in producing the daily course of the sun from east to west by day and back again below us at night. Accordingly, if an object outside of the earth's orbit, like Mars, rises at sunset at any time of year, it will soon be rising before sunset. Its daily course from east to west while it is in view, and back below us, will be more rapid than that of the sun, which it will at length overtake and pass, to repeat the same process again. If at any time it rises at midnight, it will soon be high in the sky at midnight. When it is highest at midnight, so that it is above us when the sun is below, it is naturally said to be in opposition to the sun, or simply in opposition, as Mars was on September 5, 1877.

A fixed star must come into opposition once every time the earth goes round the sun, but this is not true of a planet, which is itself moving round the sun. Mercury and Venus, which are always nearer the sun than we are, can of course never come into opposition; for if any object is in opposition to the sun, we must be nearly between it and the sun. Those planets which can come into opposition are always moving towards the east when we see them, and therefore their progress from rising to setting is delayed by their own movement around the sun, though not so much as the sun is delayed in its daily apparent course by the earth's yearly revolution about it. They accordingly gain on the sun less than the fixed stars do, so that their oppositions recur less frequently than once a year. If any one of them completed its revolution about the sun in the same time with the earth, it could never be in opposition, of course, unless it was always in opposition. Mars, being the next planet beyond the earth, moves fast enough around the sun to make its oppositions more than two years apart. As it can be seen only when it is above the horizon by night, and therefore when it is not far from opposition, it is more seldom in view than either Jupiter or Saturn.

It has just been said that when Mars is in sight its course about the sun is carrying it towards the eastern sky, and consequently delaying its daily apparent movement from east to west; but about the time of its opposition this effect is more than counteracted by the progress of the earth in its own orbit, as distinguished from its mere turning movement about the sun. At this time, the earth is between the sun and Mars, and

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accordingly moving across the line from one to the other. As its movement is quicker than that of Mars, so that it actually travels more miles in a minute than Mars does, its own progress gives Mars an apparent movement in the direction opposite to that in which both planets are really moving. This effect, as we have seen, depends on the neighborhood of Mars, and is less considerable in the case of any more distant planet, scarcely perceptible at all in the case of even the nearest fixed stars, and, with regard to the vast majority of the stars, wholly imperceptible by any means of observation now known.

Hence, about the time of its opposition, the daily movement of Mars from east to west, while it is above the horizon, is more rapid than that of any celestial object ordinarily seen beyond the earth's orbit. Its course among the stars is, therefore, contrary to its ordinary course, and it is said to be retrograding. But looked at simply with reference to the planet's ordinary apparent course about the earth, this retrograding is an uncommonly rapid advance. It must be most rapid, of course, when Mars is just in opposition; and that will be (if we neglect some small distinctions, unimportant for our present purposes) when Mars is just on the meridian at midnight. This must be some particular terrestrial meridian, and will probably not be the meridian of any place which we may select at random, as, for example, the meridian of Greenwich, of Paris, or of Washington. But whatever moment we select as that of the opposition of Mars, it must at that moment be midnight somewhere on the earth; and Mars will then be just crossing the meridian of that place.

Now, while Mars is retrograding in consequence of our progressive movement along the orbit of the earth, it is made nightly to retrograde (that is, to move westward) farther than it otherwise would, by the additional eastward progress of the observer, due to the mere rotation of the earth upon its axis. What is thus gained by night is of course lost by day, when the earth's rotation carries us the other way with respect to Mars. It was pointed out early in this explanation that the amount of this apparent movement backward and forward which is imparted to objects beyond the earth by the extent of our daily journey around the earth's axis is always very small, and only perceptible in the case of neighboring planets. Even then, it could hardly be perceived, and could not be measured, without the aid of the fixed stars, the distance of which leaves them wholly unaffected by it, and therefore enables it to be detected in the case of Mars by accurate observations of the apparent situation of the planet at different times among the stars surrounding it in the sky. Two sets of such observations may be respectively made, for example, early and late in the night, in order to show how much Mars has retrograded during the interval between them. The amount of this retrogradation is chiefly due, of course, to the earth's movement in its orbit, and only in a comparatively slight degree to its rotation; so that it may appear at first that this second slight movement cannot be accurately measured. Suppose, however, that the observations are repeated night after night, as would certainly be done in practice. We can then lay down the path of Mars among the stars as it appears to be by the evening observations alone, and as it appears to be by the morning observations alone, and hence calculate where at any given moment the planet should have been according to each kind of observations. The two places thus calculated will not agree precisely, and their difference will enable us to judge how much the earth's rotation changes the apparent place of Mars in the course of any one night. Practically, of course, astronomers do not proceed in the manner thus suggested. The principles on which their elaborate calculations rest may, however, be fairly explained as has just been done.

Having now considered the facts, a knowledge of which is sufficient to give us a good general notion of what is meant by an "opposition of Mars," we are ready to inquire what use is made of

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them in determining the distance of the sun. The answer to this question is to be found in what may perhaps be called the most interesting chapter in the history of astronomy.

If we open any one of the nautical almanacs published by the governments of various civilized nations, we find a statement of the movements of each of the principal planets during the year named in the title-page of the work. As each almanac is published two or three years in advance of the time to which it relates, and contains the results of computations made still earlier, this statement deals with a somewhat distant future, and it may be worth while to ask just what degree of confidence it is entitled to. The meaning of the figures in which it is expressed may be most readily explained by stating that these figures are equivalent to directions, enabling any observer provided with a suitably mounted telescope, wherever he may be, to point his instrument so that the planet he may wish to observe will be seen through it at any moment which he has chosen beforehand, unless clouds or other obstacles should then impede the view. More than this: if the planet should not appear at the very place in the field of the telescope with reference to which the instrument was set for the observation, the observer would infer that he had done his work incorrectly, or that his time-piece was wrong, rather than that there was any liability to error in the prediction, except such as might arise from an oversight of the proof-reader. Not that the predictions are so accurate that observation has ceased to be of service in detecting minute errors in them, and thus providing means for making future predictions still more accurate; but to accomplish this, none but the most careful observations, made with the best instruments, can now be of value.

This power of prediction is the proof of the correctness of the theory of planetary motion on which the computations of the almanac-makers are founded. Any one who finds fault with the theory has before him a standing challenge to make a better almanac than those which are now computed, and must expect to be laughed at until he has done so. But the true nature of the theory itself cannot be understood, when it is considered, as is too often the case, entirely apart from the predictions founded upon it. All our ordinary language about the phenomena of motion is so vague that until we put it into the form of figures it leaves room for countless misconceptions. We are told, for instance, that the moon revolves about the earth, and so it does; that is, an ellipse so drawn that the centre of the earth shall occupy one of its foci is a mathematical conception which is found serviceable in predicting the exact place in the sky in which the moon is to be seen at a given time. But it is equally true, or, if you choose, still more correct, to assert that the moon revolves only about the sun, being slightly disturbed in its course by the action of the earth. Either of these statements, standing by itself, or the still more familiar statement that the earth goes round the sun once a year, is so likely to be taken in some erroneous sense that we may almost refuse to consider it as any addition to the real knowledge of the pupil who learns it. It is, in fact, like so much of our current knowledge, no more than a convenient summary of particulars too numerous to be all kept in mind at once by those who know most about them, while yet the meaning of the summary is really only the meaning of the particulars it contains, and is wholly lost by those who have none of them in mind. One result of this is seen in the whimsical astronomical theories often set up by people who know astronomy as it is taught in popular works, but not in the form in which its principles were originally developed. Many an astronomer of ancient times who supposed the earth to be the centre of the universe was really nearer to the views of modern astronomers than the graduates of our schools and colleges can ordinarily be, although they have learned to regard the earth as a comparatively insignificant object in constant motion.

The name of Kepler will always be as-

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sociated with the most important step ever made in the theory of planetary motion; and the most celebrated of Kepler's investigations related to the orbit of Mars, the planet which has formed the immediate subject of the present paper. The labors of the astronomers who had lived before Kepler had by no means been wholly misdirected; and in his time the movements of the planets could be predicted with a respectable degree of accuracy. Indeed, any one who may now think that time is wasted in trying to increase the accuracy of our present almanacs would probably have said the same in Kepler's time. But Kepler, at all events, was of a different opinion.

At a very early period in the history of astronomy, the observed movements of the planets had been studied with the view of finding some method of reducing them to a systematic and intelligible form, which would furnish means for astronomical predictions. One of the methods proposed in ancient times for this purpose was to consider the earth as turning daily on an axis, and as making an annual revolution about the sun, around which, also, the other planets were considered as revolving, at distances presumed to increase with the time occupied by one revolution. This is the explanation now universally adopted, and, being regarded as true, it causes the more prevalent belief in ancient times — that the earth is the centre of the universe — to appear not only false but discreditable to the sagacity of the astronomers who entertained it. It is, doubtless, discreditable in any age, to men whose learning and leisure are insufficient to enable them to form sound judgments of their own in matters relating to natural science, that they should become vehement partisans of one scientific theory or another. In this sense, the fanatical prejudice with which the rude beginnings of the modern theory of the solar system were at times rejected was indeed a mark of folly. But many early astronomers rejected them for good reasons; and, on the whole, the weight of scientific authority among the Greek astronomers was against them. Pythagoras, who is said to have maintained in outline the modern view of the solar system, and, in a later age, Aristarchus, do not seem to have been the scientific equals of some of their opponents; in particular of their great successor, Hipparchus, who has the credit, so far as one man can have it, of being the founder of scientific astronomy.

It is worth a passing notice that it was generally taken for granted among the ancient theorists that the planets whose apparent motion among the stars was slowest (or better, whose daily revolution about the earth was ordinarily least retarded by movements peculiar to themselves) must be farthest off. This assumption, which ultimately proved to be justified by facts, is so natural that it does not seem to have required uncommon sagacity to make it, and it certainly needed not to be derived from previous ages of superior enlightenment, as has been suggested by at least one of the popular writers of the day.

The principal reason why the modern or heliocentric theory of the solar system met with little acceptance among scientific astronomers before Kepler's time was that it had till then always been crippled by the false assumption that the orbits of the planets ought to be regarded as circular. This assumption was, of course, natural and proper at the outset of astronomical research, and prevailed as much among one school of astronomers as another. Even Copernicus had accepted it as indisputable; and it may be asserted with much probability that his revival of the heliocentric theory would have given him no more credit with posterity than was obtained by Aristarchus, if he had not been so soon succeeded by Kepler. The true precursors of Kepler, however, are to be looked for not so much among the astronomers of his own or of earlier times as among the great Greek geometers, who had developed the theory of the conic sections in the true spirit of scientific inquiry, without ever concerning themselves with the question what use posterity would make of their work. But their work

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had been done and had been preserved, and when Kepler perceived the hypothesis that the planets move in circles (however curiously combined) to have been sufficiently tried and found wanting, the ellipse and its mathematical theory were ready to his hand for the foundation of a better system.

The heliocentric theory of the solar system had hitherto led to no better results than the prevalent geocentric theory in enabling astronomers to predict the places of the planets among the stars. There was, consequently, no real reason why it should be accepted. The apparent immobility of the fixed stars was much against it. But it offered far the easiest general explanation of the retrograde movement of the superior planets whenever they came into opposition; and its possible resources had as yet been much less fully explored than those of its rival, so that it had all the attraction presented by novelty to an active mind like Kepler's. Kepler, indeed, had a degree of vivacity and delight in novelty more often to be met with in the saddle of a hobby-horse than in the chair of a philosopher. But there was this important difference between him and a modern system-monger: he had learned his mathematics thoroughly, and was not afraid of the trouble of employing them. When, therefore, he was investigating the movements of Mars, and applying one theory after another to the recorded observations of Tycho Brahe, he would not content himself with any mere general agreement between theory and observation, nor throw the blame of a disagreement upon observation. He computed, in every case, by the laborious methods which were the best furnished him by the mathematics of his time, the places of Mars, according to his theory, and compared them honestly with the observed places. His lively expressions of disappointment and of triumph have often been quoted. His theories "went off into smoke;" Mars, supposed at last to be a captive, had broken his chains and burst the prison of the tables prepared for him. When subsequent endeavors have showed the astronomer that he has been overhasty in rejecting the ellipse, the idea of which had long since occurred to him, in favor of the egg-shaped orbit to which he had been trying to accommodate the planet's motions, he is ready at once to exclaim, "How absurd in me!" and to assert that the very facts which had caused him to give up the ellipse ought to have brought him to it. He is equally outspoken when he congratulates himself on his success, whether real or, as it proved at times, imaginary. But if he does not always applaud himself in the right place, it is always easy to admit his right to the applause which he failed to obtain from others in his life-time, thoroughly deserved as it had been by hard work directed by good sense.

The chief results of Kepler's researches are embodied in the three well-known laws which bear his name. These laws enabled astronomers not merely to foretell, with much more accuracy than had previously been in their power, the apparent places among the stars to be occupied by any given planet, but also to predict the ratio between its distance from the earth, whenever that might be measured, and the distance at that or at any other required time between any two planets, or between any planet and the sun. At the present day, indeed, the laws of Kepler, in their original form, no longer furnish the astronomical computer with the methods he employs. They have been superseded by the more accurate system introduced by Newton and developed by his successors. But this system established the substantial correctness of Kepler's laws, and was shown to be true by proving competent to explain them. Newton's celebrity rests on his mathematical proof that they follow from the law of gravitation, and does not rest on any discovery of that law, the terms of which were common talk among his scientific contemporaries, none of whom, however, could show what its consequences would be. Nor was Galvani, whose work has already served us as an illustration of scientific method, a discoverer mainly by accident, as he is popularly thought to be. His success,

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too, like that of Kepler and of Newton, was due more to care and perseverance than to good luck and clever conjecture, as any one may see who will read his own account of the experiments by which he founded a new branch of science.

We have just seen that the measurement of the space between the earth and any other planet leads directly to the knowledge of our distance from the sun. The measurement itself is effected on principles like those which enable a land surveyor to determine the distance of a station which he has not visited from either of two others. But the stations at both ends of the base line to be used in this measurement must be chosen upon the earth itself at some one instant. We cannot fix these stations at different places in the orbit about the sun, along which we are annually carried, because it is the very purpose of our inquiry to improve our knowledge of the dimensions of this orbit. But in measuring the earth itself, although we assist ourselves by astronomical observations, it is not essential to the correctness of our measurements that we should know the distance between the earth and other objects.

These considerations make it evident that a direct measurement of the sun's distance must be untrustworthy, owing to the extreme shortness of the available base when compared with the distance to be measured, if for no other reason. Venus comes nearer to us than any other planet, so that its distances from the earth at particular times would naturally be the quantities selected for measurements, from which the dimensions of the solar system might be learned, were it not that when nearest to us it is too nearly in the direction of the sun to be well observed except on the rare occasions of its transits. But each of these lasts only for a few hours of a single day, and must therefore be observed by expeditions sent to advantageous places. Mars, when in opposition, is our next nearest neighbor, and may then be observed with advantage every clear night for several weeks, so that to determine its distance the astronomers need not quit their observatories. The observations made are of two kinds: either the height of Mars in the sky as it crosses the meridian, or the amount of its nightly retrogradation, due to the mere rotation of the earth, is the quantity to be measured. The first method requires the coöperation of astronomers whose stations differ greatly in latitude; and many of the chief observatories in the northern, as well as all, probably, in the southern, hemisphere have recently been engaged in this work. The second method may be carried out by a single observer, but he must be so situated that Mars passes nearly over his head every night; and this year, accordingly, no northern observatory was a suitable station for the purpose.

The decided ellipticity of the orbit of Mars was one chief cause of the irregularities in its apparent course which were first explained by Kepler. Mars may, in fact, be only five sixths as far from the sun at one time as at another, and consequently its distance from the earth must vary greatly at different oppositions. It is only at an opposition like the recent one, when it comes unusually near us, that it presents a favorable opportunity for determining the distance of the sun in the manner already stated.

But it is not only the fact that Mars was a comparatively near neighbor of ours last summer which made it so conspicuous an object in this part of the world; its apparent position among the stars was farther towards the north, and it consequently stood higher in our sky than it has done for a long while at an opposition which in other respects was a favorable one for observing it. We must go back to 1845 to find an equally good opportunity for the gratification of our neighborly curiosity; and in 1845 we were not prepared as we now are to receive our visitor with the persistent attention demanded by the rarity of the occasion.

Much knowledge of Mars itself, as well as of its distance, has been obtained by the work of the past season. Many observations of its physical aspect have

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been made, and our countryman, Professor Hall, has had the well-deserved gratification of being the first to discover that Mars has two satellites, thus confirming some prophetic utterances of Swift and Voltaire, who would have been as much surprised as any of us if they could have lived to see their jests turned into sober earnest by a twenty-six inch object glass. Before returning to our principal subject, it may be well to consider the chief results already derived, or to be expected, from the class of observations just mentioned; this may be soon done, for it is not yet time to look for the exact knowledge to be hereafter derived from the records.

The dark spots upon the surface of Mars have now been observed with some care for two centuries, and many of them present so nearly the same appearance year after year, or rather opposition after opposition, that there can be no doubt of their permanence. They are not clouds, but form part of the solid or partly solid body of the planet. As to their being oceans, gulfs, and so on, our readers may believe as much as they please of what is told them in the light literature of the day upon this subject, if they will bear in mind that the dark patches on the moon, too, are still called seas because they were once believed to be so. But since these dark patches on Mars are at all events permanent enough to allow us to wait for more acquaintance with them before pronouncing upon their character, they furnish a trustworthy means of proving that Mars, like the earth, turns upon an axis, its day being some forty minutes longer than ours. The exact period of rotation of Mars is twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, and between twenty-two and one half and twenty-three seconds, the fraction of a second not being yet so well known as to leave no room for doubt about it. The observations of the past season will reduce this doubt to smaller dimensions, but are not likely to extinguish it altogether. Something will still be left for the next generation of astronomers to settle; and although we shall know more about the spots of Mars than ever before, as soon as the results of the year's work are collected, the maps of Mars which we may make will not be regarded as final authorities by our successors. Even their charts will probably be always very inferior to such as might be made by an inhabitant of the inner satellite, where the disk of Mars must reach across something like a quarter of the sky.

The satellites of Saturn and of Uranus have received names, and those of Mars are certainly interesting objects enough to have the same distinction. For the present, let us call them Romulus and Remus, after the most celebrated of the sons of Mars; it will save time, at all events, to be relieved from the need of speaking of the outer satellite and the inner satellite in the following remarks upon them. Ascalaphus was another son of Mars (or rather of Ares), according to Homer, and doubtless others of the family can be heard of among the classics if they are wanted as namesakes; and this is possible, as a third, and even a fourth, satellite of Mars has been suspected to exist. As for Romulus and Remus, they are very little fellows now, and yet perhaps are too old to grow. The only way in which the size of objects appearing to us as such minute dots of light can be determined, since they present no measurable disks, is by the estimation of their brightness, on the assumption that their capacity for reflecting sunlight is the same as that of equally small portions of Mars itself. At Harvard College Observatory, Professor Pickering has made a series of careful comparisons of their light with that of Mars, by photometric methods of his own, and concludes, from a partial reduction of the work, that Romulus must be about six miles in diameter, and Remus about seven; but, although brighter, Remus is less often seen, being always very close to Mars. The reddish color of the light of Mars is absent from that of the satellites, which seem to be grayish or very faintly blue. This result of the Cambridge observations is in contradiction to one obtained by an English observer, Mr. Common, who calls the outer satellite even redder than Mars,

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according to a paragraph in Nature; time will show which opinion is the more generally concurred in. It is as yet uncertain whether the satellites could have been seen at any previous opposition with the instruments then in existence; still, they are reported to have been seen with small telescopes last September, and it may be that large ones will bring them to view again in 1879, in which case it will appear likely that a careful search for them at some oppositions earlier than that of 1877 might have been successful.

The quickness with which these little satellites complete their circuits (in consequence of their close neighborhood to Mars) is perhaps their most surprising characteristic. Romulus revolves once in some thirty hours, at a distance from the centre of Mars equal to about half the circumference of the earth; while Remus (whose activity appears not to have the fatal consequences of that of his legendary namesake) occupies less than eight hours in traversing an orbit, the radius of which is about the same as the distance between California and Japan. Hence, if its revolution is direct (or follows the course of the planet's rotation), it gains more than two revolutions daily on any point on the surface of Mars. The explanations given in the first part of this article will probably be enough to show what this means. Here is a moon which rises twice a day in the west. If it rises early in the evening, it will set in the east before midnight, and be up again before morning. A moon like this is a fit attendant on the planet whose movements were followed so long by the mind of Kepler. Like that, it is very quick and odd, without being given to aberration.

If Mars were a much smaller object than it is, as small, for instance, as one of its recently discovered satellites, and were yet, as it is, an independent planet, not the satellite of another, its distance could be found still more accurately than at present, since it is easier to determine the place of one little star with respect to another than the place of the centre of a disk like that of Mars. For this reason, although the asteroids are farther from us than Mars is, observations of their places are sometimes made with a view of determining their distances. Of course, if the distance of an asteroid can be better determined than that of Mars or Venus, it will also give us a more accurate knowledge of the sun's distance. But the reason for trying these various methods of research is not so much to find which is best in itself as to gain greater security against errors arising from the peculiarities of each; and the transit of Venus in 1882 will be even more interesting to astronomers than it would have been without the opposition of Mars in 1877.

Arthur Searle.

MY AVIARY.

THROUGH my north window, in the wintry weather, —
My airy oriel on the river-shore, —
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together
Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen
Lets the loose water waft him as it will;

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The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate,

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

But when along the waves the shrill north-easter
Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds "Beware!"
The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster
When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,

Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,
Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid nerves,
Now on the blast his whistling plumage poising,
Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.

Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,
Less fleshed than feathered; bagged, you 'll find him such;
His virtue silence; his employment pleasure;
Not bad to look at, and not good for much.

What of our duck? He has some high-bred cousins, —
His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the Brant, —
Anas and *Anser*, — both served up by dozens,
At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Nahant.

As for himself, he seems alert and thriving, —
Grubs up a living somehow — what, who knows?
Crabs? mussels? weeds? — Look quick! there 's one just diving!
Flop! Splash! his white breast glistens — down he goes!

And while he 's under — just about a minute —
I take advantage of the fact to say
His fishy carcase has no virtue in it
The gunning idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you! "sportsmen" from suburban alleys,
Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;
Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies
Forth to waste powder, — as *he* says, to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,
Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;
The float that figures in your sly transaction
Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

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Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him!
Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;
Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him,
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

Look! there's a young one, dreaming not of danger;
Sees a flat log come floating down the stream;
Stares undismayed upon the harmless stranger;
Ah! were all strangers harmless as they seem!

Habet! a leaden shower his breast has shattered;
Vainly he flutters, not again to rise;
His soft white plumes along the waves are scattered;
Helpless the wing that braved the tempest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him flying
To seek their nests among the island reeds;
Strong is their flight; all lonely he is lying
Washed by the crimsoned water as he bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrow,
Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget?
Or is Thy dread account-book's page so narrow
Its one long column scores Thy creatures' debt?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,
A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;
One little gasp — thy universe has perished,
Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath!

Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er, —
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation, —
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads!

How often gazing where a bird reposes,
Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,
I lose myself in strange metempsychosis
And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side,

From rain, hail, snow in feathery mantle muffled,
Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest sense to hear
My mate soft murmuring, who with plumes unruffled,
Where'er I wander still is nestling near;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er me;
Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time;

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While seen with inward eye moves on before me
Thought's pictured train in wordless pantomime.

— A voice recalls me. — From my window turning
I find myself a plumeless biped still;
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning, —
In fact with nothing bird-like but my quill.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"BECAUSE you are cultivated, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

With each degree of culture we attain, must there come also an anger against the one we have left? That is the question I wish to ask of the Contributors' Club. As illustration, I give a recent conversation. It is from life. Present: Germanicus, Rhoda, Calypso, Penelope.

Calypso. The music at our theatres is really growing worse and worse; it is of the most trashy character. Those dying-away pianissimo effects, and those imitations, like the whip and sleigh-bells in the sleigh-ride galop, — could anything be worse?

Germanicus. Oh, it is light and gay; serves well enough to fill up the time.

Rhoda. We do not want high-art music between the acts.

Calypso. Then it would be better to have nothing, and not agonize people's ears.

Germanicus. No agonizing; some people like that music.

Penelope. Yes; look at the success of Gilmore's Garden. I have always said that Thomas was too classical for the popular taste.

Calypso (loftily). Theodore Thomas has accomplished a good deal. I give him high praise. The only fault I have to find is that he *will* put, now and then, frivolous pieces on his programmes.

The Others. The apostle of the classic, the pioneer of Wagner, and frivolity? What next?

Calypso. I repeat my remark: I pay my money to hear good music, and I am defrauded when a tinkling waltz is sliced in between two really good selections.

Penelope. And probably that very waltz was the piece which at least a quarter of the audience liked the best.

Calypso. Then let that quarter stay at home.

Penelope. I put it moderately when I said a quarter; outside of New York or Boston it would probably be a half; one forgets the army of obliging but unappreciative escorts. Germanicus takes you, I know. Does Germanicus enjoy Wagner?"

Calypso. Oh, in music Germanicus does not count.

Penelope. Yet he likes the waltzes, I dare say ("Certainly!" from Germanicus), and why should he not have them? Be more patient, Calypso.

Calypso (vehemently). I cannot. I *hate* bad music. Now, there 's that Waiting —

Rhoda (rousing up). Waiting, did you say? One of the most beautiful songs I ever heard in my life!

Calypso. I know it is *popular*.

Rhoda. No, it is not, in the way you mean.

Calypso (scornfully). There are degrees.

Penelope (putting down her knitting).

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Now, this is precisely what I have always said, — culture brings with it impatience and even anger. If cultivated people would only hold their tongues, if they would only let their weaker brethren enjoy themselves in their own way, — but they never will. According to their own showing, they live in a constant state of acute suffering from the atrocious tastes of people around them. There seems to be more unhappiness than happiness in it; as Gwendolen said, they dislike what they don't like more than they like what they like. There is Rhoda, who really has a chill when people read in her presence inartistic literature.

Rhoda. I confess it *does* enrage me to see persons on the cars — nice-looking persons, I mean — buying such a thing as That Husband of Mine!

Germanicus. Yet that is the very volume I shall buy myself to-morrow, on the train.

Rhoda. Et tu, Brute! Why?

Germanicus. Because it is light. One cannot be always on Emerson.

Rhoda. But if you want fiction, why not take Harte or Aldrich? Why read rubbish?

Penelope. You perceive that Rhoda is every bit as narrow and impatient as Calypso. Not long ago I was looking through the book-case to find some novels to send to my friend Cæsar, who was shut up at home with a cold. I had selected something by May Agnes Flemming, and something by Mrs. Southworth, when Rhoda, who had been watching me, rushed out and brought in one of Henry James Jr.'s books, and two of Tourguéneff's. "Here, take these," she urged; "*don't* send that trash." "I beg your pardon," I answered, "I am sending what *Cæsar* will read." Do you know she has never liked the man since; she cannot like people who read —

Rhoda. Such books. No, I cannot. I judge people by the books they read.

Penelope. There you are wrong. It may be only that they have not cultivated that particular taste. Who knows but that Bryant may delight in the rippling measures of the Strauss waltzes? And Theodore Thomas may be charmed with Helen's Babies; or, at the Centennial Exhibition, last year, he may have preferred Frith's Marriage of the Prince of Wales to any other picture.

Germanicus (didactically). The only good modern work there was that of Alma Tadema and Boughton.

Calypso. There was a Spanish picture I rather liked, — the Burial of St. Lawrence, by Vera.

Germanicus. Weak and sentimental.

Rhoda. Do you know which one I prefer among all our American pictures of the last ten years? Winslow Homer's Prisoners from the Front. There's reality for you!

Germanicus. Crude.

Penelope. If you are speaking of pictures generally, I will confess that I went down mentally upon my very knees before that marvelous Last Token, in the Loan Collection at the Academy of Design.

Rhoda and Calypso. So did I.

Germanicus (impatiently). You are mistaken, all of you. That picture panders to a false taste.

Calypso. But if we liked it, Germanicus? If it haunted us for days? If it made us glow and weep in thinking of those times when men and women believed enough to die for their belief?

Germanicus. All wrong, — artistically.

Penelope. Last spring, I met Germanicus on the street, and he took me down to the —— Club, to see the new pictures. I found there the most delicious painting of a glowing October day, golden with sunshine, red with colored leaves, and stood some time looking at it. "Oh, come away, come away," said Germanicus, impatiently. "Don't look at that thing." And he bore me off to a melancholy November afternoon, with a gray sky, leaves all gone, and a sad forlornness. "There!" he said; "if you want autumn, *this* is like it." It was, being the excellent work of McEntee. But why could he not let me enjoy my bright picture, too?

Germanicus. Because it was not good art.

Penelope. But if I did not know?

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Germanicus. You ought to know. I have no patience —

Calypso and Rhoda. He has no patience! And he likes That Husband of Mine, and the Blue Danube!

Penelope. As I said before, cultivated people are too scornful, interfering, and impatient. Instead of enjoying themselves up in their own empyrean, where everybody is quite willing they should remain, they are forever coming downstairs to sneer at us, make remarks, and drag us, if they can, away from the objects of our humble preferences. I always knew —

Rhoda. We shall have to stop Penelope; she has got to "always knew."

Calypso (whispering). I have her. (Aloud) Penelope, what is your opinion of a play like The Mighty Dollar?

Penelope. I simply designate it as — popular.

Calypso. Did you not crush me for going to see it?

Penelope. I did. The stage is different; being flesh and blood, I maintain that it is more powerful for good or for ill than music, pictures, or books.

The Others. We dissent.

Penelope. I do not object to realism; but why not take the beautiful and heroic realisms of life instead of the crudely sensational and vulgar?

Germanicus. You want ideals.

Penelope. What is an ideal? It is the most perfect possible (not impossible) state of anything. Now, in portions of Romeo and Juliet, we have the perfection, the ideal, of young love. And in portions of Henry the Fifth, we have the splendid battle fervor of those old times when kings really did fight on foot at the head of their armies.

Germanicus (sarcastically). Oh, of course, — Rignold!

Penelope. Yes, of course Rignold. And why not? It is no small addition to the perfection of the play to have not only a fine actor but a superbly handsome man in the *rôle* of the fiery young king. Beauty *does* count, and I would not be sarcastic, Germanicus, about one of the settled and eternal verities. You threw me off the track; what I maintain is that persons of good taste should band themselves together to frown down all plays which —

Calypso. But I am devoted to Dundreary.

Rhoda. And I to Miss Multon.

Germanicus. And I to Sellers.

Penelope (with heat). It is a mystery to me —

Calypso (mimicking). Be more patient, dear Penelope.

Penelope. I cannot. I have studied the drama —

The Others. She has studied the drama.

Penelope. And I know —

The Others. She knows.

Rhoda. Look here; if each one of us should quote severely to his or her right-hand neighbor, as follow, "Because *you* are cultivated, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

Germanicus. There was once a man who was asked what orthodoxy was. He replied, "Orthodoxy is" —

The Others. Oh! oh! Assez!

— For reasons yet to be explained, the thoughts of nurslings in our day prematurely gravitate toward matrimony and kindred topics. When the dominie resigned his pulpit charge, a loving parishioner carried home the sad tidings, which were received by her baby of six summers with tears and the startling plaint, "Why, mamma, I thought he would have married me!" The little woman had plainly forecast her destiny in detail, even to the choice of the officiating priest.

Another little maid in an adjoining town, whose invalidism had perhaps forced the growth of this species of wisdom, appalled her family one day by the abrupt announcement, apropos to nothing, "I know what I shall do about it. There 'll be a young gentleman calling on me some evening, and just as he is going away I shall ask him, 'Shall I say we are engaged?'"

"Good gracious, Minnie, what a shocking idea!" shrieked her (much) oldest sister. "That is n't the way things are managed at all. A gentleman and lady become acquaintances, and after some time the gentleman asks the lady if she

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will marry him, and if she chooses she accepts. But a lady always waits to be asked."

"Oh, Jane, are you sure it is so? Why, I should think *you would be awfully discouraged!*" How sharper than a serpent's tooth the merciless nip of an irrepressible child!

Whatever may be the origin of this precocious appetite, it is forced to monstrous excess by nurses with their vulgar babble about little "sweethearts" and "beaux," by unthinking visitors, and often even by parents themselves. To all these the spectacle of the giant passion miniatured in a baby's breast, and its expression in *naïve* lispings, is the diverting pastime of the moment, while to the little actor it may be the beginning of destruction, and at best must brush away some heart bloom which will be sorely missed whenever the hour to be perfected is come.

Do I exaggerate the gravity of this taint? It has really seemed to me that it is precisely here we are to look for the germ of that profanation of the holy sacrament of marriage whose rank growth is the offense of our day.

That "wholesome neglect" which was the stability of our grandmothers, we, and even our parents, have enjoyed but in rare instances, and to our children it is and will increasingly be, unless the gods forefend, an impossibility. For many years that sacred innermost, the nursery, has been dragged more and more into public view, and has become the richest quarry, for experimenting scientists and psychological speculators, and a fascinating pleasure-ground to us all.

Art and literature have conspired to provoke and chronicle the sayings and doings of childhood, and its most hidden emotions have been stimulated into conscious existence, and then ruthlessly uncovered and subjected to sharpest analyses for the entertainment of the *blasé* adult.

Childhood has no foe so insidious and deadly as the interrogation point. It should never be turned upon the heart or soul of a little child except under the guidance of loving wisdom, and even then most sparingly. Not only Mr. Wordsworth's Practice of Lying, but all manner of hypocrisy and soul-destroying cant may be taught almost any little child, simply by pertinacious inquiry and "damnable iteration." The fact that many children prove themselves thoroughly able to hold their own in all kinds of spiritual warfare, and display amazing skill in skirmishes about the region of the heart, only more seriously complicates the peril.

But even were it admitted that the sensibilities of some children may escape destruction or injurious blunting by early abuse, do not the signs of the times indicate the need of more provident delicacy of care on the part of parents and guardians? They, at least, who have thrust life and all its awful possibilities upon another are surely bound to keep its springs sweet and unclogged to their utmost endeavor.

— Why do our novelists persist in turning their backs contemptuously on the whole farming population of the Middle States? We have the New Englander in every genus and species preserved in the best of ink. There are two or three Californians, too, with whom we are familiar enough to desire no closer acquaintance; but the great trunk race of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, with the curious outgrowth in it of English, German, and Scotch-Irish traits, is hardly known in our literature. In the farmers of this stock, whether they raise wheat or cotton, these idiosyncrasies have hardened into very much the same character. Barring a few differences in his political creed and in his a's and r's, Jones of Pennsylvania is run into precisely the same mold as Jones of Georgia. They are church-going, unimaginative, domestic folk; hearty feeders, long-livers, keen-witted inside of a narrow circle, with a sound faith in their wives, foreign missions, and the man in their State who has managed to get the check line into his hands. They rarely disobey the check line. They never lift their eyes over the pale of their own sect or party to see what lies beyond.

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They accept whatever heaven their village preacher has imagined, and die contented to go to it. Their wives may become so intolerable to them that they wish them dead, but it does not occur to them to fall in love with another woman. There is a wide field of study in the modifications of this hard-sinewed, loyal character, which nobody but Dr. Eggleston is just now attempting to reap.

One of the most singular and pathetic phases in it is the widening gulf between the young and old in this class. Country people are apt to inveigh against the heartlessness of fashionable life and the supposed lack of feeling between parents and children trained in city habits. But it is a curious fact that whatever the distance may be between the latter while the child is a child, the similarity of education, tastes, and social duties begets a closer union between the adult son and daughter and their parents than is usually found in country-bred families. The wealthy planter in New York or Carolina falls into the same domestic habits as the cultured class in towns. But between the present generation of small farmers and the one which is fast pushing them out of place there is a space set never to be bridged over. If you could go into any farm-house on these wintry nights, you would find the young folk occupying the little parlor, with lights, music, jokes, and love-making; a little taint of vulgarity over all, probably, but plenty of hearty enjoyment. The grizzled old farmer would not be there. Perhaps, indeed, the vulgar taint arises from the fact that age of any kind would be out of place there. He sits by the kerosene lamp in the dingy dining-room, his feet on the stove, poring over his accounts or the county newspaper, while his wife nods over the stockings. The wit or wisdom inside may be fine or foolish, but they cannot criticise it. There is no companionship between them and their children. There may be respect, affection, gratitude, but no common habit of thought, no quick sympathy in opinion and taste. One reason for this is that they never share amusement together. Even the Scotch Covenanter, from whom many of them are descended, was a more cheerful, lighter-hearted fellow than the farmer Jones. He was by no means always the praying, disputing bore we have been taught to think him. Burns's cotter, if he was like his brethren, took his cup of whisky and fiddled for the young folk to dance before he "waled a portion with judicious care." He and his son were pretty much on a level as to education. If tricks and dancing and long-winded gossip amused the old man, so they did the young one. Our farmer's son has gone up on to a higher level. His father has pushed him there. He has been to a small sectarian college and gathered lore enough to be ashamed of his father's ignorance, and not wisdom sufficient to appreciate the sound sense and store of hard-earned experience which would outweigh grammars or lexicons.

So the breach widens. It is a phase of our social life which cannot last long. But a limner of human passions can find in the States none more pathetic or suggestive.

— I think both publishers and readers are beginning to perceive that singular gap in American literature which is filled in other countries by books of personal gossip, autobiographies, and private letters. Our history, for the lack of them, is as dry and as repulsive as an articulated skeleton. It creaks and shows the joints at every turn. During the last year we have had several strenuous efforts to supply this lack: there were Mrs. Adams's Letters, the quality of which everybody knows; Mr. Breck's Diary, accurate and amusing as far as it goes, and oddly impregnated with that terrapin and hock flavor inseparable from old Philadelphia; and Mrs. Benton-Frémont's sketches, made here and there during her eventful life. Her work, as far as I know, is *sui generis*. She combines, as few Americans have done, the dramatic perception, broad culture, the ability to group and pose effects in natural or social scenery suggestively, and the willingness to remain herself a visible central figure.

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Books of this sort must be saturated with the personality of the writer, or they lose their vitality altogether. The man who quarrels with this sort of egotism loses its use. We must move with Pepys into his new house, and rejoice with him in the sight of Lady Castlemaine's laced petticoats hung out to dry. We would see history through his eyes. What would our children give fifty years hence for a Pepys who had kept a diary through our late war! But he should have had that inordinate self-appreciation which makes a man believe himself the critical Eye of his times, and gives him absolute confidence in the breathless interest with which the world watches his every action. One such man, no matter how small or mean, who is able to paint his surroundings, and willing, like the noble lord, to ungirt himself for the public, will revive his age for posterity as not even gossipping Herodotus could do. Paul Potter's bull makes us better acquainted with Dutch cattle than a dozen books on their breeds and anatomy. I doubt, however, if our literature will ever be rich in this class of writings.

The German is apt to look at himself and his times speculatively, and to write them down in a diary or letters, because he is a searcher after truth, and must hammer out of his relations with Hans and Katrina, next door, eternal verities on which to build a theory of the universe. The Frenchman does the same thing because life is a theatre to him, and he is actor and audience in one. He makes love with his whole heart, or weeps over his mother's grave; and he stands apart at the same time and cries, Bravo! Throughout the whole range of French *mémoires* or *correspondance*, from De Sévigné to Victor Hugo, runs this clapping of hands, this eager self-gratulation. "Ah, Messieurs, what a lover you have here! What a son! Voilà!"

The American's life is too hurried and dramatic to spare him time either to work it up into a system of philosophy, or to stand off and point out to the public its picturesque effects, as a show-man before a moving panorama. He is as willing as any other man to be observed, but he is seldom voluble about himself; his fear of ridicule is too keen for that. The hard-headed fellow does not write letters, because he knows in this busy time the best friend would be bored by his experiences or emotions, and besides, he wants them for the dinner-party to-night, or a magazine article. He does not keep a diary, because he knows he should be ashamed of his present self in a month's time. He does not write his autobiography, because much friction with other men has taught him his own insignificance. But what a mistake he makes! Talk of the studies of human nature manufactured by metaphysicians or fiction-mongers! Suppose Abraham Lincoln had kept a diary, — or Jim Fisk!

— Concerning *realism:* If we are to have nothing else in literature and painting, would it not be well to drop the terms *fiction* and *art* entirely? My friend the editor rather nonplused a would-be contributor, who was urging that his story was taken from "real life," by the statement that with the actual truth or falsity of the tale he had nothing whatever to do. He could only judge of its truthfulness to art, and in this respect he found it wanting. And the editor was right. The mere fact that certain enigmatical characters have existed, or certain remarkable coincidences have occurred, no more makes the records of them an artistic story than does the actual presence of a two-headed calf inside a circus side-show convert the painted semblance of it on the banner outside into a work of art. Novelists and artists seem to be cultivating their powers of observation and description at the expense of the imagination, forgetting that a healthy development of the latter is the more powerful aid to the highest intellectual life. There is a growing opinion that the bald, literal statement of any fragment of a life's history must necessarily make a good story; that the exact reproduction of characters and incidents from real life is the only requisite in novel writing; in short, that fiction to be perfect must not be fiction

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at all, but *truth*. Now, although fiction must conform to the laws which govern in real life, nothing could be more dangerous to the growth of literature than this general application of the reverse (which is not true), that all life conforms to the laws which govern in fiction. The difference between the chronicling of fact and the writing of fiction will, I think, be evident if we compare for a moment the work of a historian with that of a novelist. Both have limitations, but of the most opposite kinds. One is hemmed in by facts, the other is restrained merely by the laws of art. Flights of the imagination which would be condemned in the historical record are applauded in the novel; while minute details, which are of inestimable value in the one, only serve to cumber and make heavy-laden the pages of the other. The historian can at most only restore by his research and decorate by the rich coloring of his diction a structure whose size and proportions were beforehand unchangeably fixed. The novelist, on the contrary, essays the creation of an entirely new edifice. The value of the work of the historian is to be tested only by its conformity to a preëxisting plan, but the novelist assumes to be the sole architect and builder of the work he sets before us, and by the beauty and proportion of his creation must we judge of the genius of its creator.

That the mission of the novelist is not clearly enough recognized seems to me further proved by the fact that a certain modern author (who for obvious reasons shall be nameless) has thought it necessary to tack on at the end of the strange story of a yet stranger woman the equally strange statement, in a novel, that the author has seen and talked with the heroine, and, therefore, presumably knows the story to be literally true. This is done with the *naïve* air of giving the book's strongest possible *raison d'être*, when in reality it sinks it to the level of the police records at once. If there was not sufficient art in the book to make it appear plausible to the reader, does this simple statement mend the matter? To turn to the work of a better known and usually more artistic writer: was the drowning of Grandcourt in Daniel Deronda, just when it was necessary to get him out of the way, any the less inartistic because such a man may in real life have met his fate under just those circumstances? It would be well for authors who hold facts to be the great desiderata in fiction to insert, instead of a preface, a list of affidavits, duly signed and sworn to, or better still append them as foot-notes, that the reader may at once turn to them and be satisfied whenever he meets with any particularly glaring inconsistencies. True, the book would savor more of biography than of romance, but is not this what the age is craving, or rather what it is getting? Let the author ransack society and the newspapers if he desires; when he has found a character sufficiently abnormal to have his idiosyncrasies chronicled, let him straightway establish a court of inquiry, examine his witnesses, collate his testimony, and then, if he thinks it worth while, publish his record, with names, dates, and localities; but above all, let him call his book by its right name, for this species of writing is as far below artistic fiction as the genius of Boswell was below that of Thackeray. I would insist upon this distinction the more especially because the mind of the reader involuntarily assumes a more skeptical attitude upon turning from a novel to a biography. History must be verified; fiction must contain its verification within itself; and this same subtle distinction is preserved by the mind with reference to the moral qualities of real and ideal characters. There is a very perceptible difference, not only in quantity but in quality, between the antipathy aroused by the character of Grandcourt, in the novel above referred to, and the feelings which would be excited were we to read in the newspapers of an actual living, brutal, cold-blooded libertine. George Eliot has made the ideal characterization of all these traits attractive (for deny it as we will, Grandcourt *is* attractive) by their very analysis and exposition. No writer could do as much for a character which we know to

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be real without exaggerating his virtues, glossing over his faults, and palliating his vices, if not denying their existence altogether.

Upon sitting down to read a novel one does not care to know that the personages ever did live, or the incidents occur in real life. The natural and preferable presumption is that they did not, for this very presumption lifts the characters on to the plane of the ideal; and it is upon this ideal plane, parallel with yet above the real, that they must ever continue to move. The mind cannot permit them to descend from the one to the other without experiencing a violent shock. In judging of a portrait the friends of the sitter apply very different tests from those employed by the public. To the latter it is simply a picture, and must be judged by the laws of art. Yet who that has visited our Academy exhibitions has not wandered wearily past hundreds of square feet of canvas, covered with heads whose only merit was their possible resemblance to unknown originals? It is on such occasions that one sighs for some law like that of the Greeks, which, according to Pliny, provided that while every conqueror in the Olympic games received a statue, a portrait statue was erected only to him who had been thrice victor. "For," says Lessing, commenting upon the passage, "too many indifferent statues were not allowed among works of art." If some such limitation was deemed necessary in the days of the Olympiads, when nature was producing her masterpieces, certainly no one will deny that there is more reason for it now.

In turning to other branches of art we find the same domination of realism to the exclusion of the ideal. This is especially true of figure and *genre* painting. Lessing's remark that while "painting as imitative skill can express ugliness, painting as a fine art will not express it," is forgotten or disbelieved; and Winkleman's statement that although "beauties as great as any of those which art has produced can be found singly in nature, yet in the entire figure nature must yield the palm to art," is disregarded. But these were principles put forward by two of the world's greatest art critics, and based upon an intimate acquaintance with genre art. This art was essentially ideal, and it is with the ideal that the true artist has to deal. It is in this respect that his work differs from that of the photographer and the newspaper reporter. We care not where he procures his materials, whether from the field of life or the yet more fertile one of the imagination; they must be remolded and adapted to this ideal world. If the artist fail in this, his whole work is a failure. All true art is life-like, but all life is by no means artistic; and it is the true artist who, selecting the parts which are, fuses them into perfect works, just as the Greeks modeled their masterpieces, not from one model only, but from the most perfect parts of many.

— It is not facts alone that are accumulated without assimilation by those who have mistaken notions about culture; that seems like a harmless amusement in comparison with the swift and reckless absorption of opinions, so commonly to be observed about us. It is true that there cannot fail to be considerable unanimity concerning matters of taste among people exposed to the same influences, but this cannot explain the monotony of fashionable verdicts. No trained choir could more sensitively follow its leader's beck than do those anxious to prove their culture; with but slight variety of adjective do they praise what seems good, with gentle deprecation do they condemn. Now it needs no public proclamation to tell us how immense is the difference between honest conviction and the willful adoption of others' opinions. To believe that a thing is good because X says it is may be caused by humility or servility. The opinion of an expert is always entitled to respect, but not necessarily to blind acceptance. To say that no one's opinion should be waited for and deferred to would be wholly to destroy the value of authority, and, moreover, it would be impossible entirely to eradicate respect for some persons' opinions. One bows to them as to the verdict of a violinist

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about the value of a given violin. To distinguish between proper respect and unquestioning acceptance is a very nice and difficult matter. No general statement can be made that shall apply to all cases. It must be left for the conscience to decide between, on the one hand, the shameful thrusting one's own opinion into the dark, as it were, and, on the other, a humble acknowledgment of one's incompetence to decide for one's self the matter in question. It would be the height of presumption for us all to keep reopening every difficult question; when we are ourselves unable to give a satisfactory explanation of this or that, it is only right to accept a current explanation which we know to be the correct one. It is not every one who is able to give a satisfactory account of his reasons for holding the views he does on the tariff or on finance, for instance, but a man agrees with certain other persons who have examined the whole matter and whose judgment he respects; he takes their views as he accepts the higher laws of astronomy without profound study of Newton's Principia. This is a perfectly justifiable course of action. It may be argued that when carried too far it leads to humiliating subservience to fashionable notions; this is true, but when not carried too far, it is not an evil and is often the only way of avoiding absolute indifference. When no pretense is made that this policy is in all cases the best possible, no harm is done; but what terms are too strong for the man who borrows his information or his opinions in this way, and then sets up to be an astronomer on this slender knowledge, or pretends to be an authority in finance? While it is perfectly fair to form our opinions in this manner, and to let them govern our own actions, it is a very different thing to give them out to others as our own original thought. Yet this strutting in borrowed plumage is one of the commonest of faults. By making themselves guilty of the misappropriation of others' views and opinions, there are to-day many eloquent expounders of thoughts and sentiments which they only yesterday caught up from some other person's lips. They know where to go for their opinions, and, having filled themselves with another's inspiration, they set up for prophets and are puffed up with false pride. Instances will occur to every one: there are those who learn from a painter the technical phrases of his profession, and proceed therewith to intimidate awe-stricken hearers; others, again, cull musical phrases for conversational decoration; and so with other things. These people not only impose on those who listen to them, but they do a far worse thing in crushing out whatever originality of their own might once have existed. They learn to shut their eyes to faults which they cannot help detecting, quite as often as they must to simulate admiration for what really finds them cold. They are dishonest to their own convictions, besides being insincere in pretending all their new cleverness is their own. It is commonly supposed that the higher polish these added graces give fully outweighs the disadvantage of their ungenuineness; but without discussing further the morality of the subject, it is possible to point out the bad effects on the mind which is supposed to be improved. It is making one's thoughts as purely a matter of conventionality as the choice of a hat or the cut of a coat. It makes glib-tongued, smooth-spoken models for general admiration and imitation, but it is a parrot-like memory to which the credit, such as it is, is due. It will be noticed that this method exactly goes against the true principle of culture, which is the unfolding of the intelligence, and while nourishing the faculties one really possesses, opening the mind to the influence of a greater variety of persons and subjects.

It is no sound objection to culture that it encourages dilettanteism, for it avowedly does that. It nowhere takes the place of the limited special education; it only bridges over the gaps without pretending to give mastership in anything. It is true that it will probably be found that the stronger the head the less justly can the charge of dilettanteism be brought; weak heads will appear injured

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by everything acquired from books, but this unsatisfactory result is not a fault of culture so much as a natural consequence of the feebleness of its votaries. To denounce culture on this account would be very unjust, and in fact committing the same mistake which those people make who fancy that devotion to culture can change the quantity of a person's mind. It may improve its quality, it may and often does improve the taste, but it adds nothing to the original amount; it puts that into good working order, and then its effect stops. Granting that culture is only beneficial, it is likely to bring in its wake a certain amount of pretense and unhealthy effort against which it is impossible to be too much on one's guard. Culture is not merely the adding of statistics to the memory, but the enlarging of the mind, the opening of it to new and refining pleasures, the demonstration of the proper relation of one sort of mental occupation to another; it teaches humility, not vanity, in acquirements; sincerity, not affectation. A truly cultivated person no more obtrudes his knowledge on his fellow-beings than he does his skill, if he have any, in mental arithmetic. The cheap display of information is as senseless as any other exhibition of vanity; the information in itself is nothing unless there are lessons learned from it. The study of history, for instance, is not an exercise in learning dates, but a means of getting knowledge of human beings, of setting before us the experience of other people, of saving us from the common delusion that we alone have wisdom and that with us it will die. The advantage of studying pictures is not alone the familiarity we may acquire with the works of different painters such as would facilitate us in making a catalogue, but that new sense of appreciation of the painter's art which shows us another way of looking at the world, which gives us new eyes, as it were, which opens to us new delights. These results, if fortunately they make their appearance, are parts of the benefits of culture; but because culture teaches its lessons only from a large number of examples, it seems to be supposed that in collecting examples all that is necessary is done, that the task of learning anything from them is useless drudgery, that the blessed work of culture is complete. Hence it is that we see people who cram their minds with ill-arranged items, parading them with the manner of those who regard themselves as triumphs of civilization, continually rejoicing over the new fact at their tongue's end.

It is a mistake shared by many teachers and scholars that by judicious skimming of the surface, by making the most of the prominent points, by learning from compendiums some of the more important results, one may know a subject as well as those who have spent their lives over it, without the fatigue of mind and waste of time required to make one master of the minutiæ, which apparently are only learned to be forgotten. It is argued that even the most thorough students fail to retain more than certain general principles and vague results, while everything else, accumulated with much labor, is sure to crumble into oblivion; and that any one can make himself the equal of these students by learning these few surviving results. In fact, however, one is tolerably sure to learn but little more than an equally fragmentary portion of even this diminished amount, and there is totally lacking the skill and tact which only long practice can give, as well as the knowledge, next in value to a good memory, of where different matters can be found explained. This easy substitution of a thin, superficial layer of information for thorough knowledge can never be anything but harmful, when the pretense is made that it satisfactorily takes the place of anything genuine. It is not, as has been said, fragmentary knowledge which hurts a man, but the delusion that nothing else is necessary; that by hastily grasping a few facts any one can reach the level of the man who has acquired them in their proper order, compared them with others, and learned their use from practice.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

To our taste, Mr. Parton always writes entertainingly, and with a right-mindedness that rarely fails him. His papers upon Caricature,[1] which Messrs. Harper offer as their principal contribution to holiday literature, deal with a subject which could easily be made mischievous to that great body of readers who want their thinking done for them; but Mr. Parton treats it in such a way as to be historically instructive, while he guards against the acceptance of the caricaturist's wit as necessarily either truth or justice. The chapters on Caricatures of Women and Matrimony, and Caricature during the French Revolution, are eminently illustrative of this fact, and of a humane conscience in the writer which gives tone to his whole work. He recognizes the moral quality of caricature, and refuses to consider it solely from the artistic stand-point. Sometimes, indeed, his care not to have vicious or cruel things liked becomes almost too explicit, but this is an error in the right direction. His book is one which may safely become popular. For the student of the subject, it has very serious limitations. It is inevitably superficial; however, it is by no means so superficial as a casual glance would make it appear. It sketches very agreeably comic art among Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, and Egyptians, as it has come down to us in frescoes, mural sculptures, and keramics; in the Middle Ages as it appears in the grotesque details of Gothic architecture; and of the times since as painting has preserved it, not omitting a glance at the caricature of the Chinese and Japanese. It thus affords a means of comparison and contrast, which the reader will find curious and interesting, and to which he will like to turn from whatever history he is reading for that vivid glimpse of past feeling which history is so rarely able to give. One does not understand all the passion of the Reformation till he looks at the clumsy and brutal caricatures of that time; one has not a due sense of the ferocity of the French Revolution till he sees it in the ruthless pictorial satire of the period. When we come to our own century it is French caricature which Mr. Parton treats most fully, and here we think he might have spared something and given us more of the manlier and finer wit of the Punch caricaturists of the days when Punch was a great power; even now Du Maurier, the most exquisite and spiritual of all those who make us smile, is better than Gavarni, and should have had greater and not less space. Mr. Nast is not represented at his best; one does not get a just conception of his fertile and powerful genius from the illustrations given; and we resent the intrusion of even one of the revolting vulgarities of Mr. Sol. Eytinge. The taste of Spanish wit which Mr. Parton offers has a very distinct and pungent flavor, and makes us ardently desire more. Italian satire is very inadequately touched. Apparently Mr. Parton has not examined any Italian comic journals since 1849, and does not know how full of good things they are.

— Mr. Benjamin is a painter with feeling and respect for his art, whom the average reader may trust for a plain and unpretentious statement of the present condition of art in England, France, and Germany; whoever turned to him for brilliant literature or subtile criticism would be disappointed. What he does in the first of the three magazine papers which form his volume on Contemporary Art in Europe[2] is to treat of English art in some general observations on the characteristics of various schools of art, and then with brief biographical sketches and critical notices to acquaint the reader with the different English painters and their principal works. The paper on French art is much the same in method. In both chapters there is a clear and good account of governmental patronage; and this is also the case in respect to German art, to the several schools of which in the several small and great capitals due attention is paid. The illustrations are portraits of the painters and reproductions of their works; and into a little space is thus collected a great deal that it is useful and pleasant to know. Mr. Benjamin has succeeded generally in

[1] *Caricature and other Comic Art in all Times and many Lands.* By JAMES PARTON. With 203 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers 1877.

[2] *Contemporary Art in Europe.* By S. G. W BENJAMIN. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877

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choosing something fresh as well as typical from each painter; though in some cases he conspicuously fails, as in that of Millais, whose well-worn Huguenot Lovers is given. His comments are usually just, if a little crude in expression, and the reader who spent some time in the different rooms of the art-gallery at the Centennial will find this volume extremely convenient in the arrangement or rearrangement of his impressions of European art. It is rather for such a reader than for the connoisseur, whose knowledge may be more particular or more general. There is no charm in Mr. Benjamin's style; and his reader will have some honest work of his own to do, but he will be repaid for this in the end.

— To the vast majority of the vast public to whom Millais's Huguenot Lovers and Faed's Evangeline have made their work known, if not their names, we fancy that Messrs. Osgood & Co. could have offered no more acceptable holiday books of the kind than their heliotype selections from these masters.[1] They are both painters of the kind of pictures dearest to the Anglo-Saxon heart, — the pictures that tell stories, — and they differ only in Faed's appealing to the natural sympathies, and in Millais's appealing to the cultivated sympathies. For the connoisseur they both tell their stories somewhat crudely, but no one can deny that they tell them effectively. They are men of dramatic genius, and they are liked by all who like to be strongly moved. It is easy to see how, when they approach each other's level, they begin to fail; the simpler subjects of Millais especially, are poor; but at his best, he is extremely good. The text which accompanies the selection of his pictures gives an interesting sketch of the pre-Raphaelite school which he helped to found in England and then forsook, and the comments on his work are very good. In this respect the Millais Gallery is more satisfactory than the Faed Gallery.

— The illustrations to Mr. Whittier's River Path[2] form in unusual degree that sort of accompaniment which we all feel to be the true office of illustration. The descriptions in the text are so general, so abstract, that the artist is forced from the sterile ease of mere graphic repetition, and is obliged to create, to imagine something of his own, and add it to the poem. We have, therefore, some half score of exquisite little landscapes in which the artist seems to have won a charm from the poet's thought rather than his words; the only unpleasing pictures in the book are Mr. Waud's helpless literalisms and Miss Curtis's extremely black eyelashed angels and cherubs. The lovely sketches in which Messrs. Moran, Brown, Colman, Hart, and McEntee have found themselves equal to the interpretation of the poet's sense are all bits of New England scenery, stream and hill and quiet forest depth, treated with singular tenderness and sweetness. For the two lines,

> "A tender glow, exceeding fair,
> A dream of day without its glow,"

we have two pieces, one by Mr. J. A. Brown and one by Mr. Anthony, which are exquisite studies of the pensive evening light on still water and lonely pasture land, the detail at once distinct and soft, and all suffused with the spirit of the lingering, vanishing day.

> "The dusk of twilight round us grew"

is another of Mr. Brown's studies, kindred in mood, and almost as good. In

> "No rustle from the birchen stem,
> No ripple from the water's hem,"

Mr. Hart studies, with the most charming effect, a group of tall, slim birches, and a peaceful river vista. Mr. Moran's best contribution is the opening illustration of a wild hill-side clump of trees with the slender moon in the far horizon. The final picture is by Mr. Anthony, who here appears to equal advantage as engraver and designer: subtly felt, delicately wrought, a scene of solitary, land-locked waters, with the night beginning to darken down and through the tops and stems of its wooded shores. We must not forget to mention with cordial praise Mr. McEntee's riverside aisle of willows; it is delicious.

— There seem now to be signs of a general revival of the trade in American books for children, which for some years past have been almost driven from our book-sellers' counters by the cheap and pretty illustrated wares of the London presses. Messrs. Hurd and Houghton have done the little ones a

[1] *The Millais Gallery.* A Series of the most Renowned Works of Millais, reproduced in Heliotype. With a sketch of the Life and Works of the Artist Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

The Faed Gallery. A Series of the most Renowned Works of Thomas Faed, reproduced in Heliotype. With full Descriptions and a Sketch of the Life of the Artist. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *The River Path.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

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most distinct pleasure and service in Mr. Scudder's Bodley Family books; Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. will have the thanks of all boys who read Mr. Warner's delightful study of Being a Boy; Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. offer several entertaining books to the little public; and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have also done their part towards the provision of the same sort of holiday literature. The Signal Boys,[1] by George Cary Eggleston, is the best on their list, and may be safely praised as a thrilling book of adventure, with few or none of the faults of books of that kind. It is the story of half a dozen boys who were in the service of General Jackson at the time of the battle of New Orleans, and of their many perils from fire and flood; their part in a naval fight, their capture by the British, their escape, their wanderings in the swamps, their second captivity by smugglers, and their final escape and restoration, after the war, to their Alabama homes. Dealing with scenes of violence, Mr. Eggleston is able to reduce the amount of bloodshed to a minimum; at the worst their captors are stunned or shot in the knee by the boys in their efforts to escape; we believe they actually kill no one in the whole book. Homicide has no share in the excitement; at the same time the art of the book is so good, especially in the minuteness of the narration, that we think it will be found intensely exciting, in a wholesome way, by the boys for whom it was written. The Wings of Courage,[2] a little volume composed of three stories and named from the first, is adapted from the French, and is rather too fantastic and a little too distressing to be entirely commended; the stories are also somewhat oldish for children in some respects, without being quite old enough for their elders. Yet they are not unamusing, and they are not vulgar, as both Patsy[3] and Six Sinners[4] are. These two little books are as false to life and character as they are in taste, and if they were true their coarseness of tone ought alone to condemn them. Their sprightliness is of a kind to make one shudder.

— The humor so characteristic of all Mrs. Diaz's writings for children fills the history of the Jimmyjohns[5] with something of the same quiet pleasure that made the William Henry books unique among boy's books. But the Jimmyjohns are very much younger people than William Henry and his friends: they are four-year-old twins, and their history deals with the every-day adventures of that age, with side glances at character in the Funny Man, the Lobster Man, and other casual acquaintance of theirs. The funny man, especially, is a creation; though you see him only from the Jimmyjohns' point of view, you recognize him for a charming type of the friendly humorist who likes to puzzle children, and to seem to be posed by them in many jokes they have together. He is apt to stop them in their play, and to be very much astonished by them, and to suggest just the very things they would prefer. He is managed with the greatest art by Mrs. Diaz, who has a genius for looking at everything in the world with childhood's eyes, and for rediscovering the interest that has faded out of the world for old people. How the Barn came from Jorullo is an admirable example of her fun; and a peculiar, racy quaintness gives its zest to a score of other sketches and little stories in the book. What we like in her writings is her love for simple conditions and for the naturalness of all sorts of natural people. Her books form a real addition to the scanty number which can be placed in children's hands with absolute safety to them in every way, and with the certainty of pleasing them.

— A new fairy tale is such an anachronism that one may be pardoned for refusing to read On a Pincushion[6] except as a professional duty; yet once read it becomes a pleasure to commend so pure and delightful a piece of imagination and fancy. The story which gives a title to the book is the frame-work for three clever stories, and four more follow it, each marked by originality and by freedom in the main from the vices of modern fairy tales. The author must have come very near to believing her fancies before she could write so simply and truthfully; for the fault which underlies most modern work of this kind is a total

[1] *The Signal Boys; or, Captain Sam's Company.* By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *The Wings of Courage.* Stories for American Boys and Girls. Adapted from the French by Marie E. Field. With Illustrations by Lucy G. Morse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *Patsy: A Story for Girls.* By Leora B. Robinson New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878

[4] *Six Sinners; or, Schools-Days in Buntam Valley.* By Campbell Wheaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

[5] *The Jimmyjohns, and other Stories.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

[6] *On a Pincushion, and other Fairy Tales.* By Mary de Morgan. With Illustrations by William de Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

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disbelief in the creatures of fairy and a use of them for various moral and scientific purposes. Here, on the contrary, there is an honest delight in a good story, and what moral there is partakes of the blunt, homely character of the old fairy-tale morals.

The invention shown is very fresh and surprising. Everything follows naturally and with the serene reason of fairy-land, and the machinery which is set in motion is after the most approved model, while yet it does not copy the old stories in a cheap manner. The only exception which we notice is in the clever story of The Hair-Tree, which everybody in the kingdom is eager to find in order to repair the losses of the unfortunate queen, who has become absolutely bald. The finding of the tree is made the conclusion of a series of involved adventures. Rupert sails to the north until he comes to an island upon which are three solitary trees, one containing peculiar nuts, the second precious stones, and the third wholly bare except for an enormous pod like a brass drum at the top; the pod bursts with a tremendous noise, and sends out a dozen gold nuts. Armed with the red nuts, the precious stones, and the gold nuts, Rupert makes his way through ingenious difficulties, bribing right and left sunflowers with beautiful, cruel hands and arms, a swan, flowers with deceitful mouths, and lilies with tender eyes; he reaches the hair-tree, secures some seeds, beats a beautiful tigress, and so sets free an enchanted princess, and hurries back to court, arriving just in time to prevent the execution of a dreadful decree by which all the women in the kingdom were to have their heads shaved in order that the queen might not feel mortified at her own peculiar condition. Here is a story entirely of fancy so far as we can discover, and very skillfully elaborated, yet a little unsatisfactory, for the very reason that there is not an element of moral heroism in it. Rupert in an old fairy tale would have been, not some chance sailor, but supplied with a reason for making the search, and in his encounter with the enemies on the way the moral conflict and triumph would have been apparent.

In other stories the homely morals are very well incorporated. Vain Lamorna loses her reflection, which is drawn down from the surface of the water by ropes of sand, and kept for the entertainment of the water-elves until she can safely be entrusted with it again; and in the Seeds of Love a charming allegory of love and envy appears. There is a good deal of fun and some truly witty conceptions, as in A Toy Princess, where the real princess, who is being stifled under court etiquette, is removed by the fairy godmother to grow up in a sunny childhood, and a toy princess substituted, which is so much more satisfactory to the court that when the change is afterward confessed and the real princess restored, there is considerable consternation, and a vote being taken it proved that there was a unanimous preference for the sham Ursula. There is a very pretty fancy accounting for the opal, into which a sunbeam and moonbeam have been turned because they could not live apart, and the marriage of the princess of fire and the prince of water is as pretty a story as one could desire, with no suspicion, thank Heaven, of any lecture on the properties of steam. Altogether, On a Pincushion is a book to make one listen again for the faint bells of fairy-land, and with its beauty and sweetness it is worth a shelfful of pragmatical priggishness.

— Pussy Tip-Toes Family,[1] Frisk and his Flock,[2] and The Little Brown House and the Children who lived in It,[3] by Mrs. D. P. Sandford, are books skillfully made up by a practiced hand to meet the insatiable desire of the little ones for "stories," no matter if they are only the simplest possible reproductions of the childish characters and trivial incidents that make up their own real, every-day world. The first two are a companion pair of quartos, bound in chocolate-brown paper, stamped with colored pictures, and profusely illustrated throughout with attractive designs corresponding to the text. The first one relates the destinies that befell four kittens, of whom Pussy Tip-Toes was the happy mother, — destinies, it must be confessed, all strikingly similar, since each was adopted by some little girl into a comfortable home, appropriately named, and very much valued by her little mistress. Toward the middle of the book they are reunited at a party to which they are brought by their respective owners, but the mother and kittens naturally meet each other with perfect indifference all round.

[1] *Pussy Tip-Toes Family.* A Story for our Little Boys and Girls. By Mrs. D. P. Sandford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

[2] *Frisk and his Flock.* By Mrs. D. P. Sandford New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877

[3] *The Little Brown House and the Children who lived in It.* By Mrs. D. P. Sandford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1878.

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After that they are dropped from the story, and the narrative confines itself to the doings of a certain little Eva, whose friends on every occasion tell her stories of children just like herself and her playmates. On this account it is specially well adapted for reading aloud to very young listeners.

Frisk and his Flock will entertain those who are somewhat older, and we fear the little people who trudge daily to the great brick caravansaries of our public schools, so stingily and unaccountably deprived as they universally are of the ample playgrounds that should surround them, will sigh over the idyllic picture of Miss Agatha's school-room in the "barn chamber," with all of her orchard and garden to run over, and with her sagacious dog Frisk to bark them out of mischief and when the bell rang to gather them together and drive them before him toward the school-room steps! Miss Agatha evidently had no "school-committee men" or "male principal" of a "graded school" over her. Every morning she taught her children beautiful texts that might last them through life as precepts to go by. She allowed them to have a "school-baby" in the school-room, that is, a wide-awake three-year old, whose mother was ill, and who kept running away because there was no one to direct her baby energies; if the scholars got promptly through their lessons at three, Miss Agatha encouraged them to ask her any questions they pleased, and she spent the last hour in talking to them about what they had been learning, or she would read them a story or teach them a new song. In short, here is a picture of a model school for training children in the "humanities" — and all evolved out of a single feminine brain — that might be commended to the consideration of the ladies of the ever "exercised" Boston school committee!

The Little Brown House is bound in slate-colored cloth and stamped with a black landscape and a little brown house in the midst of it, and with children and a kitten and also the title in gold and silver. It is of the same general character as the foregoing, by the same author; the only "point" attempted in the story being the principles and rules of manliness, chivalry, kindness, and helpfulness that a company of boy soldiers (of whom the lieutenant, Christie, lived in the Little Brown House) made for themselves, and how much they were appreciated by their neighbors.

Captain Fritz, his Friends and Adventures,[1] is a moving little story of a French poodle, told in the first person by the poodle himself, Captain Fritz, who, originally the pet of a petted little girl, afterward became the miserable thrall of a master who beat him and trained him until he was a "performing dog" and was able to be taken about the country with a performing monkey, and help the latter earn their owner's living. After many sufferings, Captain Fritz finds a friend and spends his old age in tranquillity and ease; but most of the tale is one of misunderstandings and maltreatment of this poor little canine on the part of humanity, and it must help to awaken the sympathies of children for the dumb creatures which often so willingly serve or amuse them. The style of the narrative, with its involuntary reflections, is taken from the inimitable tales of Hans Andersen, but the truth, subtlety, and finesse of the model are not approached, as it was hardly to be expected they could be, by the copy, since those marvelous strokes of insight and of sympathy are just what made Hans Andersen the unique and priceless genius that he was; still this failure will not lessen its value for the readers for whom it was designed, and in its admirable full-page illustrations even a grown-up lover of dogs may take delight, for they are by a French artist, E. Pirodin, and every one of them is a delicious character portrait, not only of the outer poodle, but of the inner as well.

— In the two volumes, Western Windows and The Lost Farm,[2] Messrs. Osgood & Co. present to the public all that is best in the work of a genuine and very original poet; and we know of no two books of recent verse that we could more heartily urge upon the buyers of holiday gifts. The quality and value of Mr. Piatt's work have already been discussed in these pages, and we shall not now enter upon any extended criticism. But we have to say that a fresh examination of his poems in the present collection leaves us disposed to reaffirm with increased emphasis all that we have ever said in their praise. He is a poet whose charm is often too subtle for instant perception, and the very simplicity of his expression sometimes bewilders the sophisticated literary sense;

[1] *Captain Fritz, his Friends and Adventures.* By Emily Huntington Miller. New York: E. P Dutton & Co. 1877.

[2] *Western Windows, and other Poems Landmarks: The Lost Farm and other Poems.* By J. J. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

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but his poetry has that element of growth in it that is sure of a future. In material and in form it is so distinctly individual that almost any stanza — we were going to say any line — of his books will declare its authorship; no poetry of our time has a more proper or more recognizable atmosphere. Something very wild and sweet, like the scent of dusky woodland depths or the breath of clover overrunning the site of fallen homes or the track of deserted highways, is its perfume; its tender light is the clear, pensive radiance of autumnal eves. So much of it deals with themes which are Western in their physical aspects that a hasty criticism might content itself with recognizing their local truth; but we are not disposed to resign Mr. Piatt to the section with whose color and life he has done so wisely to tinge and vitalize his rhyme. A man is cosmopolitan only by being first patriotic, and Mr. Piatt is broadly American because he is so thoroughly Western; he is true to human experience everywhere, because he is true to what he has himself known and felt in the locality where he was born. It is the poet's duty and privilege to divine the universal in the simple and common things; and the soft pathos of these poems, which touch with transfiguring loveliness the past of the Western pioneers and farmers, appeals to all hearts. The farm devoured by the growing city; the old well, secret and clear beneath its curb choked with stones and brambles; the chimney tottering, gaunt and lonely, above the empty cellar of the vanished log-cabin; the deserted tavern beside the forsaken highway, — these are symbols of the homely past which is dear to the whole human race, and which in various symbols stirs always the same fond and piercing regret. The West may well be proud of her poet's fealty, but he belongs to us all in moods which come to us all. Not that Mr. Piatt is merely the poet of these moods. His range is as great in feeling, if not in theme, as that of most of his contemporaries, and his work abounds in lines that reveal the thinker as well as the dreamer. But there is undeniably — and fortunately — the idyllic and dreamful tendency in him, and this makes him a poet. Examine certain of his airiest fancies, — butterflies that seemed to toss hither and thither in an air of intellectual caprice, — and you find them flowers of strong and fruitful stem, fast rooted in the soil of experience. His dreams, however mystical, have their meaning; they prophesy and warn and console. Wherever he touches matters of fact and knowledge, as in his poems about the war, it is with the transfiguring touch of the poet, but also the warm and vigorous grasp of a man. His pensiveness is not morbid; his regret is impersonal, universal in its sense, however intimate its source; and his sympathy with nature is often as joyous and sound as Wordsworth's. Here is a sonnet of his which we have always liked for its rich vitality and hearty pleasure in the wholesome gladness of the earth: —

SEPTEMBER.

All things are full of life this autumn morn;
The hills seem growing under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in Nature's breast is born;
The woodlands are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly, cawing, among the flying leaves;
On sunward-lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet, quick and bright, receives
Bright frosty silverings slow from ledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering out;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing;
'Neath forest-eaves quick squirrels laugh and shout;
Farms answer farms as through bright morns of Spring,
And joy, with dancing pulses full and strong,
Joy, everywhere, goes Maying with a song!

This is like Wordsworth in the way in which one poet may be like another without ceasing to be entirely himself. In almost all respects we think Mr. Piatt shows less than any other poet of his generation the influence of his elders. His art, his technique is singularly his own.

We are tempted to quote another of Mr. Piatt's sonnets, which we have always admired: —

TRAVELERS.

We may not stand content: it is our part
To drag slow footsteps after the far sight,
The long endeavor following up the bright
Quick aspiration; there is ceaseless smart
Feeling but cold-hand surety for warm heart
Of all desire; no man may say at night
His goal is reach'd; the hunger for the light
Moves with the star; our thirst will not depart,
Howe'er we drink. 'T is what before us goes
Keeps us aweary, will not let us lay
Our heads in dreamland, though the enchanted palm
Rise from our desert, though the fountain grows
Up in our path, with slumber's flowering balm:
The soul is o'er the horizon far away.

In the lyrical pieces the reader who recurs to them again and again, as we do, will find a peculiar and alluring music; and in poems which have to do with character, he will feel not less the touch of genius. The Mower in Ohio and Riding to Vote are studies as diverse as they are strong and

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true. Few things are more affecting than the former, more delicately, more vividly suggestive. Mr. Piatt is no mere colorist; while his diction does not lack richness, it is rather refined than opulent; and of his art generally it may be said that you have the sense of something done rather than of something being done; he values your sympathy rather than your surprise. Pure in thought as in ideal, his verse has the charm of the best in its remoteness from all that may be indicated as Swinburnian; and we cannot but believe that a wider and wider appreciation awaits his work, which, not to our credit, has been more cordially praised by English than American criticism hitherto.

— There is nothing pleasanter, to the generous lover of literature, than to follow the constant advance of some favorite author, — to watch his star tranquilly increase, while the sky is streaked everywhere with meteoric lights that flash and expire, with rockets that climb the heavens to apotheosize into sticks. Mr. Aldrich's growth as a poet has been one of the most notable facts of our recent literary history; and his latest essay in fiction is stamped with the same tokens of maturing power. By power we do not mean the convulsive force that so often goes by that name in literature, but the quiet ability to imagine clearly, and the art to execute with delicacy and distinction; the conscience that forbids the artist to let anything go from his hand without the last refining touch. It matters very little what the material is; with this power the work becomes excellent. In his new romance,[1] however, Mr. Aldrich has something more than his usual mere fortune in the choice of a fable. The story, as our readers know, is one of singular freshness and interest, and from first to last it is treated with a certain charming respect for its rare qualities, as if one chancing on a precious stone should grow more and more in love with it as his labor brought out its rich lights and tints. In the opening of the romance there is the very breath of the happy morning on which Lynde sets out for his holiday; all outdoors smiles and sings in the prospect which spreads before the reader; one becomes instantly the friend of hero and of author, and one remains so throughout, with a little dread, a little misgiving, that the daring plot may be going to involve a heart-break at the end. Each chapter of the book is a distinct drama, with its proper scenery, which is made not merely the dumb, perfunctory witness of the action, but seems somehow a sentient element of it, and whether in New Hampshire or in Switzerland has its conscious part in the story. The descriptions, of which there are many very lovely ones, have rightfully their place, because one feels that what happens could hardly have happened save in just such presences and aspects of nature; and in this way Mr. Aldrich's romance totally differs from that mistaken class of fiction in which character is subordinated to landscape. Take, for instance, the pretty love passage where Lynde and Ruth leave the good aunt in the carriage and walk from one point to another on the Alpine road: it would lose half its charm but for the reader's sense of the dark pines above the lovers' heads, and the mild, balsamic odors that breathe around them. But this episode ought to be studied much more for the art with which the delicate flirtation is managed: it is just enough; if there were more, if any speech or any action were more openly significant, less apparently irrelevant, the scene would fail of its present effect. At every point Mr. Aldrich has shown the same wisdom in holding his hand, and nowhere more conspicuously than in that most difficult scene where the maniacs invade the New Hampshire village. As it stands, how successful it is! But one trembles to think how small a thing would have destroyed the fine poise it now has. So, too, where Lynde has the bliss to give Ruth and her aunt a dinner in the Geneva hotel: it is quite enough that he should do this, and when the author has once realized the situation to the reader's mind, he lightly turns from it to something else. With all this humor, with all this lightness, however, the author does not fail to keep alive the sense of a mystery, sad and menacing, throughout the course of the story; he turns to full account the undertone of weirdness in it, and the heroine is always treated with a peculiar tenderness, as if there were in his mind something like compassion for the dark fact of her history which she does not know. She is as a character very charming in her pure girlishness, and Lynde is a young fellow who takes your heart from the beginning.

We touch at a few points only a lovely romance which no reader of ours can have forgotten in any point. To speak of the style of the book, to say that it is witty and full of a genial spirit, is to say that it

[1] *The Queen of Sheba.* By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

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is Mr. Aldrich's work. As for the mere diction, it must be very good since it does its office so transparently that one does not think of it.

— Surly Tim [1] is the first in number of eight stories which Mrs. Burnett puts forth as companion in some sort to her recent novel. They need no other introduction than their own merit, and that is of a kind which does not call for very elaborate analysis. There is in each instance a story to be told, unless indeed Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame be excepted; that is, a reader recalling the stories would find it quite possible to give the outline of each as a simple narrative. Then the characterization, if not especially vivid, is consistent. It may be said that Mrs. Burnett conceives her characters for what they do and say rather than for what they are; she lacks the high power of creating men and women who remain in the reader's mind as separate, living persons; they all exist only for the story that is to be told. They serve the purpose of that, and are subordinate to the story, not the creators of it.

The subjects of which Mrs. Burnett treats are mainly emotional: a man marries a woman whose first husband, supposed by both to be dead, comes back and claims her; he tells the story sitting by her grave and the grave of their child; a beautiful woman marries a chivalrous but repulsive-featured man, and struggles to repress an unfulfilled love for a younger and more selfish man; a showman of wax-works marries a young girl who falls into his hands just in time to be rescued from a rascal who subsequently causes him for a while to doubt his wife; a fisherman, who has won his wife by deceit, yet loves her with a heavy, dog-like constancy, is dismissed passionately when the deceit is discovered, and immediately afterward, working with others to remove a boat, is caught and held fast by the weight of the boat falling upon him, and is drowned before their eyes, past any chance of succor; a simple North Carolina girl and her simpler father are carried off to Paris by the mother of the family, when a sudden fortune has fallen to them, and pines away in the hated luxury until her lover comes across the seas to her; a French peasant girl going to Paris falls into sin, but is befriended by her unselfish brother, who silently sustains his mother's contempt while he shields his sister's career from the mother's eyes; a young artist, engaged to a faithful girl, sketches in the mountains of North Carolina, and basely deserts her for an Amazonian beauty whom he discovers there, only to hate himself for his baseness and desert the Amazon as the only way to recover his manhood; a Lancashire girl, who has been treated kindly by a gentleman, crosses the Atlantic to find him, and is forced to don male attire, in which guise she lives near and serves her friend humbly, never discovered by him till after her death.

The pathetic is the strong element in the book, and it is strong because allied with noble suffering. It will be seen by the above scanty *résumé* that the subjects taken are such as are capable of an ignoble and vicious treatment. Mrs. Burnett shows at once her power and her right-mindedness in using them with dignity and with purity. There are situations like those with which the novel-reader is too familiar, where an author succeeds in disclosing his own sneaking fondness for vice by the very prudence with which he avoids it, but here there is not the faintest lingering at the edge of sin. Nothing could be more admirable than the manner in which Laure Giraud's life is suggested, with the foil of her brother Valentin in Mère Giraud's Little Daughter. The shame of Lennox, too, in Lodusky, has no trace of melodrama or affectation about it.

It is a pity that the obverse of the pathetic, the humorous, is not more apparent. In Esmeralda the best touch is seen in the figure of the father. Smethurstses shows more careful and elaborate effort in this direction; but seems somehow to have been anticipated by Dickens, and the humor is a little too conscious to be thoroughly enjoyable. The last story, that of Seth, we could easier spare, for a certain uncomfortable romance about it; and after that Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame, with its unsuccessful Frenchiness. The others all have strength and beauty, and if at times a little too hard and intense to be truly light literature, they have a nobility and a breadth of handling which make us believe that Mrs. Burnett's more mature work will possess elements of ease and quiet which will render her stories enduring.

[1] *Surly Tim and other Stories.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

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